

CAMPING VOYAGES ON GERMAN RIVERS



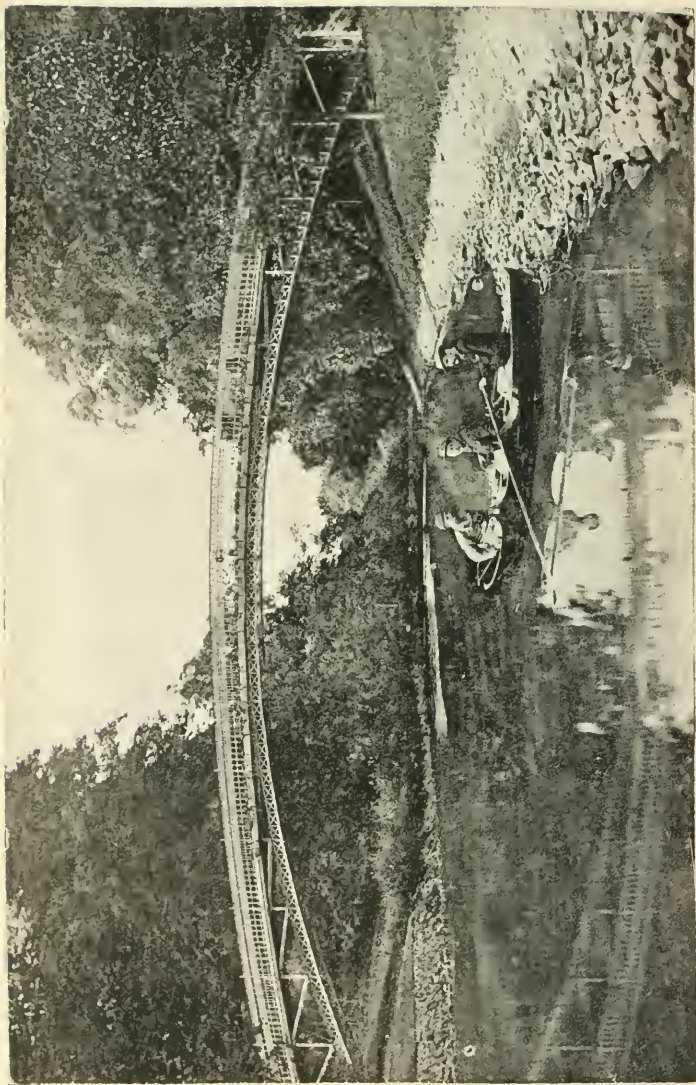
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C. K. OGDEN



CAMPING VOYAGES
ON
GERMAN RIVERS

Wm. F. Suter



THE WERRA AT MEININGEN.

CAMPING VOYAGES

ON

GERMAN RIVERS

BY

ARTHUR A. MACDONELL, M.A.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD

*Olli remigio noctemque diemque fatigant
Et longos superant flexus variisque teguntur
Arboribus, viridesque secant placido aequore silvas.*

VERGIL.

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND TWENTY MAPS

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD

26 & 27 COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

1890

DEDICATED

TO THE

five friends

OWING TO WHOSE COMPANIONSHIP

THESE VOYAGES ARE AMONG

THE PLEASANTEST MEMORIES OF MY LIFE.

1127588

PREFACE

THE subject of German rivers from the point of view of boating expeditions has never before been treated as a whole. The author having navigated a distance of nearly 2000 miles in Germany has at least the qualification of a more extensive knowledge of that subject than is possessed, he believes, by any one else. Brief accounts of the whole or part of some of the streams described in the following pages have been written by others. The Weser is treated of in a small work entitled *Camp Life on the Weser* (pp. 53 ; London, 1879). The experiences of a voyage on a part of the Rhine and on the Main from Würzburg in flood-time are narrated in the *Log of the Waterlily* (pp. 59 ; London, 1852). *The Waterlily on the Danube* (pp. 216 ; London, 1853), and a chapter of *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe* (pp. 318 ;

London, 1866), by my countryman, Mr. John Mac-Gregor, contain accounts of excursions on different parts of the Danube.

The present work, on the other hand, may claim a certain completeness as describing, with one exception, all the German rivers which it would be worth the while of Englishmen to attempt to navigate. The Oder, as well as the lower courses of the Elbe and Rhine, traverses regions so extremely flat and uninteresting that no one would think of going down it except for the purpose of rowing or sailing only. But the streams treated of in the following pages flow through all the finest river scenery in Germany, constituting in fact a large proportion of the natural beauties of that country in general.

The one exception above referred to is the Lahn. The course of that tributary passes through a very picturesque region. It is navigable from Wetzlar, a distance of from seventy to eighty miles. The locks on it between that town and its confluence with the Rhine are, however, said to be rather old and neglected. It would doubtless be possible to come down this stream from Marburg, a town about 100 miles from its mouth, in a canoe if not in a rowing-boat.

The writer hopes that the perusal of his book may suggest some charming haunts to many of those who prefer to recruit their strength far from the madding crowd. A boating excursion is, however, certainly the most delightful way of spending a holiday in the regions he describes. It combines the most healthy form of physical exercise with absolute freedom from the dust, the stifling heat, and the worry of railway travelling in summer. The voyager, while passing through some of the finest scenery in the country, is always at liberty to refresh himself with a bathe or rest in the shade on the banks whenever and wherever he pleases. He also enjoys many opportunities of visiting interesting places, often not easily accessible in any other way, as well as of becoming acquainted with the natives in a manner which would otherwise not be possible.

If the expedition is a camping voyage, it is at the same time the cheapest form of travelling on the Continent. The expense of a month's holiday thus spent need not amount to more than £20 at the outside for each member of the party. This sum would include railway fares, freight of boat and luggage, cost of boat, tent, and the remaining requisites for camp-

ing. It is in the long-run decidedly cheaper to buy one's equipment. For it could be sold on one's return at a loss amounting to less than the sum paid for hire; while if it be retained till used again, the expense of each subsequent voyage would be reduced to half that of the first. The cost of living when camping is extremely small. The writer, for instance, remembers once spending during the voyage on the Neckar no more than five shillings on a twenty-four hours' supply of provisions, including beer, for five men.

The author trusts that the reader may also derive some amusement from the experiences recorded in the following pages, as well as a certain amount of instruction from the information which, scattered throughout the book, and in many cases not otherwise accessible, bears on the characteristics, the scenery, the inhabitants, and the historical associations of the river valleys described. He only regrets that owing to the press of work entailed by professional duties, no less than by various necessary avocations, he has been enabled to devote but a very small amount of leisure to writing this book, much less to rendering its style

as attractive as he might have hoped to make it under more favourable conditions.

The work is based on notes taken down each day during the course of the voyages which it records. The maps of the Werra and the Neckar, as well as of the upper courses of the Main and the Danube, which it contains, may be regarded as thoroughly trustworthy, being reproduced from the maps of the German Ordnance Survey. The additional details as to obstructions, such as weirs and mills, given in them, being supplied from the personal observation of the writer, are not obtainable elsewhere, and should therefore prove of value to those who may use them for practical purposes.

The large general map, besides affording a comprehensive view of the river system of Germany, furnishes, along with the letterpress, as much information as the navigator wants with regard to the railways and towns on the banks of the larger rivers.

An Appendix, giving tables of distances and lists of obstructions, besides other practical details, has been added.

The book concludes with an Index, which will

probably enhance both its practical value and its general interest.

In conclusion, the author ventures to express a hope that such of his readers as may navigate the streams he describes, or other German waters, will, through his publisher, bring to his knowledge any inaccuracies they may discover, or new information they may acquire. He would gladly incorporate their notes in a second edition, should this work ever attain to that distinction.

LONDON, 28th June, 1890.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

“Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows.”—TENNYSON.

Early voyages—India—Germany—English rivers—Preparations
for a continental voyage.

THE writer of the following pages was born in Behar, the Palestine of Buddhism, near the banks of the Gandak, a stream whose shores were hallowed by the last wanderings of the great reformer in the fifth century B.C. His first voyage was made on those waters in early infancy, when on the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny he escaped with his parents in a native boat to the shelter of a neighbouring fort. He still has vivid recollections of accompanying his father and mother on a trip down the Ganges to attend the races at Sonepore. Well can he remember that mighty river's high sandy banks, from which

now and again fragments would break off and fall into the tawny waves below ; he can still recall the small cabin of the house-boat and its unwieldy rudder, and the native servants preparing the evening meal on the low sandbanks, to which the vessel was moored at night. To this voyage may perhaps be traced the fascination which travelling by water has always had for him. From his later boyhood, which was spent chiefly in Germany, he has pleasant reminiscences of numerous adventures shared with two enterprising German schoolfellows on the Leine, near the University town of Göttingen, and on the winding and beautiful stream of the Werra, between the castle of Hanstein and the village of Witzenhausen. The charm of these trips was in no degree diminished by the fact that they were always undertaken in boats of almost prehistoric uncouthness of build, and with oars which would have appeared primitive to Noah himself. An Undergraduate's life at Oxford, that city of many streams, yielded almost unequalled opportunities of indulging a passion for boating ; and while still *in statu pupillari* the navigator of the German rivers hereafter described was already familiar with the course of the Thames from Lechlade to Richmond, and had acquired a love of camp life on its peaceful and verdant banks. A continued residence at Oxford led in 1881 to an acquaintance with the beautiful shores of the Wye, and a camping expedition in a pair-oar on the Severn from Welsh-

pool to Tewkesbury and up the lonely and charming Avon from the latter city as far as Warwick.

Recollections of his boyish experiences on the Werra soon afterwards suggested the idea that a camping voyage on this little-known river, many parts of the valley of which are noted in Germany for their beauty, would combine all the attractions of exploration and adventure with a holiday in fine scenery safe from the invasion of the tourist. The plan gradually matured, but detailed information was hard to obtain. However, as the German encyclopædias of Brockhaus and Meyer both stated that the Werra was navigable for rafts from Themar, a small place not far distant from its source, Meiningen, as being the only town of any size some way lower down, was finally fixed upon as probably the most suitable starting-point.

A letter addressed to the proprietor of the principal hotel there soon produced an answer to the effect that there was plenty of water at Meiningen to float a boat of the draught of an oak-built pair-oar such as had been described. This was satisfactory so far; but as seemed probable at the time, and as later experience invariably showed, information of this kind throws hardly any light on the lower course of a river. The ignorance possessed by riparians, not only of distances, but of artificial obstructions, such as weirs and mills, situated within a few miles of their native place, is positively amazing.

They never seem to have walked more than three miles from the house where they were born, or to have heard even faint rumours of anything beyond that charmed radius.

Two enterprising college contemporaries, who had been companions in previous camping expeditions, expressed their eagerness to bring up the crew to the full complement of three; and it was finally arranged to leave England for Meiningen on 30th June 1883. A strong oak skiff, with all fittings—one pair of oars, two pairs of sculls, a boat-hook, towing-rope, mast, and sail—was purchased second-hand from Mr. John Salter, the well-known Oxford boatbuilder, for the sum of £15. A gipsy tent (9 feet by 7) was hired from Messrs. Piggott of Bishopsgate Street, and the necessary camping utensils, such as tin plates and cups, knives and forks, lamps, filters, and last, but not least, a small portable cooking-stove, containing a number of pots and pans, which fitted into one another like Chinese boxes, were bought at the Stella lamp shop in Oxford Street, of Mr. Potter, who for many years equipped Mr. John Macgregor for his famous canoeing expeditions in the *Rob Roy*. A table with movable legs, three camp-stools, a waterproof ground-sheet, some blankets, and a yachting bag each, to contain their personal effects, completed their outfit. A pound or two of good tea, some tinned soups and meats, besides a few pots of jam, were

added in the way of provisions not obtainable in Germany. For a full month before starting the writer used to practise the elements of cookery every morning on his own breakfast, working through in rotation a programme consisting chiefly of chops, steaks, cutlets, buttered eggs, and eggs and bacon.

Good charts of the river were an essential part of the equipment for the proposed expedition. These the writer prepared, not only for the first trip, but also for the subsequent voyages, by mounting tracings from German ordnance maps on canvas, and cutting them into squares of a uniform size. The squares were folded double and fitted into a case, from which each could be withdrawn separately. The maps illustrating the present work are, including the large one, derived from the same source.

The day of departure having been fixed, the boat was despatched through the medium of an agent three weeks before, to await the arrival of the travellers at Frankfort-on-the-Main. In passing, it may be mentioned, for the benefit of any reader of these pages who may wish to send a boat to Germany, that in order to ensure its arrival in good time not less than twenty-one days should be allowed for transmission. Disagreeable delays at the other end of the journey may result from neglecting to take this precaution, as will appear in the chapter on the Danube.

The party started on the evening of the appointed

day with light hearts, but comparatively heavy purses. No incident worth mentioning occurred on the way *viâ* Flushing to Cologne, except at the German frontier. Here the custom-house officials spent so much time in scrutinising and weighing the various appliances of the three friends, that all the remaining passengers had long re-entered the train. A pompous Prussian guard of more than ordinary corpulence, who was fretting and fuming up and down the platform, kept repeatedly shouting *einsteigen!* (take your seats), but without producing any effect. At length the trio issued from the custom-house, and he whom we will henceforth call the Professor, sauntering leisurely up to the irate official, inquired with great calmness and an air of childlike simplicity: *Wie lange Aufenthalt* (how long does the train stop)? The great man turned a deeper purple, but having his breath completely taken away, remained tongue-tied, while the insolent foreigners entered their compartment amid the laughter of their fellow-passengers.

On arriving at Frankfort the party at once proceeded to the office of Herr Joseph Wirth, a well-known boatbuilder, to whom the skiff had been consigned. She had, it appeared, arrived safely some days previously, and was now immediately despatched to Meiningen. As two days would be occupied in transit, the friends resolved to utilise the interval by visiting Heidelberg. When about an hour's distance from their destination a genial old gentleman

got into their compartment after gallantly taking leave of some young ladies who had accompanied him to the station. He soon fell into conversation with the party, in whom he began to take a keen interest, after hearing about their projected voyage. He told them he was a retired judge (*Oberamtsrichter*), eighty years of age, and lived at Heidelberg. He was certainly wonderfully well preserved, not looking more than sixty. "Though I have passed the usual limit of old age by many years," he continued, "my spirit is still young; and," turning to the Interpreter (as he will now be called), "if you should see Max Müller when you are back in England, you must tell him you met in Germany an old man, from whose heart, though he is eighty years of age, the *deutsche Liebe* (German love) has not yet quite faded away."

On taking leave he promised to call for his new acquaintances next morning. And, sure enough, punctually at ten o'clock the old gentleman appeared in a carriage and insisted on driving them up to view the castle. That he had not exaggerated his youthfulness became pretty evident in the course of the day. After showing the friends over the ruin, and discoursing on the merits of the monster barrel preserved there, he conducted them to the restaurant to refresh themselves with a glass or two of beer. But finding it poor stuff, he constrained them to accompany him down to Bremeneck, a well-known students' beer-garden at Heidelberg. Here he quaffed two or

three additional glasses by way of a morning freshener (*Frühschoppen*, in students' parlance), gaily chaffing the waitresses the while. It being now one o'clock, the three friends asked the festive old gentleman to do them the honour of dining with them at their hotel. He gladly accepted the invitation. He was a connoisseur in wines, as in all else that pertains to the life of a German student. For had he not belonged to a distinguished *Corps* in his early days, and taken part in many a *Commers* (drinking-bout) at his old University in later years? And so, with much appreciation, he disposed of a bottle and a half of a brand he had specially recommended. After dinner his friends regaled him with coffee, liqueurs, and cigars in the garden. Unable to prevail on them to stay another night, he was fain to accompany them to their train. The farewell scene he concluded by saluting the Professor, to whom he had taken a particular fancy, with a sounding kiss on both cheeks. What country but Germany can produce old boys like this, who enter into the feelings and enjoy the society of young men of twenty-five? The friends had grave misgivings that that day's festivity might have injured the constitution of one so aged; they had probably little ground for fear. At all events, the old gentleman was, a year later, as they were glad to hear, flourishing exceedingly.

After a long night journey the trio arrived at Meiningen on the morning of Thursday the 5th. As

the train approached the town they looked out with beating pulses till they caught sight of the Werra as it meandered in the distance through the plain of Meiningen ; but their hearts failed on viewing the exiguity of that slender streak ; and the thought that, even if their craft could float in the stream, she might yet not hold more than half the luggage they had brought, filled their breasts with dismay. For there were the tent, the poles, the bag of pegs and guys, the cooking-stove, waterproof sheet, blankets and yachting-bags for three, to say nothing of hampers of provisions, table, camp-stools, oars, sculls, mast, and sail ! Here indeed were all the elements of a *flasco* at the very outset. But for retreat it was now too late.

CHAPTER II

THE WERRA

“Οὐ γὰρ πῶ τις τῆδε παρήλασε νηὶ μελαίνῃ
Ἦρὶν γ’ ἡμέων.”—ODYSSEY.

MEININGEN—The start—First camp—Wading for four hours in the dark—Wernshausen—Spring a bad leak—Camp at Salzungen—Trespassing—Vacha—Camp near Philippsthal—Swampy camp at Berka—Herleshausen—Transformation scene in the train—Visit to the Wartburg—Beautiful scenery near Falken—Inn at Falken—Wanfried—Accident in mill-stream—Eschwege, first lock—Allendorf—Lindewerra—Old scenes—Witzenhausen—Cherry country—Münden.

MEININGEN, the largest town on the Werra, with a population of 10,000 inhabitants, is pleasantly situated in the midst of wooded heights at the head of a small plain into which the valley of the Werra here widens out. Its chief attractions are the Ducal Theatre, the park, called the English Garden, and the picture gallery in the palace of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Its name is probably best known in England through the famous performances of Shakespearian plays by its theatrical company.

The Werra rises near Eisfeld, to the south of the

Thuringian Forest, thirty-five miles above Meiningen, its total length to Münden, where it is joined by the Fulda, being about one hundred and sixty miles. Forming, as it does, the western boundary of the Thuringian Forest, the scenery of its banks is almost uniformly pretty, and rises to a high degree of beauty in the regions of Falken, Treffurt, and Münden.

This river is best adapted for a camping voyage, as there are but very few places on its banks where it would be possible to obtain any but the most primitive accommodation. There are twenty-one obstructions in the shape of mills, but these can be got over, as will be seen further on, with much less difficulty than the impediments on the upper courses of the Neckar, the Main, or the Danube.

Several hours of suspense were passed at the *Sächsische Hof* till the arrival of the boat. At length her future crew experienced the joy of seeing her driven up on a waggon early in the afternoon, and had the satisfaction of launching her under the very windows of their hotel, situated on one of the three branches into which the Werra divides at Meiningen. The following day having been fixed for the start, the remainder of the afternoon was spent in visiting the Landsberg, a château belonging to the Grand Dukes of Saxe-Meiningen, and commanding a fine prospect of the valley of the Werra and of the Thuringian Forest. Early next morning the party drove to the Dolmar, a basalt mountain,

from which a grand panoramic view of the Thuringian Forest, including the Inselsberg, is obtained. An intelligent German, who turned out to be the burgo-master of Walldorf, a neighbouring village on the Werra, reaching the summit about the same time, was at great pains to draw the attention of the strangers to distant points of historical interest connected with the Thirty Years' War. On their return the friends spent some time in making a number of necessary purchases and laying in a stock of provisions for the voyage. Before starting they rowed to a beautiful smooth reach spanned by a green iron bridge and flanked by a finely wooded hill on the left, and the trees of the Ducal Park on the right. And there, with her crew on board, the boat was photographed from the bank by the leading artist of Meiningen. This picture must have quite a historical value for the Meiningers, representing as it does the first rowing-boat that has ever navigated their waters.

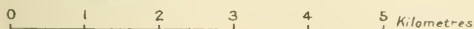
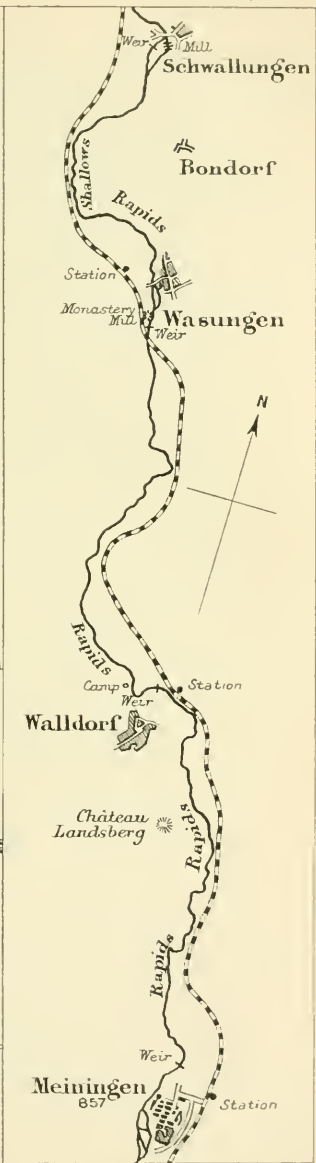
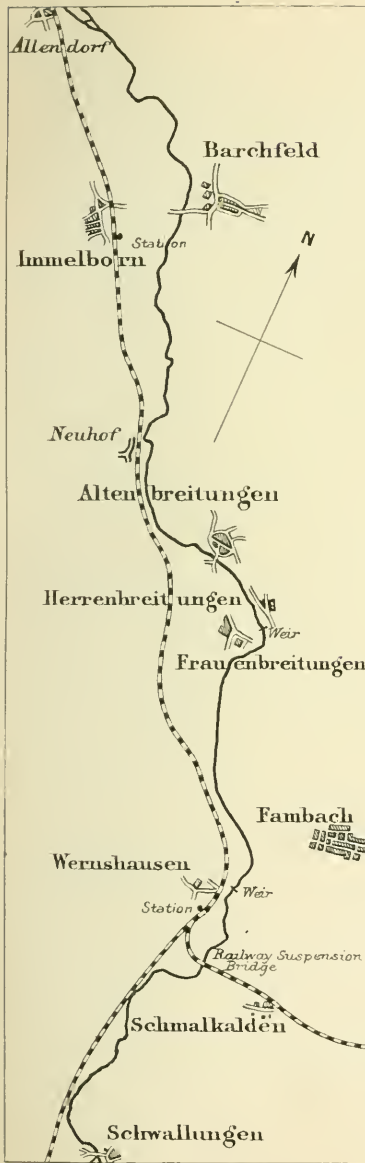
There being a large weir across the river about half a mile below the town, it was decided to send the baggage down to this point by cart and to pack below the dam. On arriving at the spot with the empty boat, the crew found their host and a crowd of people waiting on the bank to witness their departure. The pile of luggage looked formidable indeed; but by ingenious economy of space all was made to fit in amazingly well, and the craft when

loaded for the start presented a remarkably ship-shape appearance, much admired by the spectators. But what was the most important thing, she actually floated! All was now ready; and *without* hoisting the British flag or raising a ringing cheer (as the local papers stated them to have done), the voyagers simply waved their farewells to their friends on the bank, entered a rapid almost immediately, and gliding swiftly round a bend of the stream, were lost to view. What an intense relief it was not to have stuck at the outset under the very eye of the public! How humiliating to have had to leap out, wade, drag the boat along, and possibly perform other ignominious manœuvres! The naval prestige of Great Britain was thus saved and perhaps even locally increased for some time to come. There was now a succession of rapids for upwards of three miles, the channel being very narrow all the way. The boat, however, grounded only twice, and easily got off again. In nearly every rapid there is a smooth tongue of water. A boat should always be steered down to the point of this tongue—for the water is invariably deepest here—and should then be allowed to be carried along by the current, which very often flows close under one of the banks. This, of course, necessitates the frequent shipping of the oars, and makes the handling of a rowing-boat rather awkward. A Canadian canoe is for various reasons much the handiest vessel in which to navigate the

upper courses of rivers. Its draught is very light, the crew face frontways—an immense advantage,—a channel of three feet in width is sufficient for its passage, and there is no continual shortening of oars.

As the village of Walldorf is approached there is a smooth reach nearly a mile long, which, reflecting a fine wooded ridge and the rays of the setting sun on its glassy surface, formed quite a beautiful scene in the calm evening light. Just above Walldorf there is a steep dam across the river, with a kind of cutting in the middle, not quite so steep and about six feet wide. Down this most of the water rushes. As the banks here were high it would have been a great labour to pull the boat over; so it was decided to take most of the luggage out and to risk shooting the lasher. Only one of the crew remained on board and swept gaily down without accident, to the great astonishment and admiration of a railway official standing on the bank.

In the growing dusk a strip of meadow with a wooded height for a background, a quarter of a mile farther down, was selected for a camping ground. There being a snug cove in the bank which seemed made on purpose to receive the boat, that rather formidable bark was soon turned into a little bight. By a stupid mistake the two articles most essential for preparing supper had been forgotten, viz. butter and milk. Accordingly the Professor, who possessed tolerable familiarity with classical German, and a



considerable amount of self-confidence to make up for defective knowledge of dialects, was despatched to the neighbouring village in order to buy what was needful. Meanwhile the Interpreter and Bow, as practical men, remained on the spot to pitch the camp. The tent was only just beginning to rise like a magic fabric, when the Professor, clasping a large bottle of milk to his bosom, and with chagrin visibly displayed on his features, suddenly emerged from the deepening gloom at the head of a procession of some two hundred villagers. His phenomenal costume consisting of white flannels, a blue "blazer," and a large white-felt lawn-tennis hat, having very unmistakably aroused the curiosity of the unsophisticated rustics, he had soon found himself, in spite of crafty doublings, marching at the head of an ever-increasing battalion. His arrival at the scene of operations resulted in the formation of a semi-circular array of spectators, extending from a point on the bank above to another below the encampment; and from this moment onwards the most trivial actions of the campers became the objects of wrapt observation. By a beneficent dispensation of Providence the tent had gone up under the public scrutiny without a hitch. The table and stools were now unfolded and set up on their legs, the lamps were lighted, the kettle began to boil, buttered eggs were scraped in the pan, and finally the supper-table was decked with sundry luxuries and delicacies, all to the

intense delight of the encircling public. The Interpreter, in order to disarm criticism, now stepped forth and proclaimed a general invitation to tea. This invitation was pretty numerously responded to, chiefly by young girls, one of whom was decidedly pretty. Bow, in the pride of his heart, seized the opportunity of displaying to these charmers the marvels of his railway reading-lamp, when suddenly, alas! the spring shot out into the darkness and was no more seen. The enjoyment of the first supper on the banks of the Werra was to some small extent marred by the suicidal mania of swarms of midges that would insist on drowning themselves in the tea and inseparably associating their fate with that of the scrambled eggs. By about eleven the last of the visitors had departed, after bidding their hosts a hearty good-night. The heavens were brilliant with stars, and the three friends chatted and smoked outside for a long time, enjoying the perfect stillness and beauty of the night. They at last turned in and were soon lulled by the murmur of the river into a sound and dreamless sleep.

Early next morning the party were awakened by the fisherman of the village, named König, who had come to inspect Bow's trout-flies by daylight. On expressing a wish to purchase some of these, he was much pleased and surprised at being presented with them. The Interpreter whispered that this was the first kingfisher he had seen on the banks of the

Werra, but the other two pretended not to hear. Soon after the burgomaster (who had been on the Dolmar the day before), the doctor, and the magistrate (*Friedensrichter*), accompanied by many of the villagers, came down to see the preparations for the start. By half-past ten, when all was ready, a large crowd had assembled to bid the strangers farewell. Among them was a pretty girl, whose eyes one at least of the crew did not forget for many days.

Now began a succession of rapids, which alternated with reaches of smooth water. The left bank in this region consists chiefly of slopes clothed with larch and pine, there being occasional patches of wood on the right bank also. The railway comes pretty close to the river, a train now and then being, unlike model children, heard but never seen. This was a perfect summer's day. The surface of the water in the deep reaches was like a mirror, and the stillness was only broken by the song of the birds and the gentle splash of the oars. The only motions that caught the eye were the brilliant flash of an occasional kingfisher as it darted along, and the flittings of many dragon-flies lazily hovering in the hot mid-day air.

About four miles below Walldorf lies Wasungen, a small industrial town of about 3000 inhabitants. It is situated at the foot of a height crowned by a large building with a square tower, which was probably a monastery in former days. Here the first portorage

occurred, further progress being barred by a mill and weir. The boat had to be dragged up a bank about four feet high and carried down the other side, a distance of about twenty-five yards, while a crowd of admiring villagers looked on or lent a helping hand.

Now followed, besides rapids, a number of shallows, in which the heavily laden boat got rather badly scraped, but fortunately without receiving any serious damage. The scenery here began to improve, as high hills crested with pine woods came into view, the red cliffs at their base harmonising finely with the bright green of the opposite bank.

Early in the afternoon the crew resigned themselves to the delights of a riverside lunch. This was followed by revolver practice at a hock bottle that had just been emptied; but though every possible elevation was tried at the closest quarters, the mark was only touched once. The friends attributed their want of success to the fact that the weapon had not cost more than five marks. It was hardly the sort of shooter for the Western States of America.

Bow now turned his attention to fishing, but with no result. This was hardly surprising on so brilliant and calm an afternoon, even with fish as completely unsophisticated as those of the Werra. But, as is sometimes said in Germany, Englishmen do not fish in order to catch anything, but merely for the

pleasure of the thing. The other two meanwhile, lying on the grass, soon succumbed to the drowsy influence of the afternoon. When at last aroused by the empty-handed fisherman, they were shocked to find it was nearly seven o'clock. Starting off in a hurry, they soon arrived at a village named Schwal-lungen, with another weir and mill. The river here being evidently very low, it was decided, on the advice of some of the inhabitants, to send on all the baggage by waggon to the inn at Wernshausen, a village some four miles farther on. Embarking again with as little delay as possible, the voyagers experienced what was now the novel sensation of rowing in a perfectly empty boat. The whole population had by this time turned out to look on. This was rather unpleasant, as the water now became so extremely shallow that the crew had to get out and, wading in the river-bed, to drag the boat laboriously onward. The villagers kept accompanying them for some distance along the bank, but gradually dropping off, at length left them to their fate.

The experiences of the next four hours will never fade from the memory of any of the three friends. Darkness came on apace; for the black clouds of an approaching thunderstorm rapidly covered the sky. A torrent of rain burst over the belated crew, and peal after peal of thunder began to reverberate among the hills, as the lightning-flashes grew more and

more vivid. Meanwhile the boat was being slowly dragged along in water so shallow that in places she would not even float, though absolutely empty. The banks and the course of the river remained hidden from view save when momentarily revealed by the lightning. The entire bed of the stream was bestrewn with rough stones, which rendered progress extremely slow and exhausting. The Professor suffered most, in consequence of the trust he had been beguiled into placing in cheap wares. Before starting he had bought for eight and sixpence in the Strand a pair of boating-shoes quite equal, as he boasted, to those for which his companions had paid more than twice as much. Retribution was now no longer delayed. The combined action of stones and water wore completely away what proved to be *papier-maché* soles, leaving to their owner the painful necessity of concluding that night's labours barefoot, while his companions' shoes remained intact. Yet even he, in spite of his wretched plight, could not help admiring the beauty of the scenery when lighted up ever and anon for an instant by the forked flashes gleaming between the trunks of the pines on the crest of the ridges that skirted the left river bank. The storm at length passed away, leaving the weary toilers drenched and blundering onwards in complete darkness. It may have been half-past ten, when having solemnly divided the contents of their one bottle of soda-water to allay

their raging thirst, they in despair climbed the bank, hoping to catch a glimpse of the lights of Wernshausen. None of course were to be seen; for there are none at that hour in villages whose inhabitants in summer rise and go to rest with the sun. One of the friends proposed to spend the rest of the night on the spot till daybreak. He was out-voted, and the heart-breaking process of wading and dragging was resumed. The river now luckily became deeper. The crew scrambled in, but not before the man at the bows had suddenly gone under, though fortunately without letting go his hold of the painter. Now came what must be a fine broad reach, which a train suddenly rushing past proved to run parallel with the railway at this point. As they were cautiously rowing along, they were startled by voices on the bank calling *Engländer! Engländer!* It was their friends of the cart, who after hours of waiting at the inn had come out to search for their belated employers. Cheerfully responding and guided by the shouts, the three friends landed at about midnight just above a weir, not, however, till more than one rapid had sent them crashing into the bushes and willows on the right bank. The distance to the inn seemed a mile, but turned out next day to be but a couple of hundred yards. The landlord had gone to bed, but was soon aroused, and furnished a supper which, like the luncheon at the cricket-match of the Dingley Dellers, as described by Mr. Jingle, was

“cold, but capital.” Turning in at about two, the crew rose late next morning, refreshed by a dreamless sleep. After laying in a stock of provisions, in the shape of bread, butter, eggs, and beer, they set off about noon on a cloudless midsummer’s day. An hour’s row brought them to a second weir. The portage at this point was fraught with great difficulty and labour. The bottom of the boat having rested for a moment on an unobserved stake, gave an ominous crack. She had not been long afloat when she showed unmistakable signs of having sprung a bad leak. Soon after this, while passing a place named Alten-Breitungen, she was swept into the bushes by a rapid. The shock sent a number of rolls and hard-boiled eggs prepared for lunch flying into the fast-increasing bilge-water, to the infinite glee of the juvenile population assembled on the bridge.

The boat was now run ashore, the crack discovered, and the leak temporarily stopped with some tow and a strip of waterproof, which was cut from the tail of the Professor’s mackintosh, and nailed on with some tin tacks that happened to be handy. No one should ever take a boat abroad without having a goodly supply of copper nails as well as strips of prepared wood to be fastened inside over any weak or damaged spot. It is also advisable to take, besides a bottle of varnish, a piece of soap, to be rubbed carefully all over the bottom of the boat before launching her. She is certain otherwise to leak for the first day or

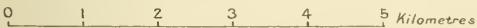
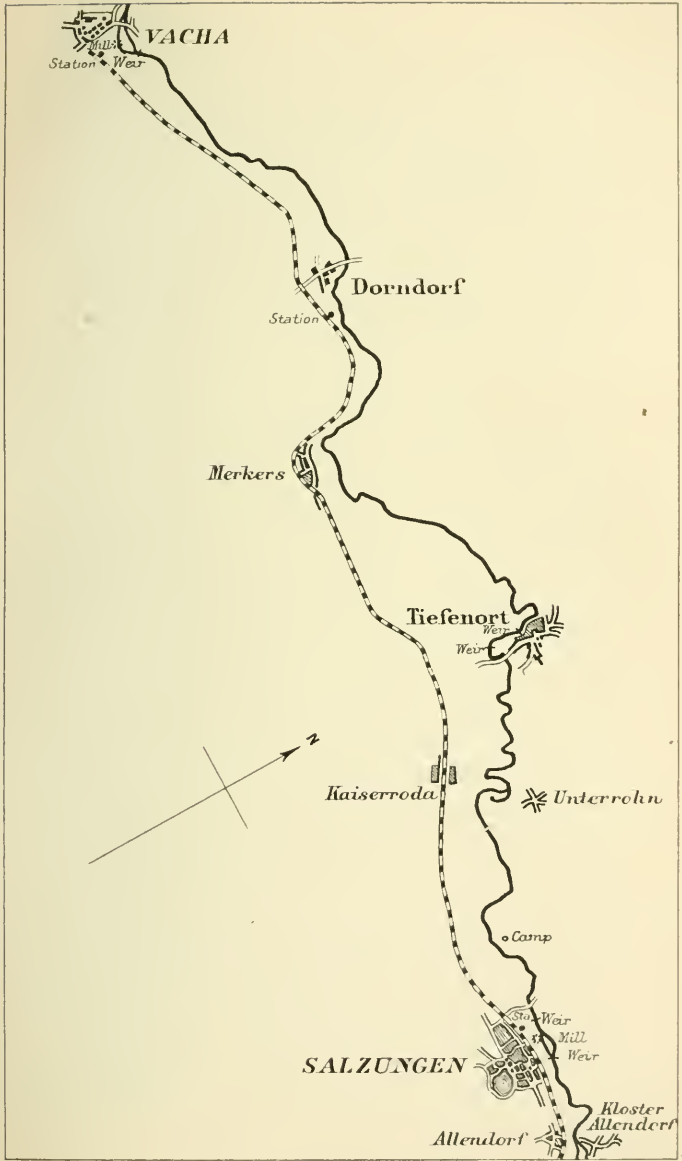
two, as is of course natural after a long railway journey in the heat of summer.

Above the town of Salzungen, which was reached soon after six, there are a number of broad stretches of water, with here and there an excellent gravel beach for a bathe. The view as you approach the first of the two weirs at this place is very pretty. While the other two remained behind to unload and pull the boat over, the Interpreter proceeded into the town (which has some 4000 inhabitants), and returned an hour later, laden with bread, ham, and bottles of beer, the object of general but unobtrusive curiosity. After a row of nearly a mile a camping ground was found on the right bank. The latter is here formed by a grassy slope, level at the top, which is about ten feet above the water and flanked by a ditch. The choice proved to be eminently judicious; for not only was the view excellent, but the camp remained absolutely undisturbed by visitors. The reason of this was discovered next morning. At about six o'clock were heard the footsteps of some one cautiously prowling round and round the tent. It turned out to be a little old peasant, apparently of the Hebrew persuasion. After a good deal of hesitation he summoned up enough courage to inform the intruders, with some show of sternness, that the land on which they had settled belonged to Herr Karl Israel, who allowed no one to trespass under any circumstances. On hearing that the strangers in-

tended departing at ten o'clock that same morning, he was not only mollified, but showed signs of great surprise, having evidently thought they meant to take up their permanent quarters on Herr Karl Israel's property.

During the night there had been a thunderstorm with heavy rain, which, though lasting several hours, did not penetrate the canvas. After dawn the clouds and mists had rolled away, leaving a crisp and brilliant morning.

Between Salzungen and Tiefenort the river winds considerably, but after the latter place it straightens out into splendid broad reaches. Particularly striking is one which extends along the base of a finely wooded conical hill, the apex of which is crowned by an old ruin, while a narrow strip of green meadow fringes the river. This proved an excellent spot for a bathe and a midday rest. Resuming their oars, the voyagers, a short way farther down, rowed past an old fisherman standing on the bank. The expression of blank amazement produced on his features by a vision never seen before would have been a study well worthy of an artist. No member of the crew, alas! was equal to immortalising that look. His attitude, too, as he was in the act of raising his net with both hands, remained unaltered till the boat vanished for ever from his sight. If a petrified figure with hanging jaw and protuberant eyes has since been discovered on that lonely shore, the solution of the





mystery is now for the first time offered to the palæontologists of the Fatherland.

The system of fishing on the Werra is rather primitive. A sort of landing-net, about six feet in diameter, and attached to the end of a long thin pole, is immersed for some time and then suddenly raised by the operator. The guileless denizens of this stream have evidently not yet been much affected by the corrupting influences of civilisation.

Having rowed scathelessly through a roaring rapid on the site of a broken-down old weir, the voyagers passed along some fine reaches to Vacha. This little town must be very old, containing as it does several ancient walls and watch-towers. Its appearance is certainly more antique than that of any other place on the Werra. Landing at a restaurant on the bank for provisions, the crew had a glass of beer and a friendly chat with some of the natives. Then pulling the boat across at the weir, they rowed the "jolly miller" some way with them, greatly to his delight. For this, he said, was the first time he had ever seen, much less been on board, a rowing-boat on those waters. About three-quarters of a mile farther down a meadow with a fine view towards the river was selected for that night's camping ground. Owing to the deepening dusk it was not discovered till too late that a public road ran close behind the tent. Consoling themselves for this piece of ill-luck with a supper of buttered eggs, cutlets, and other

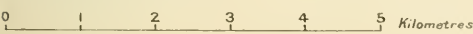
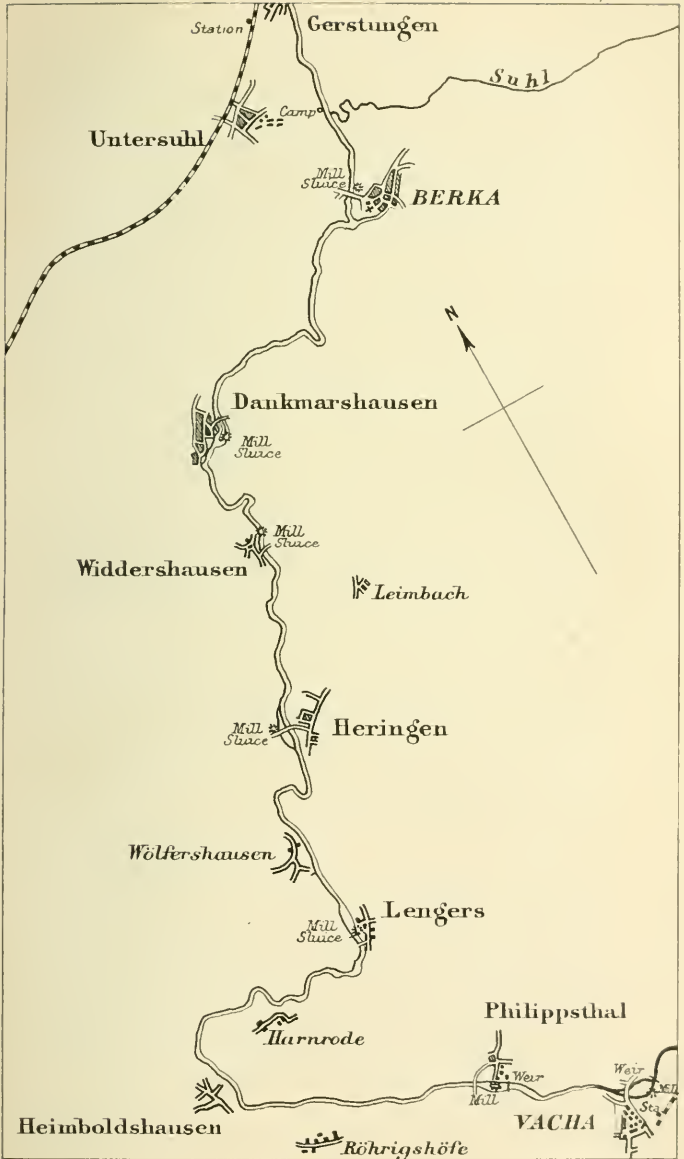
delicacies, the trio composed themselves at midnight for a short but deep sleep. Passing carts awakened them at a very early hour, but it was not till about six that they heard footsteps cautiously encircling the tent. At last a voice was heard to say: "Is any one there" (*Ist Jemand da*)? The Interpreter promptly responded in the affirmative from the mysterious interior (the tent door being closed). "I suppose this is a great fishing expedition" (*Das ist wohl eine grosse Fischerei*)? continued the voice. "No," replied the Interpreter monosyllabically. "Ah," added the interrogator by way of explanation, "I thought it was the Landgrave's fishing party from Philippsthal" (*Ich dachte es wäre die landgräfliche Fischerei von Philippsthal*). "Then it must be a land surveyor's tent" (*Ist es auch nicht ein geometrisches Häuschen*)? "No," continued the still hidden inmate, "it is only a boating expedition" (*Wasserpattie*), "undertaken by three Englishmen for pleasure; but we do some fishing too." And forthwith tossing aside the door-flaps the Interpreter displayed to the astonished gaze of this inquisitive native the inside of the tent, replete with Britons, clothes, appliances, and luxuries of various kinds. "You will excuse me for disturbing you," said the visitor apologetically, "for a thing of this kind excites much curiosity here" (*erregt viel Aufsehen hier*). "What an enterprising race you English are," he continued; "no German would ever think of undertaking an expedition like

this; though he would not have to leave his own country to do so."

Having effected a comparatively early start at about half-past nine—for it never seemed possible to strike the camp and pack the boat in less than two hours—the crew reached, after scarcely a hundred yards' row, the most perfect camping ground it is possible to imagine. It was a small patch of meadow on the left bank, completely enclosed by trees and thick hedges on three sides, and apparently accessible from the river only. At sight of it the three friends stood up and with difficulty restrained themselves from wrecking the boat. The cheerfulness of Mark Tapley himself would have been put to a severe strain by such an opportunity lost. The chagrin naturally resulting from this discovery was increased on finding immediately beyond the ideal spot a mill, which necessitated unloading and packing again a few minutes after the start. The crossing too turned out to be a very difficult one, and occupied an unusually long time. The opportunity was here taken of patching up the leak more carefully than on the previous day. The appliances were the same, but proved sufficient to exclude the water till the last day of the voyage. After as much tow as could be inserted into the crack with the point of a knife had been forced in, a fresh strip of mackintosh was nailed over the weak spot.

The river is free from obstructions for about

five miles till a place named Lengers is reached. Between that place and Meiningen, a distance of thirty-five miles, there are eleven weirs, at each of which the boat had to be unpacked, dragged over, and reloaded. This process occupied at least half an hour on each occasion, besides being very exhausting work. For the first time the possibility of shooting the sluices suggested itself. These are constructed at the side of each mill for the passage of timber rafts. On the movable paddles, with which the stream is dammed across, being pulled out, there is a rush of water down an inclined plane made of smooth boles. The drop is between five and six feet, ending with large turbulent waves at the bottom. After some deliberation it was determined that the experiment should be made. The boat was lightened by the removal of some of the heavy baggage and two of the crew, while the Interpreter, as having the best eyesight, remained in charge to guide the trusty craft to her fateful plunge. The miller undertook with alacrity to open the sluice, and considered himself handsomely rewarded for this service by the gratuity of a mark. Till the rather slow process of withdrawing the paddles was finished, the Interpreter kept the boat stationary in mid-stream by backing. These were indeed minutes of suspense, passed in speculating whether the boat would be ripped up by iron nails, or stove in against the stone wall at the side, or swamped in the waves at the bottom of the fall. All was now ready; so



sculling her gently towards the gap, which was about six feet in width, he had just time, as the boat was caught by the swift current, to point her nose straight with a pull of one hand and to ship the sculls in a twinkling, when down she shot straight as an arrow, and, plunging through the roaring waves below, was brought to a standstill within fifty yards. The exhilaration of these moments was great. As the prow of the boat dived into the wave her keel at the stern struck the edge of the last bole. This concussion set tins, bottles, and everything movable rattling in the most alarming fashion. No practical harm, however, resulted, except the shipping of some gallons of water. The experiment having proved so successful was repeated without mishap at all the ten following mills, till the last at Wannfried, forty-five miles farther down the river. At the very next mill, however, where the shoot is very steep, and the waves in consequence are unusually rough, the boat narrowly escaped foundering. Owing to this experience a waterproof sheet was spread over the bows on subsequent occasions, and proved an efficient expedient for keeping the water out.

In the afternoon a village of the name of Dankmarshausen was reached. The picturesquely situated little church suggested the idea of a visit. The strangers were directed to the precentor (*Cantor*), who gladly admitted them, and allowed the Professor to play the organ. He assured the wander-

ing Britons that no Englishman had ever been in the place before, much less had ever played on the organ of the village church. The friends then betook themselves to the *Wirthshaus* (restaurant) for provisions and a glass of beer. The landlady was a comely but rather sad-looking widow of about thirty-five. The Interpreter asked whether she knew Uhland's beautiful ballad about the three students of the Rhine, beginning :—

“ Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein,
Bei einer Frau Wirthin da kehrten sie ein :
Frau Wirthin hat sie gut Bier und Wein ?
Wo hat sie ihr schönes Töchterlein ? ”

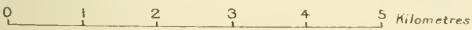
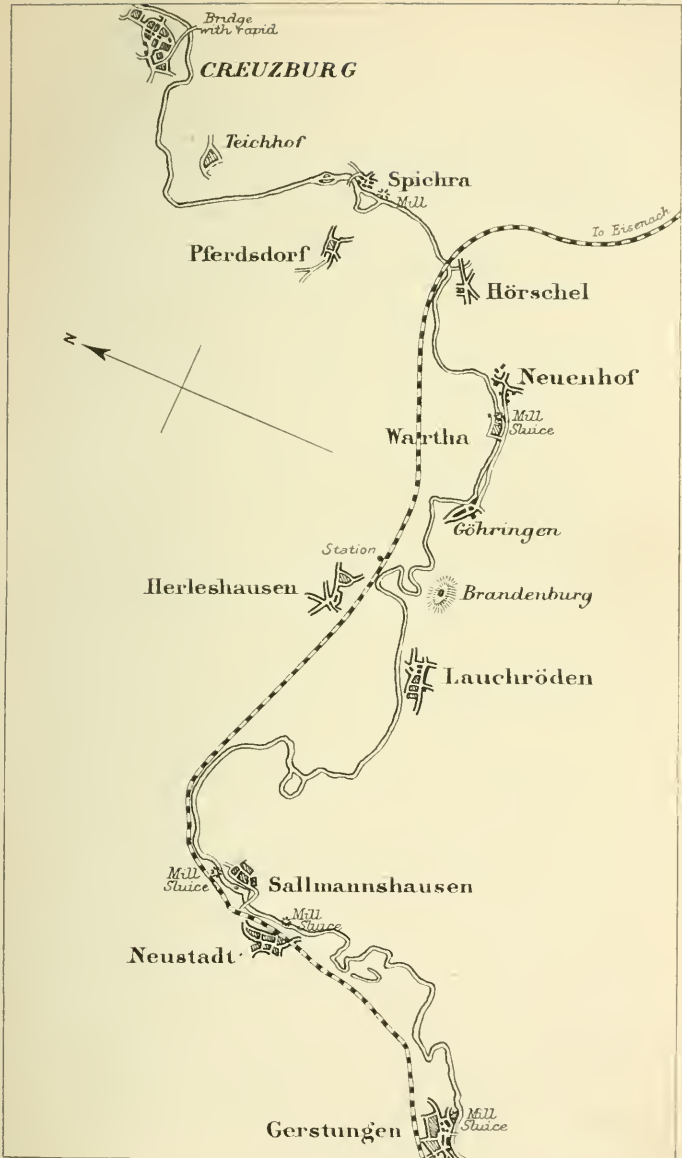
Smiling at the analogy, she replied she knew it well ; and answering the questions of the song, said her beer and wine were fairly good, and that her little daughter was hiding behind the stove. And sure enough there she was, a pretty little girl of twelve, too shy to show herself to the three students of the Werra. Nearly the whole population turned out to witness the embarkation ; but the *Wirthin* and the *Cantor* were the most prominent in waving their farewells.

As the evening began to close in the small town of Berka was passed. It was noticeable as the first place hitherto built immediately on the river. All the previous towns and villages are situated at some distance from the bank on rising ground. This fact is doubtless due to floods in winter. The river at Berka

divided, as the voyagers imagined, into two arms. If this is the case, the second branch apparently never rejoins the first. What they took to be only the mill-stream proved to be little better than a canal between high banks, too narrow to admit of rowing, and seemingly interminable. Owing to the approach of darkness a halt had to be made in this channel and a camp pitched on wet ground little better than a swamp. One member of the crew was terribly depressed; but the Interpreter, in whom such circumstances almost invariably brought on an attack of Mark Tapleyism, received such an accession of cheerfulness that the whole crew were soon as hilarious as possible over their evening meal within the recesses of the tent. This was all the more meritorious considering the fact that a large number of slimy insects of more than ordinary loathsomeness were beginning to crawl about in all directions. The bursts of merriment at last died away, and were doubtless followed by sounds of a more sustained nature till long after the dawn of day.

Next morning an old peasant, the proprietor of this swampy field, and his son, who attended the grammar school (*Gymnasium*) at Eisenach, paid the camp a visit. The boy, it appeared, was under a form-master who was a friend of the Interpreter's. Another instance of how small the world is! Having shared a bottle of hock with their new acquaintances the crew embarked at the rather late hour of eleven o'clock. The map showed the river to be approach-

ing the region of Eisenach. The three friends had for some time past entertained the project of visiting the Wartburg from the nearest point on the Werra. They were, however, still uncertain as to the feasibility of this plan, no railroad being marked on the chart. They had been proceeding very leisurely with many delays and thoroughly enjoying the beauty of the day, when suddenly a railway station became visible on the bank. It was so near that the name could easily be made out from the boat to be Herleshausen. On inquiry it proved that Eisenach was distant only a quarter of an hour by rail, and that the next train was due in ten minutes. It was decided to take this, the bags being accordingly carried up to the tiny station. When about to take their tickets the friends discovered to their dismay that they had absolutely no German money left, having parted with their last mark to the miller who had opened the previous sluice for them. They had nothing but one Bank of England five-pound note. This the station-master naturally declined to change. At the very last moment, however, as the train steamed in, he was induced, after much expostulation, to the step—unprecedented in German railway annals—of supplying return tickets on the security of a boat. The latter was tied up to the bank exactly opposite the station and left in charge of the pointsman, and under the very eye of the station authorities. There was just time to dash, regardless of an



obstructive guard, into a ladies' compartment, the only unoccupied one in the train. This forcible seizure of an empty carriage was, be it noted, perpetrated in malice prepense. For though not altogether cowards, the voyagers felt unable to face the population of Eisenach in the never-before-beheld English blazers, and flannels white only in the remote past. For the next few minutes the air of that small *Frauen-Coupé* was thick with coats, trousers, shirts, brushes, toothpicks, combs, boots, ties, shoe-horns, vaseline pots that flew promiscuously from the profound depths of the respective yachting-bags. Never assuredly had that *Frauen-Coupé* been the scene of such frantic haste or of the transformation of three weather-beaten boating men into civilised-looking mortals of ordinary appearance, such as emerged on the platform at Eisenach. The remaining passengers, with whose heads the windows of the train were densely crowded, showed pretty plainly their amazement at the sudden alteration. As the friends, having thus rapidly changed their clothes, were doing the same with their five-pound note at the buffet, a gentleman hurried up to greet them and inquire with keen interest after their welfare. He introduced himself as a member of the crowd which had seen them off at Meiningen. After a night on the Wartburg and a delightful morning spent in the Drachenschlucht and Annathal, the crew returned to Herleshausen in time to start about noon.

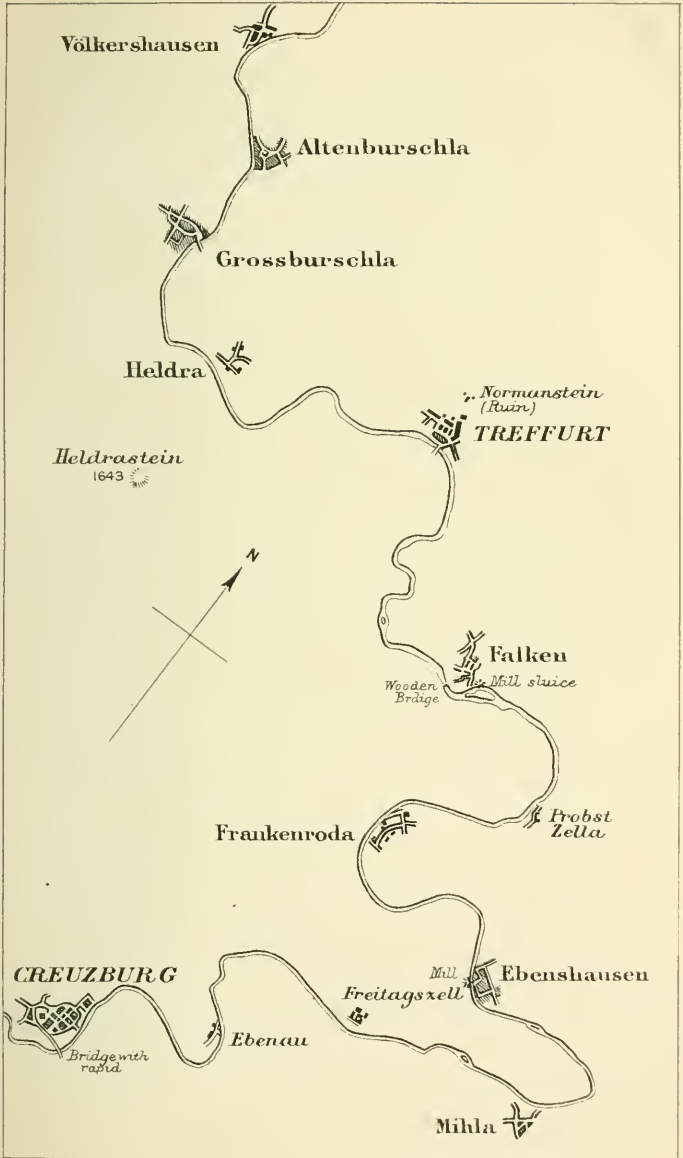
A short way farther down on the right bank there is a fine old ruin called, as they were informed, the Brandenburg, and perched on a height above the river. Later on in the afternoon an old man standing on the bank inquired as to the destination of the voyage. It was Bremen, he was told. "Ah!" he said, "I thought this river came out at Hamburg; but I have a son near Bremen; if you see him, greet him from me." It did not occur to him to mention his own name or his son's address; but the voyagers undertook to convey the message. They stopped for lunch near a place named Neuenhof, under a modern château, the first they had as yet seen on the banks of the Werra. Going up to the inn for provisions and beer, they there met a son of the burgomaster, who said he had read about them in the papers and had been on the look-out for them during the last two days.

The river now for a distance of about sixteen miles is (except at Ebenshausen) without obstructions from Spichra to Falken. The scenery after Kreuzburg, about three miles below the former place, becomes very beautiful. The stream winds in a north-easterly direction for five miles to Mihla, after that flowing in two great bends north-west to Falken. Below Kreuzburg there are some fine bare cliffs with buttresses of rock jutting out, followed by charmingly wooded ridges alternating on the right and the left bank. Especially striking is a

hill near Mihla, overgrown with beech, ash, and fir, while a splendid broad reach of river flows past, reminding one of the Clevedon woods on the Thames. The appearance of the boat on the scene some way farther down became the signal for all the agriculture on the right bank, which was flat, stopping dead, and the horses and peasants assuming that statuesque attitude which was so characteristic of these riparians when that trusty craft came within their ken. The last two and a half miles above Falken are a fine stretch of water for rowing. The memory of the writer reverts to this wide and crescent-shaped reach as one of the loveliest bits of river scenery he has ever beheld. Its charm was heightened by the rare beauty of the evening. The half-moon hung in a perfectly cloudless sky over the dark crest of a wooded ridge and was mirrored in the placid stream below, while the stillness of the deepening twilight was unbroken save by the plash of the oars and the song of the rowers as they slowly glided down. In the growing darkness they paddled down to the mill, intending to leave the boat in charge of the miller; but finding it deserted, they disembarked, and the Interpreter made for a light gleaming in the distance between the trees. It turned out to proceed from a cottage in which a family of peasants were assembled round their evening meal. On the Interpreter explaining the situation and his wish to find

an inn if possible, two of the men of the family volunteered to convey the hand-luggage to the *Wirthshaus* of Herr Schmidt. Being shown the way down to the boat for this purpose, they were much startled at beholding the nude form of Bow suddenly emerging from the waters of the Werra in the gloom of night. As there was only one bed and one sofa available, the Interpreter was obliged in consequence of the adverse toss of a coin to pass the night on a table. The landlord, a most obliging and intelligent man, informed his guests that he had served as a private in the wars of '66 and '70, and was in the habit of going to Berlin every year for a holiday. The bill, which included the night's lodging, supper, breakfast, and provisions for the following day, and was made out in the name of *Die drei Herren aus England* (the three gentlemen from England), amounted to the surprisingly small sum of eight marks.

Next morning the mill-sludge was shot in view of a large public, and for some distance down the bank there was quite a stampede of enthusiastic well-wishers. About two miles lower down lies the picturesque little town of Treffurt, nestling in a valley, with the ruin of the Normanstein crowning the hill above. Near this point there are some fine red slate cliffs with overhanging foliage, while the Helldrastein towers to a height of 1100 feet above the valley. This hill would well repay a visit, as it is



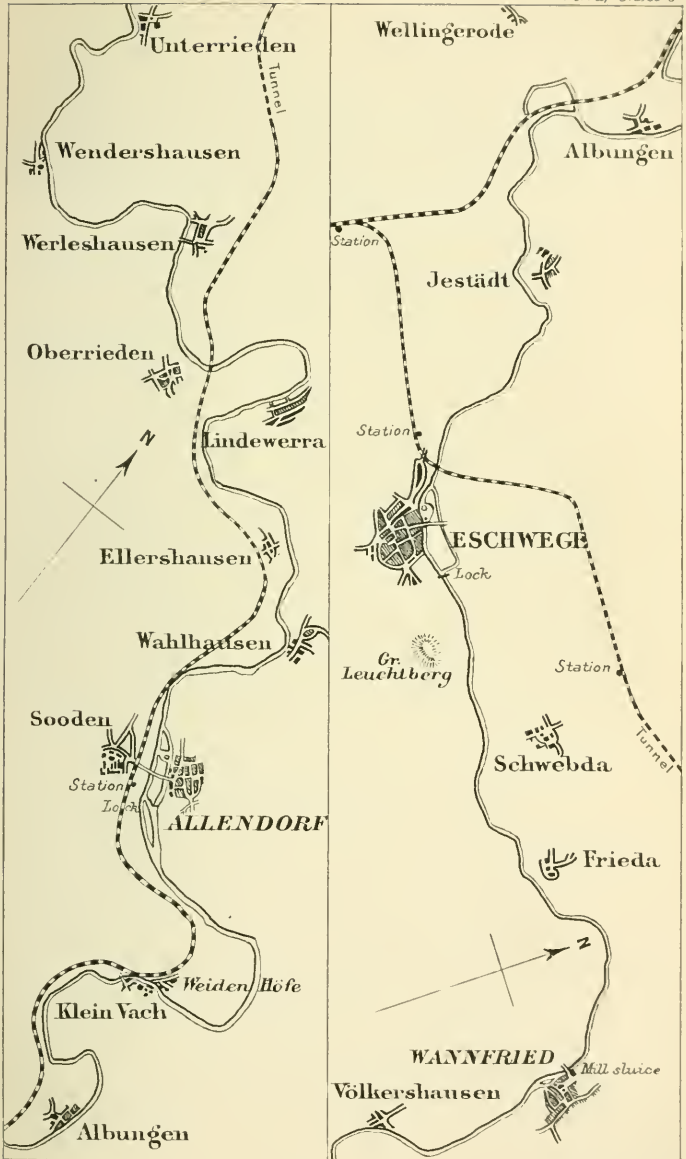
said to command a magnificent view of the Werra and of the surrounding country. After a row of two hours Wannfried was reached, the last place on the river with a mill-sludge, and the first to boast a clinker-built boat. As the miller was unusually long about pulling up the paddles and the stream was strong, the Interpreter became too exhausted to back against the current. A night passed on even the best of tables tends to diminish a man's powers of endurance on the following day. In order to save himself from coming to complete grief in the partially open sluice he was compelled to let himself drive against a wooden partition in front of the mill-wheel. A calamity might thus have occurred on the very last occasion; fortunately, however, no further damage was done than the partial breaking at the blade of an oar and a scull that protruded from the bows. After frantic exertions to pull the boat against the stream (which was now running with its full force) by means of bushes and stakes, he got her round only just in time to shoot the lasher successfully.

Five miles farther lies Eschwege, a town of 8000 inhabitants, situated on both sides of the river. It is a very old place, being said to date from the time of Charlemagne. The first lock on the river occurring here ought to have facilitated the boat's progress; but as it was unluckily undergoing repairs, a very difficult and toilsome portage was rendered necessary. The scenery after Eschwege falls off con-

siderably, being tamer, owing to the increase of cultivation and the corresponding decrease of wood.

In consequence of a rather fatiguing day of twenty-seven miles, following on a bad night's rest, the crew felt very tired, and resolved to put up at Allendorf. This is a town of from 3000 to 4000 inhabitants, with a railway station and a *Kursaal* for the benefit of some 400 invalids who frequent the place for its salt baths. Allendorf made rather an inhospitable impression, as the only two hotels in the place could not take the weary wayfarers in. So they were ultimately reduced to lodging for the night above a butcher's shop.

The second lock on the Werra, which is a very good one, occurs here. Some rafts went through at the same time next morning, two of the men turning out to be natives of Wernshausen, where the nocturnal adventure previously related had ended. An hour's row brings one to Lindewerra, a small village overhung by a projecting rock, called the Devil's Pulpit. This was the spot from which the Interpreter in his boyhood used to start on his boating expeditions with his German friends. After three or four winds of the river in a north-westerly direction, there comes into view the picturesque old castle of Hanstein, a favourite excursion by rail from Göttingen. Here begins a famous cherry country, often visited by the Interpreter and his friends in their schoolboy days. The crew landed some way



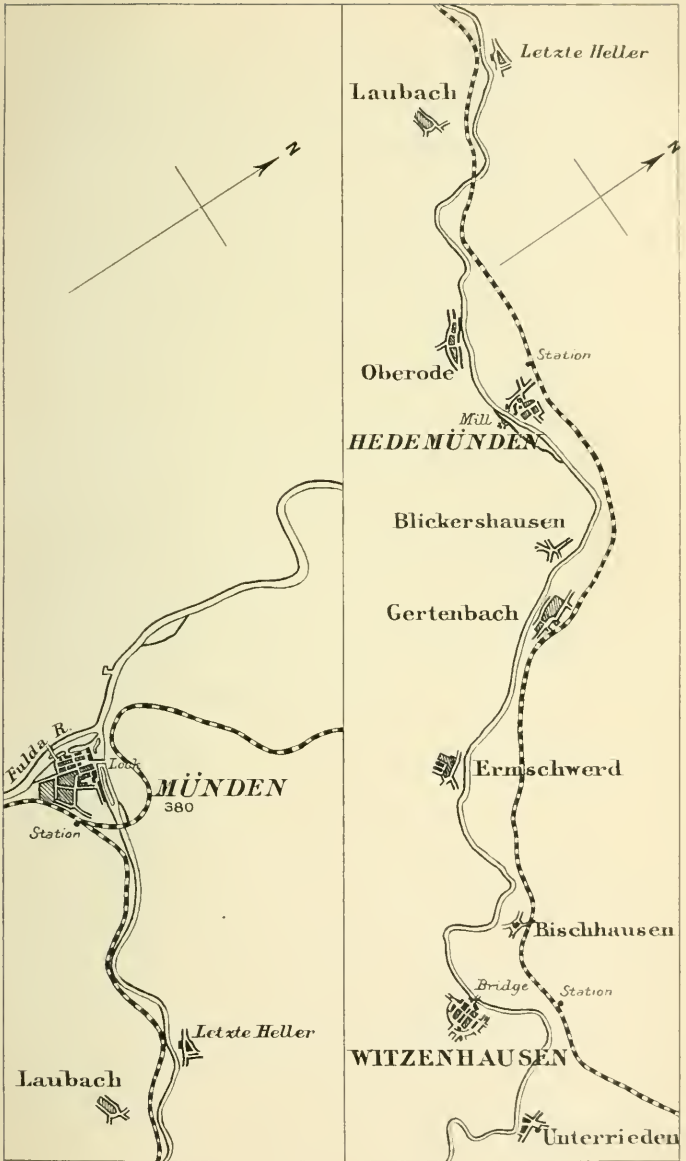
0 1 2 3 4 5 Kilometres

above Witzenhausen to buy five pounds of cherries, the produce of trees growing close to the river bank. This purchase produced a visible deterioration in the speed of the boat as well as in the quality of the steering. The crew suddenly found themselves drifting past the picturesque little town of Witzenhausen and close upon a rather ugly rapid under the stone bridge which here spans the river. This was, however, successfully shot by taking the arch next to the left bank.

The scenery in the last six miles, as Münden is approached, grows remarkably fine, the river now flowing through a defile of high, dark pine-clad hills. Immediately above the town the stream divides, the left and more rapid branch flowing to the lock. Münden, a pleasant town of about 6000 inhabitants, is charmingly situated in a richly wooded country on the tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Fulda and Werra, to which fact it owes its name (derived from *Mund*, mouth). The combined waters from this point onwards bear the name of the Weser. Münden is well-known as the seat of a first-class academy of forestry, and is much visited by the inhabitants of neighbouring places for the beauty of its scenery. The town of Cassel, where, at the Palace of Wilhelmshöhe, Napoleon III. resided as a prisoner during the latter part of the Franco-German war, is distant only fifteen miles, less than an hour by train, and would

well repay a visit, if only for the sake of the magnificent picture gallery there. The boat being left in charge of the lock-keeper, the crew drove up to the *Hessische Hof* in the hotel omnibus to avoid publicity. Their funds were by this time pretty nearly exhausted, but a registered letter containing money (which a Göttingen banker had most obligingly sent in exchange for a cheque) was awaiting the Interpreter at the post-office. This he was, however, unable to obtain possession of, having stupidly omitted to bring a passport with him from England. Fortunately remembering some former acquaintances who lived in the country a few miles from Münden, he lost no time in taking a fly and driving out to their place. After a kind reception he returned with the estate manager, who furnished the guarantee required by the rules of the post-office. Some young officers from the riding-school at Hanover were staying at the hotel, and had spent the evening carousing pretty freely. When the crew retired at about midnight two of these young sons of Mars were discovered seated on the box of an empty coach in the yard, urging on imaginary steeds with cracking whips and loud yells of encouragement.

Owing to the numerous and unforeseen obstructions on the Werra the progress made had fallen very far short of anticipation. The Interpreter was unfortunately obliged to be back in England by a certain date. In order, therefore, to reach Bremen



0 1 2 3 4 5 Kilometres

in time, all thought of further camping had now to be finally abandoned. As the steamer leaving Bremerhafen on the following Thursday morning had to be caught, only four clear days were left for finishing the remaining distance, 232 miles (372 kilometres), the previous 125 miles having taken eight days. This was indeed a formidable prospect. Though there was but one more obstruction between Münden and the sea—the lock at Hameln—eleven hours a day of hard rowing would certainly be necessary to accomplish the feat. An average speed of five miles an hour was the utmost that could be expected, with a stream, the fall of which could easily be calculated—Münden being but 380 feet above the level of the sea—to be only twenty inches per mile. In spite, however, of faint-hearted counsels, it was at last resolved to make the attempt. The result remained to be seen.

CHAPTER III

THE WESER

“Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.”—HORACE.

Start from Münden—Corvey—First sail—Holzminden—German view of exercise—Struggle with an adverse gale—Hamelu—The Professor's despair—Rinteln—Mistaken for raftsmen—The Professor's wrath—Porta Westphalica—Delay at Minden—Row and sail all night—Accidents—Renewed struggle with strong wind—Pitiless rain—Leak—Exhaustion—Triumph—Bremen: 105 miles in twenty-six hours.

SUNDAY began inauspiciously with rain. This, it is true, soon cleared away, and was followed by bright sunshine interrupted only by a sharp thunder-shower in the early afternoon. But a strong wind springing up rendered the water so rough that the heavy oak boat, unable to rise to the waves, shipped several seas. One of the crew, moreover, lay prostrate, owing to over-indulgence in cherries on the previous day. The scenery during the whole of this day's voyage was uninteresting save a fine steep cliff below Carls-hafen, where the river takes a sharp bend towards the north. The most rapid fall in the Weser is

between this place and Holzminden, for here it descends seventy feet in twenty miles. Quite a flotilla of punt-like boats was noticed near Carls-hafen, drawn up on the shore, presumably for the use of fishermen. Some rope-ferries also occur on this part of the river.

The only place with any interest attaching to it passed that day was Corvey, on the left bank about a mile below Höxter. It was once the most famous Benedictine abbey in North Germany, having been founded as early as 816 by Louis the Pious. In the year 1514 a manuscript of the first five books of the Annals of Tacitus, which were till then supposed to be irrecoverably lost, was found in the library. The story of its discovery suggested to Gustav Freytag the plot of his well-known novel, *Die verlorene Handschrift* (the lost manuscript).

A steady row from 10.30 A.M. to 9.15 P.M. was only interrupted by a brief lunch and a short sail. Now the mast was rigged up for the first time in order to utilise a wind blowing so strong abaft that the boat, heavy though she was, tore along at the rate of six miles an hour. So rapidly, indeed, did the kilometre stones (which mark the distance on the bank from Münden to Bremen) seem to fly past, that an American observer would no doubt have described them as producing the impression of a riverside cemetery.

Holzminden, the place of that night's sojourn,

was reached some time after sunset, the boat being left in charge of a ferryman. During the course of dinner the Interpreter, entering into conversation with a stranger sitting next to him, related some of the incidents of what he described as a *Lustfahrt* (pleasure trip) on the Werra and the Weser. The Teuton, adopting the usual attitude of foreigners towards enterprises which involve hardship and strenuous physical exercise, and plainly showing his commiseration, strongly recommended the misguided Britons to conclude the voyage in tow of a barge. The improvement in the hotel accommodation as the river increases in size may be judged by comparing the amount of the bill—thirty-two marks—with that of the little village inn of Falken ; but whether it represented four times the value is a question not so easy to decide.

A start having been made soon after eight o'clock, the first six miles were rowed in exactly one hour. As a stiff breeze was following straight astern, nearly the same pace was kept up sailing till Bodenwerder was reached—a distance of twenty miles. This place deserves to be mentioned as the birthplace and home of the most famous liar known to literary history—Baron von Münchhausen. It is interesting to note that the incredible adventures which that mendacious nobleman was in the habit of relating in the circle of his friends were first published in English by a German named Raspe, who had fled to London to

escape the consequences of stealing coins from the collection under his charge at Cassel. This English edition was anonymously translated into German by the poet Bürger in 1787.

At Bodenwerder the river, hitherto so accommodating, made an uncompromising bend towards the west, keeping a westerly or north-westerly direction for the rest of the day. The next eight hours were consequently spent in a strenuous struggle with a gale blowing steadily on the fore-quarter or beam, and raising quite a sea on the ever-broadening expanse of the Weser. The rain, too, beat relentlessly during all those leaden-footed hours in slanting torrents on the toilers at the oar. Despair began to gather black on the brow of at least one of the mariners. The hard-boiled egg and bottle of German beer were with the utmost difficulty consumed under the sheltering umbrella amid the pitiless downpour. Mark Tapley might well have taken some credit to himself for keeping his spirits up on such a day. The one ray of consolation that lightened the mental gloom of the voyagers was the conviction that their German friend of the previous night could not possibly have taken his stand on any point of the bank that day to witness their miseries.

By four in the afternoon they had made the town of Hameln, known to fame chiefly as the home of the Pied Piper—

“ Hamelin town’s in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side.”

Though Browning had probably no personal experience of the inhabitants of the Weser valley, he saw, with true poetical insight, the importance of clothes in the legend ; for he says of the Piper that

“ His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red.”

Had the ancient musician but worn an English “ blazer,” there can be no doubt that he would have drawn after him to their doom not only the youth, but also the greater part of the adult population of Hameln.

While passing through the magnificent lock the three friends telegraphed to the hotel at Minden announcing their expected arrival about midnight. But when they got off again it blew such a gale that all hope of accomplishing this project was given up. One of the crew was now almost a corpse, while the Professor complained of being completely worn away. The latter, however, retained a sufficient amount of energy to give vent to his feelings in tolerably strong language for most of the afternoon. Some consolation he derived from a pipe, which, after a prolonged struggle with wind and rain, he managed to light with matches obtained from a passing barge. The last two hours of that day’s row he described as “ simple h—l,”

expressing a conviction that a *Lustfahrt* on the Weser would be one of the torments of the damned.

The town of Rinteln, about fifty-two miles and a half from Holzminden, and now the utmost goal of their ambition, seemed never to be coming in sight, so interminable did the convolutions of the river appear to the jaded mind. Like everything else the weary distance came to an end at last. The exhausted trio trudged up to the chief inn, the *Stadt Bremen*, carrying their oars with them for security. They were unconscious of the disreputable appearance they must have presented in their soiled and soaking flannels. When the Interpreter inquired as to rooms, the landlord suggested in reply that the inn over the way—a wretched little place—might suit them better. This advice was more than the nerves of the Professor, already worked up to the highest pitch of irritation, could endure, and the vials of his wrath were poured forth in a formula, extemporised in the heat of the moment, which though unheard before in the Fatherland, was yet perfectly intelligible to the object of the outburst—*Potzteufel, Götterdämmerung und Höllerei, ist dies Stadt Bremen oder nicht?* Their language evidently proved the strangers to be gentlemen; for they were now welcomed with the utmost humility by their host, who afterwards even undertook the menial office of carrying down their boots with his own hand. Such is the magical effect of appropriate diction.

Rinteln, the seat of a university in former days, was known to the Interpreter from a visit during the summer vacation some years previously. The landlord, who was a great gossip, rattled off in answer to interrogatories a vast amount of information about the leading inhabitants. The fate of a large and well-known family of daughters he reeled off with great volubility, winding up with the remark: *Anna, die dicke, ist noch zu haben* (Anna, the fat one, is still eligible).

One hundred and two miles had now been accomplished in two days, and one hundred and thirty still remained to be done in the next two. The river for some distance below Rinteln is in parts, owing to its breadth, rather shallow and requires careful steering in order to avoid running on sunken rocks. Soon after starting the first windmill was observed, a sure indication of the approach of a flat country. The course of the river from Münden to Minden lies through a series of picturesque valleys formed by the irregular range of the Weser hills; but after it issues into the plain through the narrow pass called the Porta Westphalica the banks become perfectly flat and uninteresting. The level strip of land between the hills and the river above the Porta was the scene of the battle of Idistaviso, fought between Germanicus and Arminius and described in the Annals of Tacitus. The Professor was with great difficulty restrained from landing here in order to

test the credibility of the historian, who relates how Arminius and his brother carried on a colloquy from opposite sides of the Weser. The Professor was very sceptical as to the width of the river—about two hundred yards—admitting of a conversation being conducted from one bank to the other. Perhaps he will be found on some future occasion undertaking a special journey for the purpose of prosecuting on the spot researches which will settle this very important question.

The first part of this day's voyage was rowed; but from Vlotho, where the river turns northwards after flowing twenty miles due west, the sail was used with great effect till within two or three miles' distance of Minden. The rain came down all the morning, and the beautiful scenery of the Porta, where the Weser hills closing in on the river form a defile, was passed in a perfect torrent. Minden was reached at about two o'clock, in five hours' time from the start. It was unfortunately necessary to land here, as Bow had a money-letter awaiting him at the post-office. The strength of the stream renders it difficult to effect a landing at Minden. This was at length managed, the boat being left in charge of a bargee. The landlord of the *Stadt London* most obligingly consented to be surety for the strangers at the post-office. Feeling bound in return to do something for the good of the house, especially as they had wired for rooms the day before, they ordered a sumptuous dinner. On its

conclusion they invited their genial host to join them in a bottle of champagne, to which he replied with another. He too had served in the Franco-Prussian war, and that under an officer well known to the Interpreter.

It was already seven in the evening before a start was made, and 105 miles remained to be accomplished before nightfall on the following day. The only possibility of performing this *tour de force* was by going on continuously all night and the whole of the next day. Even thus an average speed of four miles would have to be kept up for twenty-six hours. However, the inspiration of generous liquor filled the souls of the crew with rosy hopes. It was a beautiful evening, the water being perfectly calm and the sky without a cloud. The moon, now nearly full, rose red and cast her sheen on the tranquil waters. Thus began the novel and hazardous experiment of navigating an unknown river by night. A four hours' steady row had accomplished twenty miles by eleven o'clock. Cox had meanwhile prepared supper and made tea (with filtered Weser water) in the stern. The voyagers then enjoyed a short rest as they partook of their evening meal, floating down the moonlit stream. By this time a good wind had sprung up behind; and as the map showed the river to flow in the same direction for twenty miles, while the current ran fairly fast, the crew determined on reserving their energies as far as

possible by sailing during the remainder of the night. The Interpreter taking the helm, Bow assumed the office of look-out, while the Professor composed himself to sleep amidships. The moon having disappeared behind thick clouds for the rest of the night, it became extremely difficult to descry anything ahead, even at a short distance. The boat was now scudding along before the wind at a fine pace. Suddenly Bow shouted, "Look out, mind your heads!" and in an instant down came the mast and sail with a splash in the water. He had fortunately seen, when only a few feet off, a ferry-cable which extended across the river, and had managed to hitch out the mast in the very nick of time, thus saving it, as well as the heads of his friends. The rope was so low that it grazed the Interpreter's arm, though he was lying down flat on the stern seat. This little incident effectually banished any further thoughts of sleep. The excitement had hardly subsided when the boat ran straight into a snag embedded in the very middle of the stream. The bows stuck fast, while the stern was swung rapidly round by the current. For a moment the crew expected to be emptied into the water with all their belongings, and to find a watery grave far from their native shores. But by good luck the impetus of the boat caused her to slide off stern foremost without having sustained any injury. Bow's vision after these mishaps became so preternaturally acute that he distinctly made out

imaginary ferry-ropes as the villages were passed, and hoisted out the mast with feverish haste to avoid the impact. Curiously enough no real ones recurred till some time after daybreak. All this distance the banks are low, while the river, being upwards of two hundred yards in breadth, is generally shallow on one side or the other. For these two reasons steering in the dark was a sufficiently hazardous undertaking, quite irrespective of any obstacles that might at any moment present themselves. Sailing at night is, moreover, much more risky than rowing, as it is impossible to stop the way of the boat at short notice. To unship the mast and get out the oars would occupy too much time for many an emergency, especially when the crew is bound to have fallen into a semi-somnolent condition. However, this particular crew was now so wide-awake that they determined to light their pipes, which they succeeded in doing only after many vain efforts. Rain soon began to fall, and umbrellas were put up. The notion of sailing down an unknown river at midnight, smoking pipes and under the shelter of umbrellas, struck the voyagers as so grotesque that many a peal of laughter, never heard before at that hour on those lonely shores, rang out over the waters. The boat had been gliding along noiselessly through the darkness for some miles, when Cox was aroused by a shout from Bow to pull the left rudder-string hard. A steam-dredger (*Dampfbugger*), moored in

mid-stream at a bend in the river, had suddenly loomed out of the night, and a collision was only just avoided by steering through the narrow passage between the vessel and the bank. There turned out to be a chain under the surface of the water attaching the dredger to the shore. This chain scraped the bottom of the boat, unshipping the rudder; she consequently swung round and ran into a pile, but again got off without damage. Had it not been for her extraordinarily strong build, the skiff would undoubtedly have come to grief that night. As it was, the only injury she had apparently sustained was the loss of the strip of waterproof tacked on to stop a leak soon after the commencement of the voyage. She was soon found to be letting in water rather badly, and the crew spent most of the rest of the voyage with their feet steeped in bilge-water, which was kept within bounds only by repeated baling. To run ashore and stop the leak there was no time on the day which was now going to break. When the first signs of dawn began to appear, the moon, about to set, emerged from behind a black mass of cloud, and as she hung full-orbed like a golden lamp on the horizon illuminating the dark canopy above, presented a striking and beautiful sight. It was curious to note how, as morning broke, the concert of the birds seemed to strike up in a moment all along the banks. The contrast between the sudden volume of sound and the preceding stillness, unbroken save

by the gentle lapping of the water, produced quite a startling effect. The sleepless voyagers were, perhaps, all the more impressed, as they themselves were by no means in a singing mood.

Nienburg was reached at about half-past five, the last twenty miles having been done under sail alone. The performance of forty-one miles during the night, though not bad under ordinary circumstances, did not contribute much to raise the spirits of the jaded trio; for had they not still the prospect of sixty-four miles more of unremitting toil before their labours were over? That such a distance, formidable enough after a good night's rest, could be accomplished by nightfall, seemed all but hopeless even with a favourable wind. A short halt was made for breakfast on a strip of sandy beach some little distance below Nienburg. The energies of the crew were somewhat revived by a copious draught of warm tinned soup, but their complexions still remained very green in the bright morning light. When again afloat they had gradually to realise the disheartening fact that the wind, which had favoured them all night and was now increasing in strength, would be their enemy for the rest of the voyage. The general trend here taken by the Weser towards the north by north-west for about thirty miles was just sufficient to render the wind worse than useless for sailing purposes. But the cup of their misery was not yet full. Heavy showers began to fall and continued till evening, keeping the

crew drenched to the skin all the time. In addition to this, Stroke at least always had his feet immersed in bilge-water. Could even the just man have been perfectly happy under these circumstances ?

The Professor, who was the most exhausted, would, when his turn to row came—two out of every three hours—insist on hoisting the sail on the plea that the wind was decidedly growing more favourable. When the futility of the manœuvre had been repeatedly proved by the boat running ashore broadside in half a minute, he at length gloomily resigned himself to the oar, swearing solemnly that he would never, never again, during the remainder of his natural life, enter a boat for the purpose of undertaking a *Iustfahrt* ! It is almost superfluous to add that this vow was egregiously broken before a full month had elapsed. Most of his strokes, it will easily be believed, were not very energetic ; but now and again he would plunge his oar deep into the river with a malignant dig, invariably to the accompaniment of a very audible monosyllable. In some reaches the wind blew straight up stream, and raised quite a sea. Thus a considerable amount of water was shipped, in addition to the contributions of the leak and of the driving rain. By 4 P.M. thirty-six miles had been done by unceasing labour, and twenty-eight were still left to accomplish in the remaining five hours of daylight. The task seemed perfectly hopeless. For the river not only became extremely broad by the accession of the waters

of a large tributary, the Aller, but now took a final bend towards the west in the very teeth of the wind. The waves in mid-stream were too large for the heavily laden boat to stand, so that she had to coast along the bank at the rate of hardly two miles an hour. At this pace Bremen could not have been reached till six o'clock next morning. The result of such an experience would probably have been a prolonged stay in a hospital for at least one member of the crew. Fortunately, as on the previous days, the wind died away towards evening. By seven o'clock the water became as smooth as a glass, and the sky grew perfectly clear. The moon rose full and was reflected in the broad expanse of the river. The force of the stream now made itself felt, and the energies of the rowers revived for a final effort. The towers of Bremen became visible over the low-lying plain while yet a long way off, but never seemed to come any nearer. However, the mere sight of them gave strength to the toilers, who rowed into Bremen in quite fine style at half-past nine, as the shades of night were beginning to fall. Thus the feat of doing 105 miles in twenty-six consecutive hours was an accomplished fact, in spite of adverse fate. The satisfaction of having carried out their purpose was quite an adequate reward for the hardships of the voyage. A boatbuilder was found, who undertook to convey the skiff to the station in time to get her off by the eight o'clock train next morning. The friends then drove

off in a cab to the Hôtel de l'Europe, and, profiting by previous experiences, at once explained to one of the waiters that flocked down the steps the cause of their disreputable appearance. They were received with open arms, the explanation having apparently been unnecessary. This difference of treatment is probably to be explained by the fact that the inhabitants of large cities are keener observers of men. A luxurious dinner rewarded the toils of the preceding night and day ; but it did not, perhaps, receive the keen appreciation which its excellence deserved. To the amazement of the attendant waiter, two of the crew now and again allowed their heads to drop on one side and broke out into the most uncompromising snore. Had they not been aroused on each occasion in order to resume operations, there is no telling how long this rare kind of table-music would have continued.

Next morning the Interpreter, after passing through the painful ordeal of rising at five, saw the boat and all the luggage safely packed on a truck ; but no officer was present to pass them through the custom-house. When the crew turned up at the station in good time for the eight o'clock train to Bremerhafen, it was announced that the custom-house would not open till the exact moment of the train's departure. The Interpreter was accordingly compelled to leave his friends behind to arrange about the boat. The last thing he saw, as the train steamed

out, was the Professor standing on the platform engaged single-handed in a hot altercation with a knot of officials. The latter looked as if under the circumstances they would have preferred to pass the boat before the regulation time.

The Interpreter, having despatched a telegram from Bremerhafen to the old gentleman at Heidelberg and to the hotel-keeper at Meiningen, went on board the steamer, vexed at the prospect of having to cross alone. The hour of departure having long passed by, the captain at length announced that he had received instructions by telegram from the office of the German Lloyd's Company to wait out in the harbour till two o'clock for the arrival of two other passengers from Bremen. Shortly before that hour a tender was seen approaching, and soon the white lawn-tennis hat of the Professor became visible on its deck. Such is the reward of dogged pertinacity! The captain swore that no steamer of that line had ever in his experience been delayed four hours for the sake of passengers.

The greater part of the voyage was spent in taking out arrears of sleep, while most of the remaining hours were devoted to dividing the common camping property by the arbitrament of cards. The boat had after all to be left behind, as no truck was procurable at short notice to convey her from the station to the quay. She came on by the next steamer; and all the belongings of the crew were safely

delivered at Bow's abode, with the exception of the hock bottles, which arrived empty. This slight deficiency was, however, made up for by the conscientious delivery of a good-sized piece of bacon. The latter fact compelled Bow to avail himself of the hospitality of his friends for several days. He was only enabled to return after his rooms had undergone a thorough course of fumigation. Thus ended one of the more far-reaching results of this the first voyage on German waters.

CHAPTER IV

THE NECKAR

‘Qualis in aërii pellucens vertice montis
Rivus muscoso prosilit e lapide
Qui cum de prona praeceps est valle volutus
Per medium densi transit iter populi,
Dulce viatori lasso in sudore levamen
Cum gravis exustos aestus hiuleat agros.’—CATULLUS.

The Crew—Preparations—Strange influence of curry-powder—The Neckar *gradus*—Start from Cannstatt—Camp near Münster—Sleeplessness—Merry jests—Bad leak—The Neckar a great bathing river—Hoheneck—Camp above Marbach, Schiller’s birthplace—Mundelsheimer wine—Its effects—Third camp—The miller’s erroneous views about Englishmen corrected—The sentimental singer—An outrageous snorer—Heron Reach—Besigheim—Dangerous rapid at Kirchheim—Camp above Lauffen—Heilbronn—The Captain’s oratory—Württemberg *v.* Imperial post-cards—Camp near Neckarsulm—Chain-steamers—Their diabolical nature—Repairing boat—Stay at Wimpfen—Fine scenery steadily increasing in beauty—Woods near Binau—Eberbach—First Officer’s illness—Row on in the dark—Stop at Neckarsteinach—Magnificent scenery—Heidelberg—First Officer rests there for a day—Camp below Heidelberg—Dangers from towing-ropes—Return to Heidelberg—Start again—Rain—Camp below Ladenburg—Mannheim—Confluence of the Neckar and the Rhine.

THE complete success of the experimental voyage on the Werra and the Weser led to the organisation on

a larger scale of a similar trip to Germany in the summer of the following year. Owing both to the obvious ease with which they could be combined for a single expedition and to the beauty of their scenery, the rivers fixed upon were the Neckar and the Moselle, together with that part of the Rhine which lies between the mouths of those two tributaries, the total distance being some 350 miles. The boat selected was an in-rigged four-oar, which was despatched to Cannstatt on the Neckar about the middle of July, three weeks before the day chosen for the start.

Two of the crew, the Interpreter and Bow of the previous voyage, are already known to the reader. The three new members all belonged to one Oxford college, which was, however, not the same as that of the other two. The height of these three, averaging as it did six feet two inches, was calculated to impress the inhabitants of the river valleys about to be visited rather deeply with the physique of British oarsmen.

The tallest was the most famous oar Oxford had known for many years. He had not only three times rowed victoriously in the Inter-University Boat-race, but had also won in his college eight the Grand Challenge cup at Henley Regatta two years before. Besides having been president of the University Boat-club, he was one of the most distinguished representatives of All England in the football field.

He was of course unanimously elected Captain of the present crew. Throughout the voyages about to be described he invariably displayed that vigilance and promptitude of action which are characteristic of a born leader of men.

The second addition was also an oarsman of no mean prowess. He had both rowed head of the river at Oxford and occupied the thwart behind the Captain in the crew which won the Grand Challenge at Henley. He was appointed First Officer. To him and to Bow were assigned the special duty of pitching the tent and striking the camp.

The third newcomer was a distinguished member of his college and the most energetic of oarsmen. His offer to officiate as Chaplain to the crew was at once accepted. As his duties in this capacity did not promise to be very heavy, he undertook, with the greatest self-effacement, to combine with his spiritual post that of bottle-washer-in-general and under-cook. He had recently acquired an elementary knowledge of the higher cookery; but neither the appliances at hand nor the provisions obtainable on the Neckar and the Moselle allowed much scope for the development of his talents in this direction. In addition to his other functions he frequently acted as sub-interpreter, a post he was very well qualified to fill.

On the Interpreter himself, besides the duty of conversing and negotiating with the natives, devolved the appointment of head-cook, and, in spite of his

lack of business capacity, that of purser, the latter post being considered naturally inseparable from that of Interpreter. Thus were their various functions assigned to each member of the crew before the expedition started from England.

The equipment was much the same as in the previous year, but of course on a larger scale in proportion to the increase in numbers. A gipsy tent, thirteen feet by seven, was purchased, and proved in practice to accommodate five sleepers with great comfort. A large but very compact cooking-stove was also bought, and was afterwards found to be fully equal to all the requirements—which were considerable—of a crew of five. On one occasion, for instance, twenty-five buttered eggs were prepared at one time in a pan which it contained.

As in the previous year, the Interpreter made, from the maps of the German Ordnance Survey (*Generalstabskarten*), a chart in sections which folded double and fitted conveniently into a pocket-case.

All arrangements being now in readiness, the crew converged from various quarters at Victoria Station half an hour before the departure of the Continental express on the evening of 4th August; and having successfully collected and registered their multifarious paraphernalia, set off with many cheerful anticipations of their coming holiday tour.

The sea during the crossing to Flushing being as smooth as a mirror and the night one of brilliant

starlight, nearly all the crew remained on deck. The other four having been aroused by the bright sunshine of the early morning, were somewhat alarmed at being unable to find the Interpreter anywhere, but after a renewed search they discovered him curled up in the hollow of a large coil of rope on deck. Their laughter sufficed to wake him from his sound slumbers.

The second night they spent at Heidelberg. The Interpreter, on opening his bag at the hotel, found that a bottle of curry-powder, which he had crammed in at the last moment before starting, in the expectation that it would prove useful for cooking purposes, had been completely smashed. The consequence was that not only were he and the rest of the crew seized with a violent fit of sneezing—the others for some time without knowing the reason why—but that parts of several of his garments long retained the unattractive hue of that well-known spice. This little incident laid the foundation of a *gradus* elaborated by Bow in the course of the trip, with a view to assist him in the composition of a heroic poem in hexameters, which was to describe the voyage on the Neckar in a manner worthy of his poetic talent. The poem was subsequently half completed, and would probably have been incorporated with these pages had it not been temporarily lost. From the vocabulary in question the following are a few extracts, all of which have reference to some incident

or other of the voyage: Chaplain—"irreverend"; drawers—"Danoclean"; river—"hell-deep"; shirt—"curried"; toothpick, etc.—"second-hand."

Before quitting Heidelberg Bow and the Interpreter made inquiries for the old gentleman who had taken such an interest in them the year before. They learned, much to their disappointment, that he had left and was now living at Frankfort-on-the-Main. They were, however, glad to be told that he was still in the enjoyment of perfect health.

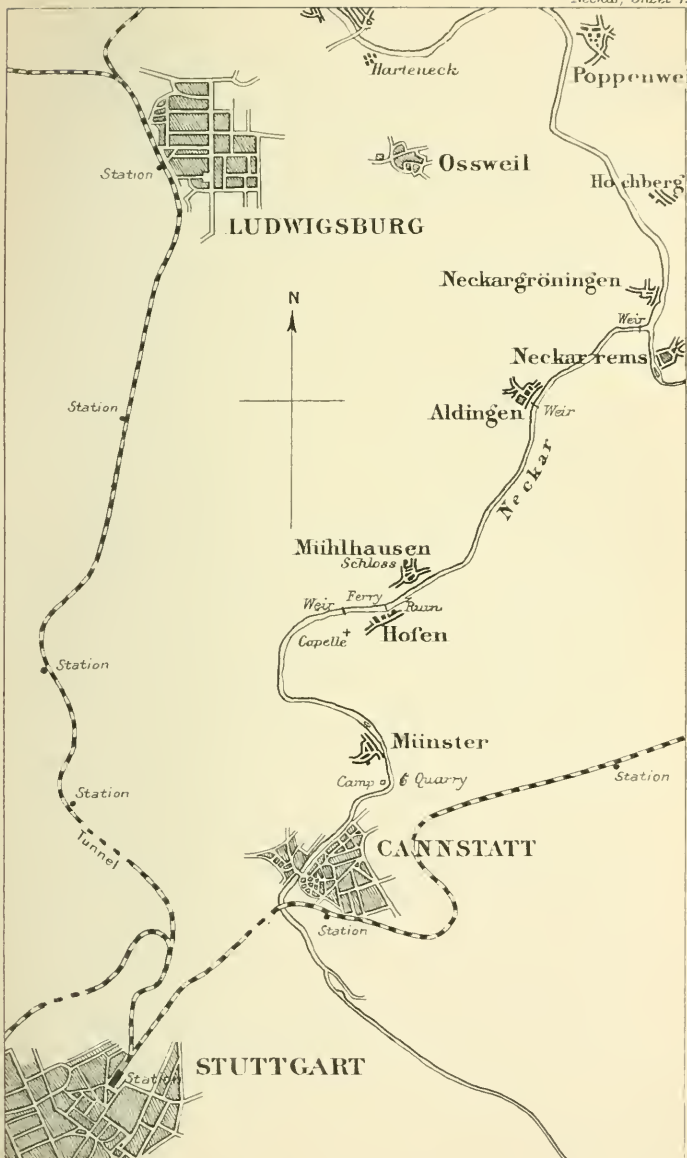
The five friends reached Cannstatt on a blazing afternoon at about four o'clock on 6th August. At once making their way to the goods station, they, to their great joy, saw while yet a good way off, the bows of an English four-oar protruding from the end of a covered truck. It proved to be their boat, which had arrived two days before. They lost no time in making arrangements for her being conveyed in a cart to the left bank of the Neckar, just below the town. In the meantime they dined comfortably at the Hotel *Hermann*, arriving at the starting-point about seven o'clock. The spot was by no means a good one for launching and packing the boat, not only owing to the mighty stench prevailing there, but also because of the shallowness of the water near the stony shore. The slowness in loading which resulted from the latter drawback was rendered well-nigh unendurable by the former.

At last everything was on board, all the luggage

fitting in wonderfully well. It was a little after eight o'clock when they pushed off, rowing away rapidly into the deepening dusk. Owing to the lateness of the evening their departure took place without causing the sensation it otherwise would have done. To have got off within four hours of their arrival was tolerably expeditious work, especially as it was managed altogether without hurry.

In the meantime there was plenty of water in the channel; but the crew wished only to row far enough to find a suitable camping ground beyond the reach of the town. This plan seemed in every way preferable to sleeping at a stifling hotel in weather as sultry as it then was. They soon discovered an excellent spot on the left bank about a mile from Cannstatt, and situated in a very pretty orchard a short distance above the village of Münster. They had selected their ground so well, as far as privacy was concerned, that though not afloat till ten o'clock next morning they were not disturbed by a single visitor. In spite of its being now almost quite dark, the tent was pitched without difficulty; for one of the crew had already put it up in a back-garden and slept in it for several nights by way of practice before leaving England.

When the encampment was ready the friends foolishly thought it advisable to brew some tea to wash down their light evening meal. Partly owing to the potency of that beverage, and partly, no doubt,



to the extraordinary hardness of the ground, which had been baked for weeks by a scorching sun, sleep refused to be wooed by patient waiting. The whole crew lay outstretched in silence for perhaps two hours, looking out through the open tent-door on the bright moonlit scene, or with closed eyes imagining now and again that they heard under them the scrapings of moles or mice endeavouring in vain to emerge from their burrows beneath the waterproof sheet which covered the floor of the tent. At last, about midnight, they cast off all pretence and simultaneously burst out laughing at their attempts, equally futile in each case. Having by this time attained to a preternatural pitch of wakefulness, they now devoted themselves to beguiling the slow-paced hours with merry jests and sallies of repartee. The scintillations of wit then struck out probably seemed far more dazzling in the dead of night than they would appear in the broad light of day. It is therefore no doubt fortunate that most of them were wasted on the midnight air, having passed into the darkness of oblivion for ever. Unless, indeed, the stream of time has, as Bacon says, brought down what was lightest, allowing weightier things to sink to the bottom. Thus one unblushing watcher is still remembered to have made some remark about "Cannstatt, but can't sleep"; and when the Captain, unable any longer to endure the strain of inactivity, sallied forth in his nightshirt to try the effect of fishing by moonlight from the bank

in front of the tent, another made the unabashed statement that he had never seen so fine a *chemise en scène* before. It is only due to the other three to assure the reader that this observation was followed by a stillness so deathlike that the Captain hastily returned to find out the cause.

Just about the time in the early morning when they had at last dropped off through sheer weariness, they were suddenly awakened by the commencement of operations of the most noisy and exasperating nature in a quarry on the opposite bank. They accordingly rose betimes, but, strange to say, not altogether unrefreshed.

As breakfasting, washing up, striking the camp, and packing the boat took up about three hours, they did not get off till ten, glad at last to escape from the gratings, sawings, hammerings, and other disagreeable sounds proceeding from across the river. They were, however, not to get away from them as quickly as they expected, for they almost immediately stuck in some shallow rapids, from which they took a considerable time in getting clear. The river was no doubt lower this year than usual, owing to the drought that had prevailed for weeks past. Ordinarily little difficulty would be experienced in rowing down this reach.

The first weir was reached near a village about four miles from Cannstatt. This necessitated unloading and carrying the baggage some distance,

but the pull-over for the boat was easy and straight. The channel below being rather long and dangerous till it joined the main branch of the river, the Captain, with the solicitude which he always showed, leapt out, and wading in front conducted the boat to safety.

She was now found to be leaking rather badly, and was accordingly run ashore to be examined. After well soaping the seams which appeared to let in the water, the crew resumed their oars and soon came to a fine reach below the village of Aldingen. Here they stopped to have a glorious bathe in the hot sunshine of a cloudless forenoon. At the third obstruction, a weir near the mouth of a tributary which flows into the Neckar on the right, and close to a fine château rising on an eminence, the portage was long and tedious. Below this they passed under one of those covered bridges of which there are several on the Neckar, and which also frequently occur on the Danube above Sigmaringen.

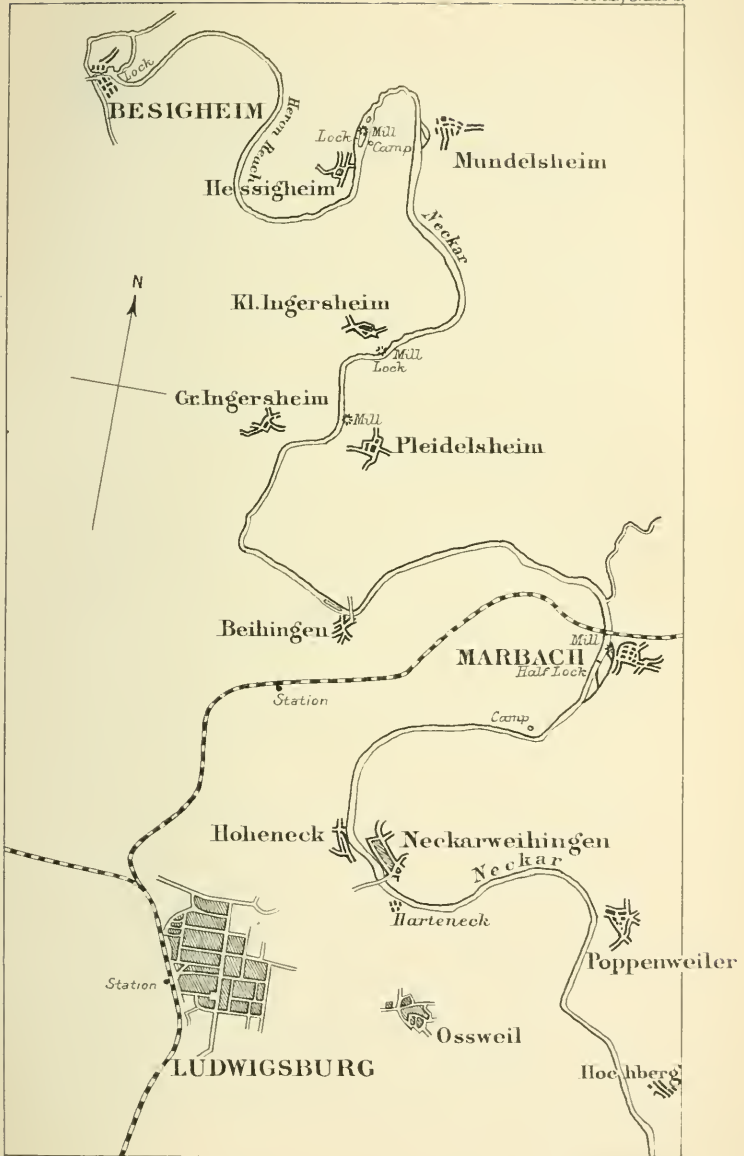
A short way below Hochberg, and about ten miles from Cannstatt, there begins a fine crescent-shaped reach, the banks consisting partly of wooded slopes and partly of cliffs or vine-terraced hills.

As Hoheneck was approached the river appeared alive with soldiers bathing in companies. These, no doubt, came from Ludwigsburg, the military depôt of Würtemberg, situated about a mile and a half from the left bank. The inhabitants of the Neckar

valley certainly make full use of their opportunities for bathing. Boys especially were seen in large numbers nearly all the way to Heidelberg not only disporting themselves at the many swimming-baths, but also about the unfrequented banks. Though the Germans in general derive so little advantage from their rivers for boating, they certainly utilise them to the full in the matter of bathing during the summer months. This is no doubt owing to the great heat, and partly makes up for the total absence of the practice of tubbing.

Hoheneck is a little place, with an open-air restaurant overlooking the Neckar. Stopping here at half-past three, the friends dined very comfortably in a shady corner immediately above the river. The place is, doubtless, a favourite resort for the citizens of Ludwigsburg. Though this was an ordinary weekday, there were a number of visitors who had come to spend the afternoon there, and drink their coffee or beer in their sociable and contented German way. On Sundays or other holidays open-air concerts probably take place here during the summer months.

After dinner the crew rowed on for two miles, and as the evening was drawing in decided to camp before reaching Marbach. There was, however, a good deal of indecision as to the exact spot to be selected, a hot controversy raging for some time between the advocates of the right and of the left bank. The latter was high and sheltered by trees, whereas



the right was low and open. At last a place on the left was fixed on about a mile above Marbach. The supporters of the right bank could not, of course, be got to admit the superiority of the site chosen, it being impossible to disprove the unknown virtues of their ground, and the present site certainly having its drawbacks. For the bank was abrupt and high, while the narrow strip of level ground at the top, flanked by vineyards, was only just broad enough to admit of the tent being pitched there. Later on it proved to possess the additional disadvantage of being pretty numerously inhabited by ants. The landing being so steep, it was only possible to drag the heavy luggage up by forming a chain, and thus handing it from one to the other. The spot had, however, the merit of being perfectly private, as well as of being situated in the middle of a fine reach of the river. The crew were thus enabled to have a splendid bathe in the bright moonlight before turning in to rest.

Though up by six next morning, they did not manage to be afloat till ten o'clock. Having rowed but a very short way, they came in sight of a spot with such irresistible attractions for bathing that they stopped and enjoyed a most refreshing swim, while the rays of the morning sun, already very hot, beat down on their heads.

Half a mile farther down lay Marbach, a little town very prettily situated on the right bank. This

was Schiller's native place, and the house in which the famous poet was born is still preserved very much in the condition it then was in, now more than 130 years ago. The Swabians are justly proud of their country having produced so many great writers ; for, perhaps, no other part of Germany can claim so large a proportion of the names renowned in German literature. The Swabian dialect, too, was the literary language of Germany in the most brilliant period of the poetic activity of the Middle Ages—the epoch of the *Nibelungenlied* and of the chivalrous lays of the Minnesingers.

From a height above the town, the Schillerhöhe, a beautiful view of the valley of the Neckar may be obtained. As the voyagers looked back while rowing away they could not help being struck by the picturesque effect of the mill and its surroundings. Just below Marbach the railway crosses the river by a viaduct which is 100 feet high, and commands a fine view. In the reach after this, where the stream bends round to the west, there was a great rapid, which the boat, however, passed through without injury.

About noon the crew put ashore in the neighbourhood of a village, to which the two interpreters repaired for the purpose of purchasing provisions for lunch. The Captain and Bow meanwhile devoted themselves to fishing, and were successful in catching six dace of various sizes.

Leisurely rowing on they put in just below Mundelsheim, while the Interpreter and the Chaplain went up into the village to buy meat and wine. Having tasted the local Neckar wine, red Mundelsheimer, at the inn, they found it so excellent that they returned with a large quantity of it in a most picturesque blue jar, for which they paid only a mark. This jar, closely resembling a Greek amphora in shape, appealed so strongly to the archaeological tastes of the Chaplain that he vowed he would take it back with him to England as a memento. It was, however, hopelessly fractured on the following morning, possibly in consequence of a slight *tremor alcoholicus* induced by what it had contained on the previous day.

When they had returned with their treasure to their expectant companions, the crew resumed their oars for another mile until a mill came into view. Here, as it was now beginning to grow dark, they resolved to encamp for the night. It was an ideal place for this purpose, being an island above the lock, with a small piece of greensward backed by a clump of trees. No human habitation was anywhere in sight save the solitary mill. In this charming spot they pitched their tent. A most luxurious supper, the *menu* of which included fish of their own catching and veal outlets, was rendered additionally festive by copious draughts of the delicious Mundelsheimer.

The miller and his men, who came down to visit

the encampment, were greatly delighted with the hospitality which was extended to them. The former seemed much impressed with the height of the three tall members of the crew, saying he had till then thought that all Englishmen were short. The Interpreter, however, intent on maintaining or even increasing the prestige of his country, assured the miller that these three more or less represented the average male growth of the British isles, while his own and Bow's shorter stature was to be accounted for by the fact that they had not yet quite finished growing ("laterally" being the mental reservation). To such lengths of prevarication may national vanity impel even the most veracious of men.

When it was beginning to grow late, one of the crew, under the inspiration of the generous Necker wine, retired to a plank which crossed the mill-race by way of a bridge. Upon this he sat himself down, and, dangling his legs over the rushing waters, poured forth his soul in song. A melody faintly resembling the *Lorelei* was borne on the evening breeze to the ears of the other four, who already lay stretched on the floor of the tent; but it was audible to three only. For the Interpreter had already started an opposition tune of his own, which was, perhaps, more unmusical and certainly less poetical in its character. He, like so many other mortals, had, until the present voyage, imagined himself to be entirely exempted from any frailty in the matter of snoring. But the earnest re-

monstrances of his friends next morning led him to believe that there must be a substratum of fact in what they said. In order that the rest of the crew might not be kept awake indefinitely, one of the remaining four was on subsequent nights told off to engage him in conversation on some plausible topic till the milder pipings of the others began to be heard. For otherwise tent-shaking and sleep-dispelling reverberations would roll forth the instant the Interpreter felt the magic touch of mother earth. It is greatly to the credit of the others that they refrained from the unkind remedy so much in vogue at public schools—a lump of soap.

One of the crew having a hungry nature was regularly stirred to activity at a very early hour by the craving for breakfast; but his persistent admonitions to the four sluggards probably only resulted in making things about half an hour later than they otherwise would have been. In any case, the voyagers never managed to get off from an encampment before ten o'clock, the amount of work to be done being really very considerable.

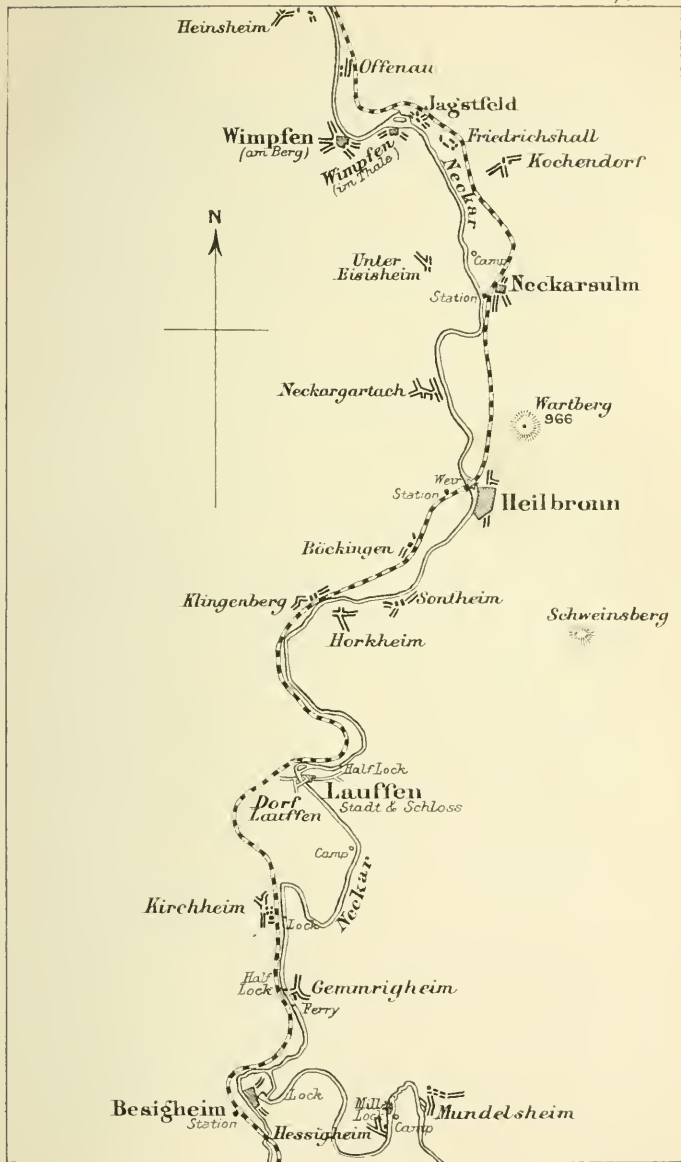
Passing through the lock, they soon came to a charming semicircular bend, about a mile in length, formed by a beautifully wooded hill, and abounding in herons. This is certainly the most beautiful bit of scenery between Cannstatt and Heilbronn. It is marked as Heron Reach on the map. Then followed a series of rocky and vine-clad hills. At Besigheim

the river divides into two arms, forming an island half a mile long, and nearly as broad. Taking the right branch, and leaving the town with its striking mediæval towers on the left, the voyagers went through the lock. After buying provisions at the next village, they stopped at the following lock, and lunched by a spring below the railway.

From Besigheim onwards the line more or less closely follows the left bank of the Neckar till Heilbronn, and the right from there to Heidelberg.

At Kirchheim, where the lock was being mended, it was resolved, in order to save a very exhausting portorage, to risk taking the boat down a narrow channel containing a very turbulent rush of water. She was accordingly unloaded and guided down the roaring and dangerous rapid with great skill by the Captain and Bow. During her swift passage she shipped a quantity of water, notwithstanding the tarpaulin stretched across her bows; and it was only with great difficulty that the two, by swimming alongside for some distance, were at length able to pull her up. Much time having been lost one way or the other over this transit, the voyagers soon had to think of choosing a camping ground. So after less than an hour's row they landed at a good place on the left bank, a mile above Lauffen, in time to pitch the tent conveniently before it grew dark.

The site selected was an excellent one, being a level grassy spot between two rows of poplars. It



proved to be private property—not common-land, as was often the case—for the owner turned up early next morning. The retrospective permission to use his land, which he hinted at as necessary, was soon acquired by a gift of two marks. The amount of the compensation evidently appeared a considerable sum to him, as he returned after a short absence with a large can of milk to show his gratitude.

Starting off under a blazing sun, as on the two previous mornings, the crew soon reached the weir of Lauffen, where they had to unload and drag the boat across. Now came a fine view of the village on the left, and the walled town of Lauffen on the right, with their church and castle picturesquely rising from two rocks on opposite sides of the river. The stream after this place sweeping round to the east brings the voyager to a fine reach a mile long and bordered with poplars. Then follows an uninteresting tract until Heilbronn comes into view. This prosperous manufacturing town is, with the exception of Mannheim, the largest place on the Neckar, having a population of 25,000. It is beautifully situated on both sides of the river, though the greater portion of it lies on the right bank.

Mainly in deference to the wishes of the hungry member of the crew, who wished to have a square meal once in a way, they landed here and enjoyed a sumptuous *table d'hôte* dinner in the garden of the *Eisenbahn* Hotel, with a bottle each of the very

excellent Neckar wine of the neighbourhood. The table at which they were sitting happened to be close to the broad road which runs along the left river-bank. As there was only a low railing between them and the street, a crowd of boys had assembled to see the lions feed. The Captain at length arose, feeling himself called upon to deliver a harangue to the expectant youth. If the primary object of oratory be persuasion, he certainly fell lamentably short of that result. For his very first words, accompanied by a dramatic gesture: *Ich bin Schulmeister*, were received with shouts of incredulity. That a form so gigantic, encased in flannels, and finished off with a large, soft, white-felt hat, should represent a schoolmaster, struck the mind of the German boy as a statement passing the bounds of belief. After he had with great eloquence addressed to them various other observations, all of which were received with enthusiasm, the Captain resumed his seat, having no doubt established an undying popularity in the boyish tradition of Heilbronn. This feat was all the more remarkable as he had left England only a week before entirely innocent of any knowledge of the German language. Owing, however, to the influence of his recent surroundings, his conversation had in a few days become so highly coloured with German nouns that hardly anything but its grammatical framework still remained English.

At Heilbronn one member of the crew picked up

a piece of experience which may prove of use to other travellers in Germany. Having some post-cards of the German Empire in his possession, he addressed one of them to England, with directions about forwarding letters, and dropped it into the letter-box, deaf to the warnings of the waiter, who affirmed that a card of the kingdom of Würtemberg must be employed. The result was that the Imperial post-card never reached its destination, and the sender very nearly lost an important appointment in consequence of his whereabouts being unknown.

There are two heights near Heilbronn, the Wartberg and the Schweinsberg, from which magnificent views of the Neckar valley and of the surrounding mountain ranges may be obtained. But the voyagers did not attempt to ascend them owing to the broiling heat, as well as the lateness of the afternoon.

They resumed their navigating labours by transporting the boat over the weir below the bridge amid a crowd of spectators ; for not only was it Sunday afternoon, but the scene of operations lay almost in the centre of the town. When launched below the weir, the boat would not move because of the shallowness of the channel, which was bestrewn with large stones. So the Captain sprang out, and wading along in front, cleared a course by tossing aside right and left the boulders barring her progress. This performance

must have confirmed the incredulity of the boys who had listened to his speech, and now swelled the throng of onlookers.

Having overcome these initial difficulties, the crew rowed on without further obstructions past long lines of anchored rafts, till they reached Neckarsulm, a small town about a quarter of a mile distant from the right bank. The two interpreters landed here to buy provisions for supper and next morning's breakfast, while the other three rowed on to select a suitable spot for pitching the tent before darkness came on.

The boat, which was rather an old one, had been leaking rather seriously ; for though only an hour had elapsed since the start from Heilbronn, the water was already beginning to encroach on the feet of the rowers. This was in the meantime assumed to be due to the general flabbiness of age ; for no actual hole had as yet been discovered.

The encampment was ready when the catering contingent arrived—*minus* a considerable proportion of the beer and milk procured at Neckarsulm. They had trudged a good distance across the sultry plain and were approaching the tent, when to their reciprocal wrath the handle of the basket they were carrying between them suddenly gave way, and the loosely corked bottles it held were dashed to the ground. It is a curious trait of human nature, that when a man suffers from an accident brought on

by his own want of foresight, he almost invariably throws the blame on some one else.

The Captain did not get much sleep owing to the number of huge rafts that passed during the night. Had he not on one occasion rushed out of the tent and staved off one of these, the boat would probably have been crushed between it and the bank to which she was moored.

A good deal of general sleeplessness was caused in the early hours of the morning by passing chain-steamers (*Kettendampfer*). They produced large waves which dashed against the banks and endangered the safety of the boat. It was, however, by no means an anxiety that the wakefulness of the whole crew now depended. These vessels, which are a kind of tug of surpassing ugliness, ply between Heilbronn and Mannheim, being similar to those employed on the Moldau and Elbe between Prague and Hamburg. From both ends, which are shaped alike and are flush with the water, they gradually rise to the centre, where the funnel and the machinery are situated. Along a groove running down the middle, from stem to stern, passes a thick iron chain, which otherwise rests in the bed of the river and the ends of which are fastened at Heilbronn and Mannheim. An arrangement of cogwheels drags the monster slowly upstream by clutching and passing down the chain. There is nearly always a long string of barges behind. The rattling, grating,

rasping, panting, and whistling called forth by the process is probably the most diabolical combination of sounds hitherto invented by the human mind. Any one hearing it for the first time feels an almost irresistible impulse to firmly fix a finger in each ear and make a bee-line at the top of his speed straight across country regardless of obstacles. Fortunately the human ear seems to grow accustomed to anything in time. What other theory could explain the fact that these vessels have crews? Possibly, however, only those who have been born deaf take employment on them.

For the information of the curious it may be added that the chain can be got rid of at certain points where the links may be unlocked.

The morning was spent in idleness by four of the campers, while the Captain brought his knowledge of carpentry to bear on the problem of repairing the boat. Every drop of water was emptied out and the boards all removed; but there was absolutely no sign of a leak. As the hole was, therefore, obviously somewhere above her present water-line, she was first deeply loaded in the stern and then in the fore-part. Now at last a little jet of water becoming visible in the extreme bows betrayed the weak spot. This had hitherto been concealed by the luggage. The ends of the planks in that quarter were when pressed found to be almost as pliant as *papier-maché*. To repair this kind of damage successfully required no small amount of skill.

As the inside of the tent was all this time like an oven, while there was no other shelter from the scorching sun, the four unoccupied hands spent most of the forenoon in the water. Stopping the leak occupied so many hours that a start was not made till three o'clock. In order to save time it was determined to spend the night at Wimpfen, though that place was hardly five miles farther on. Having after a very easy row reached the town, which is beautifully situated on a hill to the left, they landed almost below their hotel. This lies some way up the wooded slope and commands a charming view of the Neckar. In the village below (Wimpfen im Thal), about half a mile farther up the left bank, there is a fine Gothic church, more than 600 years old, which well deserves a visit. The town on the hill is supposed to occupy the site of a Roman settlement known to have been destroyed by the Huns, numerous Roman remains having been found in the salt mines there.

As the voyagers had no cooking or packing to do next morning they were afloat by the unusually early hour of eight. Rowing slowly away they enjoyed a fine view of the picturesque town set on the hill, with its ancient tower rising tall and square at the top. They had hardly proceeded an hour when the water was found, in spite of all the previous day's tinkering, to be coming in so fast as to oblige them to land and bale. The Captain then resumed his

carpentering, while the rest, more fortunate, were able to mitigate the burning heat by bathing. A picturesque castle rising almost opposite on the left bank lent a kind of romance to the scene as they swam about in the stream below.

The delay of two hours was well utilised by the Captain; for the leak was so effectually stopped as to give no more trouble for the rest of the voyage.

They now rowed on through delightful lonely reaches, rendered still more charming by an old ruin here and there crowning the heights, past a beautiful bend after Gundelsheim, till they arrived at Neckarzimmern. Here they disembarked, and after procuring some beer at the inn from a sprightly and pretty *Kellnerin*, returned to the boat, in which they lunched. Half a mile above this town rises the ruin of Hornberg, where the hero of Goethe's play, Götz von Berlichingen, ended his days in 1562.

The scenery of the Neckar valley had been pretty all the way from Wimpfen, but after Neckarelz it noticeably increased in beauty, the river now winding among rounded and magnificently wooded hills. Farther on the banks grow still grander till they reach their climax in the region of Heidelberg.

The heat of the past two days had begun to tell on the Chief Officer, who by this time was reduced to a state of coma. Even the Captain, who while mending the boat had been far more exposed to the sun than any of the others, had not altogether escaped



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Kilometres

from its effects. It was therefore decided to land and rest for some hours in the shade of the luxuriant woods opposite the village of Binau, till the rays of the sun had become less fierce. In the course of the afternoon the Chaplain and the Interpreter crossed over to the village and procured a large can of fresh milk, with which they assuaged their thirst for the rest of the day.

Putting off again about six o'clock, when it had grown somewhat cooler, they paddled on through similar but still finer scenery, past the ruin of Minneburg on the left and the restored castle of Zwingenberg on the right, till they sighted the wonderfully picturesque old town of Eberbach. Here they might very well have put up for the night; for not only are there two very good inns, but the Katzenbuckel, a mountain nearly 2000 feet high and the loftiest point in the Odenwald, is near at hand and well deserves to be ascended for the panoramic view it commands. Reluctantly drifting past this attractive place, they rowed on in the vain hope of reaching Heidelberg, still twenty miles away, that night. But they had not done more than half this distance before it had grown so dark that it was impossible to see the channel, and the boat struck several times, though fortunately without serious results, against boulders which appeared to be strewn about the bed of the river in this part of its course. It was now nearly ten o'clock, and Heidel-

berg could still not be much less than ten miles distant. Having to row slowly and cautiously in the dark, they could not expect to arrive till after midnight. Landing would be difficult, not to say hazardous, while the hotels would probably all be closed. Besides, the Chief Officer, who lay on the stern seat, was in so lethargic a condition as to be altogether incapable of steering. To row on would thus be doubly risky. All these considerations decided the crew to abandon the attempt and to put in at the first place they could. Guided by some lights that presently became visible, they cautiously edged into the stony bank. A bargee who happened to be about came down in response to their shouts, informing them, to their great satisfaction, that the place was Neekarsteinach. Leaving the boat in his charge till next morning, they made their way up to the *Harfe*, an excellent inn, much frequented by students from Heidelberg, and filled with pictures illustrative of German student life. It has a pleasant terrace on the Neckar, commanding a good view of the river.

Next day the crew were afloat soon after ten o'clock; and allowing themselves to drift had leisure to admire from the best point of view the beautiful scenery of Neekarsteinach, with its many castles perched on the surrounding heights. As they rowed on the hills grew grander and higher than ever. At one point, where the stream takes a sharp bend to the

north, they seem to close in altogether, leaving apparently no exit for the river. Rising dark and precipitous from the water's edge, they seemed to the voyager at their base to tower up to the sky. It was here that the Captain, by way of antithesis to the German word *himmelhoch* (high as heaven), with great promptitude invented the epithet "hell-deep" to describe the appearance of the dark waters at the foot of those beetling heights.

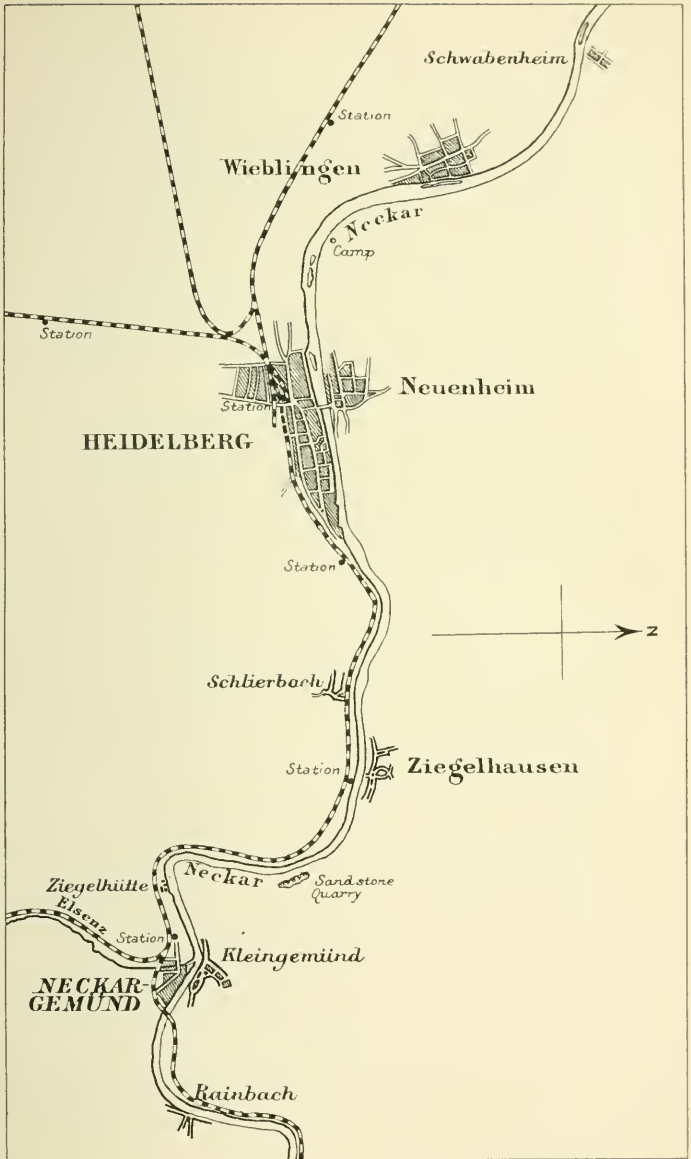
Grand scenery such as this probably showed to the greatest advantage under a lowering sky. The present one was, indeed, the first dull day the crew had experienced since the start. All the others had in fact been cloudless.

A row of an hour and a half from Neckarsteinach brought the voyagers to Heidelberg, which, as they approached, looked surpassingly beautiful. The cox of a rowing-boat has a great advantage over the rest of the crew when nearing a lovely scene like this. They landed at the swimming-baths, giving the boat and camping baggage into the charge of the proprietor.

The Chief Officer being still very unwell, a council of war decided that he should drive up to the *Schloss* Hotel, accompanied by the Chaplain, in the hope that a day's rest might restore him to his usual health. A Heidelberg doctor who was called in pronounced his patient to be suffering from Neckar fever, a malady which he said prevailed during hot weather in the river valley. He prescribed a complete rest in

bed for three days, besides various other remedies, the latter no doubt being futile.

The other three, after having a swim at the baths, joined the Chaplain at the hotel. Here they dined and spent the afternoon in the grounds, where a military concert thronged with visitors was going on. Having decided to camp out that night, the same three set off again when it was already growing dusk, and paddling down a couple of miles encamped in the dark after effecting a rather difficult landing on the right bank. They were unaware at the time that a towing-path ran along the top of the bank just above the tent. But for the vigilance of the Captain, whom the other two were startled to see suddenly dashing out in the early twilight, they would all at once have found their abode collapsing over their prostrate forms. For the rope of a barge that was being towed upstream by horses was about to catch the guys of the tent, when the Captain by his timely spring fended it off with an oar. The bargee seemed indifferent to the havoc he might have created, or even to the three fists that were shaken at him from the tent-door by the white-robed figures of their owners. The bargee nature, even in Germany, where it is decidedly superior to what it is in England, cannot be described as very elevated at the best of times. There is a lack of human sympathy about them, perhaps because they are a class living and moving apart from the rest of their kind.



0 1 2 3 4 5 Kilometres

The excitement caused by this alarm had hardly subsided when another vessel in tow appeared on the scene. The present bargee on sight of the camp suddenly slackened his rope just in front. He then urged on his horses, expecting apparently to clear the tent by the rebound. The rope would, however, on the contrary, have struck with all the greater force. The Captain luckily managed to catch it with the blade of his oar and so to avert the stroke. This was decidedly not the place to choose for an undisturbed and secure encampment. Even nocturnal rafts and chain-steamers were preferable to this sort of thing. Such incidents show how important it is to select your ground while it is yet light.

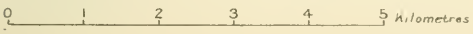
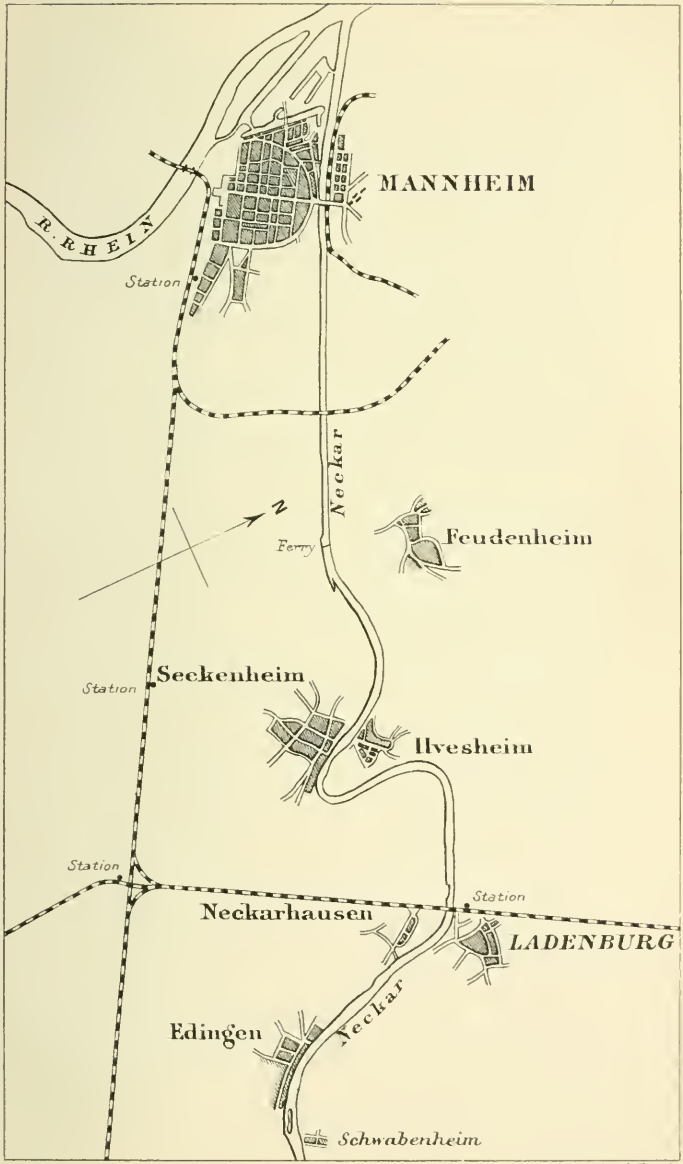
After breakfast the three friends struck the tent in a more legitimate sense, and repacking the boat returned to Heidelberg. Owing to the great force of the stream in this part they were obliged to tow most of the way. When they arrived at the hotel they were delighted to find that the invalid had sufficiently recovered to be able to resume the voyage that day. A thunderstorm breaking out early in the afternoon, they delayed in the hope that the wet would clear away. But as the hours wore on and there was no sign of the rain abating, they at length started off in a tolerably steady downpour. Rowing till a short distance beyond Ladenburg, they selected a camping ground on the left bank below a

plantation of hops. The rain now ceased, and though the grass was saturated with moisture the inside of the tent remained perfectly dry owing to the waterproof ground-sheet. Nor was the gloominess of the evening by any means reflected in the minds or the conversation of the campers. The usual game of Nap concluded the night's entertainment before the crew lay down to rest.

The next morning, which was again fine, was the last on the Neckar; for they were now only nine miles from its mouth. The total distance of about 120 miles had occupied eight full days, and of these, two had practically been wasted. Nevertheless, in order to derive the greatest possible amount of enjoyment from the trip, it would probably have been best to devote ten days to navigating this beautiful river.

As some hours had to be spent in drying their clothes, which had been drenched on the preceding evening, the voyagers were not afloat till noon. The flatness and uninteresting character of the scenery here was relieved only by a view of the distant Heidelberg hills in the background. For immediately below that beautiful town the Neckar enters a plain, which it traverses for the remaining seventeen miles of its course.

At Mannheim the crew landed to lunch and buy provisions for the evening's camp. They then re-embarked and rowing about a mile and a half farther



reached the extreme point of the tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Rhine and the Neckar ; and with a few strokes shot into the broad expanse of the main river, now about three times the breadth of its tributary. The contrast between its milky waters—so characteristic of glacial rivers—and the dark and clear stream of the Neckar, was at first very marked, as they flowed for some distance side by side ; but soon they combined to produce a uniform greenish hue, which the Rhine seems to retain during the remainder of its course.

CHAPTER V

THE RHINE

“ Und zu Schiffe, wie grüssen die Burgen so schön
Und die Stadt mit dem ew'gen Dom !
Zu den Bergen, wie klimmst du zu schwindelnden Höhn
Und blickst hinab in den Strom ! ”—SIMROCK.

Uninteresting scenery below Mannheim—Break an oar—Worms—
Historical and legendary associations—Rowing-club—Camp
below Worms—Visit of gendarme—The Interpreter's irrita-
tion—Flings one of his garments into the Rhine—Nierstein—
Futile attempt to camp on an island—Nieder-Walluf—Fine
scenery—Statue of Germania at Niederwald—Romantic ruins—
Rhine inferior to some other German rivers in natural beauty
—Bacharach—Dangerous race with a steamer—Bathe opposite
Lurlei rocks—St. Goar—Boppard—Coblentz.

THE stream being fairly strong the voyagers rowed steadily on, for there was absolutely no inducement to linger here. The scenery is intensely dreary, consisting of nothing but long sandy reaches. The high abrupt banks, mostly bare, show here and there a sparse growth of willow bushes, the unspeakable dulness of which is only occasionally diversified by the monotonous poplar. The utterly depressing effect of these desolate wastes is enhanced by the

fact that not a single human habitation comes into view all the way from Maunheim to Worms, a distance of twelve miles. There are several sandy islands in the channel, covered with scrubby bushes. One of these must be over one mile in length, being formed by a more or less stagnant arm of the river, which forms a great loop on the right, some three miles above Worms. The whole character of this tract is similar to the flat parts of the Danube below Linz. And yet the impression produced on the mind is very unlike. This may partly be owing to the different light in which the two rivers are seen; for on the Danube the voyager is steering towards the south-east, while on the Rhine he is making for the north or north-west. The difference may also in part be due to the totally dissimilar associations these streams arouse in the mind, the Rhine being always suggestive of Teutonic, and the Danube of Roman civilisation.

The only object in all this region that attracted the attention of the crew was a sandy beach of dazzling whiteness; so greatly, indeed, were they taken with it, that they ran ashore in order to enjoy from it their first bathe in the waters of the Rhine. As they were approaching the region of Worms a steamer going upstream passed close to the boat. Considering it incumbent on them to display their prowess, they made a spurt. It was then that the Captain, taking a mighty stroke, snapped his oar short off at the row-

lock. Retaining his balance as well as his presence of mind, he at once gaily waved the stump before the astonished gaze of the passengers, as if to intimate that this little feat was one of quite ordinary occurrence, and immediately substituting another oar, rowed on as if nothing had happened. This was the only spare oar in the boat, and by great good luck belonged to the same side as the broken one.

Passing under the bridge of boats at Worms, they landed on the other side. Their main object in stopping here was to pay a flying visit to that ancient city, so famous in history and romance. The ground on which the visitor here stands teems with the memory of mighty events as well as the deeds of great legendary heroes. The Roman name of Worms, Barbetomagus, seems to point to a Celtic origin. In early times the place became a settlement of the Teutonic tribe of the Vangiones under Roman protection. Having been sacked by the Huns under Attila, it was occupied in the fifth century by the Burgundians, who made it their capital, and three or four centuries later was frequently the residence of Charlemagne and his successors. Many Imperial Diets were held here, the most celebrated having been that at which Luther appeared and defended his doctrines in 1521.

Its venerable Romanesque cathedral, which was begun in the eighth century, but not completed till the beginning of the twelfth, ranks among the finest

specimens of that style of architecture in Germany. It has four round towers, two large domes, and a choir at each end. Like the cathedral of Strassburg, it is built of red sandstone.

Worms has declined greatly from its ancient glory, for in the days of the Hohenstaufen emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, it could boast a population of 70,000 souls, while the present number of its inhabitants is only 22,000. It was, however, still worse off at the beginning of this century when, in consequence of the continual ravages of war during nearly two centuries, its population had sunk as low as 5000.

The town is situated in a very fertile vine-growing region, celebrated as the Wonnegau (mead of joy) in the lays of the Minnesingers. Its most famous vintage is known as Liebfrauenmilch, produced on vineyards near the Liebfrauenkirche.

Worms is the very centre of the legendary cycle of the *Nibelungenlied*. That epic describes it as the home of the Burgundian king Gunther, whose sister Kriemhilde wedded the brave Siegfried. The very name of the place points to the prowess of that mighty hero; for it was so called from the worm or dragon which he slew in mortal combat. Formerly many relics of the mythical hero were preserved here, among others his lance, nearly eighty feet long, being shown in the cathedral! Here, too, in the space before the cathedral, that deadly quarrel

arose between Brunhilde and Kriemhilde, which in its final issue brought about the annihilation of the Nibelungen at the court of Attila.

Carlyle, in his essay on the *Nibelungenlied*, is wrong in saying that the author of that epic represents Worms as lying "not in its true position, but at some distance from the river; a proof at least that he was never there and probably sang and lived in some very distant region." The town is actually three-quarters of a mile from the river. The frequent reference, moreover, which the poet makes to the sandy shore¹ is at all events far more appropriate here than the same term applied to the shingly beach of the Danube, near Ingolstadt, where the Nibelungen crossed on their way to the land of the Huns.

The plan of the voyagers as to visiting the town was, for all but one of them, put an end to by an unforeseen occurrence. Hardly had they set foot on the strand when they were pounced upon by several members of the Worms rowing-club, whose boathouse was close to the landing-place. They were thus constrained to adjourn to a neighbouring *Wirthshaus*, of which the *Sportsmänner* were no doubt the chief frequenters, and were here entertained with beer by their new friends. The Chaplain alone had energy and strength of mind enough to tear himself away and utilise the remaining hour or so of

¹ e.g. für Wormez âf den sant, outside Worms, upon the sand.

daylight to make off and view the cathedral, which lies at a distance of about a mile from the bridge of boats. On the Interpreter therefore fell all the onus of the rather wearing duty of listening to and answering, as best he could, the innumerable questions on rowing matters, such as the merits of sliding seats, with which he was incessantly plied. His interrogators stuck to the subject throughout the lengthy conversation with all the unbounded enthusiasm which is so conspicuous on the Continent wherever rowing has recently established a footing. The other three members of the crew taking refuge in their ignorance of the language—though the Captain might easily have contributed many German nouns and some verbs to the discussion—had as good a time as was consistent with the almost intolerable stuffiness of the smoke-laden atmosphere. Without allowing the conversation to flag, their brethren of the oar conducted the strangers to view their boats, which they displayed with great pride. One of these was a smart-looking and well-finished light four, but there was just a touch of clumsiness about her lines. They did not possess an eight. Though he saw one or two six-oars, the writer believes that none of the boat-clubs he came across on the rivers described in these pages own eights, with the exception no doubt of those at Mainz and at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

At length the Chaplain, the much-longed for, re-

turned. The united crew thereupon arose and took a cordial leave of their new and well-meaning friends, gently but firmly declining their pressing invitation to stay at Worms for the night and attend a full meeting of the rowing-club to be convoked in their honour. For they well knew that this meant consuming vast quantities of beer in an atmosphere charged with tobacco smoke, a process certain to produce an aggravated condition of *Katzenjammer* next morning. The game was decidedly not worth the candle.

As it was already growing dusk when they got afloat, they rowed on only a short way and encamped on the open left bank some distance below a factory. The tent was hardly up when a country policeman (*Landgendarme*), armed with a sword, appeared on the scene to ascertain that none of the Imperial laws were being infringed. After minutely inspecting, on the plea of official duty, the tent with its multifarious paraphernalia and discovering nothing contraband, he gradually relaxed his austerity under the influence of tobacco and beer, and finally departed conferring his protection on the encampment.

In order that the floor of the tent should not be littered the Captain always rigged up a clothes-line between the three poles. Among the articles of apparel thereon suspended was a pair of drawers belonging to the Interpreter. For some unaccountable reason the satire of the remaining members of the crew

had fixed itself upon this unoffending garment. It had become the mark at which all the shafts of their evening and morning wit were directed, and had already acquired the permanent epithet of "Damoclean." The Interpreter was getting rather sore on the subject, and beginning to regard these witticisms almost in the light of personal affronts; but when on this particular evening some one having made a renewed reference to the insecurity of sleepers under "those Damoclean drawers," Bow cut in with the remark, "Don't call them Damoclean, they're d——d dirty," it was more than human nature could bear. The incensed owner immediately started up, and tearing them down from the rope rushed out into the darkness. Wrapping the offending garment round a brick, which lay close by, he flung it with a loud splash into the depths of the stream. There, along with the hoard of the Nibelungen and many other treasures, it lies at the bottom of the Rhine, awaiting the day when it shall be brought to light by the operations of the steam-dredger. Returning to the tent panting with emotion, he shouted, with a general wave of the hand taking in the four satirists, "Well, I hope you are satisfied now, for you will never set eyes on those drawers again." The silence of some minutes' duration which followed this outburst probably expressed assent.

It was nearly eleven o'clock next morning by the time the voyagers were afloat. The day was again a

brilliant one, calm and intensely hot. The river, though now much more winding in its course, preserved the same utterly dreary character, and the rowers were beginning to long for the sight of even a few hillocks to vary the monotony of the banks. At length in the neighbourhood of Oppenheim actual hills were seen to approach the river, the left bank of which they follow for the remaining twelve miles of its course till Mainz. The town of Oppenheim lies picturesquely on a height rising from the Rhine and is commanded by an old ruined castle. Then the first vineyards hitherto visible from the river came into view on the terraced slopes of the low hills at Nierstein. Here the crew stopped for lunch in the intense heat of the early afternoon, and drank some of the well-known local wine. Niersteiner seems to be a good deal thought of in Germany, but owing to its acidity it is certainly inferior in flavour to the best kinds of Rhenish wine.

One of the advantages of a boating excursion on the Rhine and its three tributaries, the Main, the Neckar, and the Moselle, is the opportunity it affords of acquiring a vast experience on the spot of the best German wines, and often at a price hardly above that of beer. The latter beverage is in fact rather at a discount in those regions, and can rarely be obtained good.

Starting off again at four o'clock they rowed past Mainz soon after six, and taking the channel on the

extreme right put in for provisions below one of the terraced hotels at Biebrich, some two and a half miles farther down, intending to camp on an island about a mile and a half in length just beyond. The dilatoriness of the waiter unfortunately spoilt their plans, for it was already beginning to grow dark by the time they were able to put off again. Near Biebrich there are, besides a small one, three long islands in the Rhine, all about a mile and a half in length. It was on the last of these they proposed to camp for the night. Had they not foolishly put off buying victuals till the evening it would have been preferable, while there was still daylight, to land and select a camping ground on one of the two first islands, the Ingelheimerau and the Petersau, between which the steamboat channel lies. The latter is a historical spot, for here Charlemagne's son, the Emperor Louis the Pious, died in 840. As it was, they found a reef of rocks running along close to the shore of the island and for a considerable distance beyond its point, which rendered landing on the right bank impossible. The project of rowing up on the other side was at last reluctantly abandoned as being too risky, owing to the strength of the current and the increasing darkness. They were all the more disappointed, as they had set their hearts on camping on one of the islands of the Rhine at the very outset of the expedition, while speeding along the left bank in the train on the way to Heidelberg. By

this time, the task of landing even at a town they found to be no easy matter in the darkness, with a strong stream running and numerous buoys and boats moored in the way. At length, however, they managed to run in safely to Nieder-Walluf, an ancient little town with three good inns, on the right bank a mile and a half beyond the end of the island. Nieder-Walluf is the eastern extremity of the Rheingau, the region twelve miles long and five broad which extends along the northern bank of the Rhine, and is famous for producing some of the choicest wines in the world.

The next day, which was Sunday, the crew were up early, getting afloat before half-past seven. It was a glorious morning, the sun being very hot even at that early hour. The surface of the river was like a mirror, as, breakfasting in the boat, they drifted down that magnificent reach, which flows almost due west as far as the mouth of the Nahe near Bingen.

There are two long islands opposite Eltville and Hattenheim. On the latter of these they landed for a short time after breakfast, at a delightful spot, and so enjoyed the experience if not of camping at least of having been ashore on one of those charming islands of the Rhine.

As they drifted past, looking up at the colossal statue of Germania, only recently completed, which rises on the slope of the Niederwald just below

Rüdesheim and exactly opposite Bingen, they were puzzled to make out what it was the figure held aloft in her outstretched hand; nor was it possible to ascertain this with a field-glass, owing to the unsteadiness of the boat. It is of course the Imperial Crown of Germany.

After this point, where the river turns due north, the finest scenery on the Rhine begins, one romantic old castle following the other in rapid succession. There are at least twenty of these in the distance of forty miles to Coblenz. This part of the Rhine's course is so well known as a steamboat route and is so fully described in the guide-books, that it would be superfluous to give an account of it in these pages. Fine though this scenery certainly is, there can be no doubt that it owes its reputation for beauty of a very high order in no small degree to the many charming ruins which rise from its rocky heights, as well as to its general accessibility to the traveller. The Neckar, the Main, the Moselle, and the Danube have their picturesque ruins too, but these, except in certain regions, occur only at long intervals. Otherwise the Rhine with its steep and barren banks, generally destitute of wood, and with its continual terraced vineyards, cannot be said to equal in natural romantic beauty the finest parts of any of those four rivers.

With a view to enjoying the charm of the Rhine to its full extent there can be no doubt that a rowing-

boat is a far better vessel to go down it in than a steamer can be. For on the one hand the oarsman can linger or land wherever and whenever he pleases, and on the other, as his pace is far slower, he is not hurried past the scenery at such speed that only a blurred impression of it is left on the memory.

In broad daylight only three points in the distance between Mainz and Coblenz are at all dangerous for small boats, and even they are safe enough if the right channel be taken and no steamers are in the way. The latter enemies of the oarsman or the canoeist certainly add to the risk of navigation. The first of the bad places is the Binger Loch, a narrow rocky channel with a swift rapid. This the voyagers passed without any incident, soon after coming to Assmannshausen, a village famous for its red wine. The Captain here expressed some curiosity as to whether the place had received its name from the unusual dulness of the inhabitants, possibly induced by excessive addiction to their local wine, or whether its appellation was rather due to the facilities it affords, in the matter of donkeys and guides, to tourists wishing to visit the Niederwald.

The second bad place was the comparatively narrow channel on the right near Bacharach. When approaching this the rowers suddenly saw coming round the corner behind a large steamer crowded with Sunday passengers. Cox at the same time

caught sight of a tug with barges in tow toiling up in the opposite direction. Now, then, was the time to strain every nerve, before the large steamer caught them up and the tug entered the narrow channel. The steamboat behind of course gained at every stroke of her paddles, and her bows were already beginning to overlap the stern of the four, the passengers meanwhile crowding to her sides, eager to see the result of the chase. Then with a final spurt the oarsmen shot past the end of the reef into the broad expanse beyond, only just before the steamer drew level with her paddles and the tug entered the channel above. Had they been caught between the two they would most probably either have been swamped or wrecked on the reef.

At noon the voyagers had for some time been looking out for a suitable bathing-place, but the stream was everywhere far too swift. At length, just before reaching the point round which St. Goarshausen comes into view, they discovered a fine deep backwater, nearly opposite the mouth of a tunnel on the left bank, where a large ferry-punt was moored. Disembarking into this, they all stripped and dived off her edge into the cool depths below. Here they disported themselves for some time opposite the Lurlei rocks, which rise precipitously from the water's edge to a height of over 400 feet on the other side. But as they gazed upwards, the barren promontory seen in the glaring midday sunlight seemed to have

none of the romance with which it has been invested by Heine's beautiful ballad.

The third place dangerous to small boats is a reef, called *die Bank*, in midstream, a short way from the Lurlei rocks. The best channel is on the extreme right, but the crew, not knowing this at the time, just escaped coming to grief by keeping too close to the shallows in the centre of the river.

Having landed at St. Goar and enjoyed a one o'clock *table d'hôte* at an inn almost opposite the steamboat pier, they rowed on again till they went ashore at Boppard to assuage with beer the thirst brought on by the intense heat of the afternoon.

It was already growing dusk as they approached Coblenz. Having passed safely through the bridge of boats, a feat which requires some delicate steering, for the space between the boats is narrow and the stream runs very strong, they landed near the steamboat pier not much before eight o'clock. Thus ended one of the most delightful days the writer ever experienced on any of the rivers described in these pages. The total distance rowed that day from Nieder-Walluf to Coblenz was fifty-two miles.

Having without delay made arrangements for the conveyance of the boat by cart to the goods station of the Moselle railway, the voyagers took up their quarters for the night in one of the huge hotels which are built along the bank of the Rhine.

CHAPTER VI

THE MOSELLE

“Et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et unda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.”—HORACE.

Trèves — Characteristics of the Moselle and its advantages for a boating excursion—Mistaken politeness of the inhabitants of Trèves towards strangers—The start—Keel-music—Camp in an imperial meadow—Visit of country policeman—Keel-mending—Heavy rain—Stay at Neumagen—Rudersport-liqueur—Tortuousness of the river—The Braune Berg—Berncastel—Beautiful scenery near Trarbach—Camp near Burg—Plague of white moths—Visit of German sculler and of two Englishmen—Great curve in the Moselle round the Marienburg—Alf-Bow's opinion about it—Cochem—Camp above Pommern—Photographic surprise—Different character of the Moselle below Cochem—Disagreeable odour accelerates the pace of the boat—Coblenz again—Dispersal of the crew.

EARLY on the morning of 19th August two or three members of the crew made arrangements at the *Mosel-Bahnhof* for the despatch of the boat as express luggage (*Eilgut*) to Trèves, so as to enable them to launch her there some time on the following day. After lingering a few hours at Coblenz, the five friends themselves started off for Trèves by a

convenient train, reaching their destination at about four o'clock. They thus had the advantage of seeing the valley of the Moselle, at all events for the last quarter of the distance between Trèves and Coblenz, from a point of view somewhat different to that of the downward voyage upon which they were about to embark. For the railway closely follows the left bank of the Moselle for thirty miles. After Cochem, however, it quits the river owing to its tortuousness above that point, the distance by water between Cochem and Trèves being nearly ninety, whereas that by rail is scarcely forty miles.

On their arrival the travellers took up their quarters in the *Rothe Haus* (Red House), a hotel situated in the market-place, and so called because of its present colour. It was formerly the Town Hall, and is upwards of 400 years old.

Trèves (or Trier), which has a population of about 25,000, lies charmingly in the valley of the Moselle on the right bank of the river, and is surrounded by magnificent wooded heights. It is probably the most ancient town in Germany, having originally been the seat of the Gallic tribe of the Treveri, from whom it obviously derives its name. It then became a Roman settlement and was in the fourth century often the residence of the Roman emperors.

Containing as it does so many and interesting remains of this period, it is a place that ought not to be visited in a hurry. The best scenery of the

Moselle also begins here. It is therefore excellently adapted to be the starting-point of a boating excursion. The scenery of the river is fine all the way down to its mouth—a distance of about 120 miles—in some stretches being extremely beautiful, while the good part of the Rhine is not more than forty miles long.

The chief characteristics of the Moselle are lofty and richly wooded hills along its banks, the many great curves and loops formed by the course of the stream in the ninety miles below Trèves, and the lovely side-valleys (of which there are six or eight) opening on it at various points. Of all the rivers described in these pages the Main resembles it most. In the region of the Spessart that river has hilly and magnificently wooded banks, and at least two beautiful side-valleys. It also winds greatly in a certain sense; but its course is rather a zigzag from east to west, the reaches between the angles being comparatively straight.

One great advantage of the Moselle from the boating man's point of view, an advantage which very forcibly strikes the voyager fresh from the busy steamboat traffic of the Rhine, is the wonderful quiet and peacefulness of its valley.

Unlike the Neckar, the Werra, the Main, and the Upper Danube, the Moselle has between Trèves and Coblenz absolutely no obstruction in the way of weirs or locks to retard the progress of the navigator.

A boating trip in Germany might very well be limited to this river alone, for a series of delightful little walking tours up the side-valleys might be combined with the voyage. The rowing part of the excursion might be prolonged either by starting from Metz, though the scenery all the way to Trèves is said to be uninteresting, or by the more arduous undertaking of rowing up from the mouth to Trèves, and then down again.

The voyagers made the best use of their time in visiting the lions of the place,—the *Porta Nigra*, a magnificent Roman gate, so called because it has become blackened with age; the *Basilica*, built entirely of thin Roman bricks; the ruins of the Roman Palace; and the amphitheatre, which is very well preserved, and was capable of holding 30,000 spectators, being thus rather more than one-third of the size of the Colosseum at Rome.

Unfortunately they found no time before starting to visit the famous *Igel Monument*, as it is situated at a distance of seven miles from the town. It is a Roman funeral column, seventy-five feet high, erected in the third century, and covered with Latin inscriptions, which have, however, for the most part become illegible through the ravages of time.

In the evening, as it was growing dusk, the friends took a stroll on the *Moselle bridge*. This must be the oldest structure of the kind in Germany, for the

masonry of some of its buttresses is Roman. Enjoying the calm of the evening and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, they stood leaning on the stone parapet of a recess in the middle of the bridge. The inhabitants of Trèves here for the first time struck them as being extraordinarily polite towards strangers, for every man invariably took off his hat as he passed. The Britons, not to be outdone in courtesy, regularly returned the salute, a process which from constant repetition began after a while to grow irksome. The First Officer now remarked that he really thought the English custom of bowing to ladies only was greatly to be preferred to the continental usage. He at the same time expressed a conviction that the hat which, in consequence of his old one having been hopelessly ruined in the boat, he had been reluctantly compelled to buy that very morning at Coblenz—he did not like German hats—would not last out till the end of the voyage, if he were obliged to appear during the hours of daylight in any of the other towns of the Moselle valley. One of the friends after a time accidentally looked up, and for the first time noticed that they had been standing immediately below a figure of the Virgin Mary. They now remembered they were in a Roman Catholic town, and moved on feeling some inches shorter than before. The First Officer's hat was still quite presentable—for a German one, as he would have said—when he reached Coblenz.

Next morning the Captain having provided himself with a good-sized basket, proceeded into the market-place for the purpose of buying vegetables, fruit, eggs, and other provisions. He created a good deal of amusement as well as admiration while he wandered about among the market-women, airing his German and filling his basket with his various bargains. He was not quite the type of person they were in the habit of dealing with in the capacity of a careful *Hausfrau*.

The boat having arrived at noon, was ordered down to the quay below the bridge. Here her crew found her already in the water when they came at about four o'clock to launch her and pack. Curiously enough the start in nearly all the voyages described in these pages was made late in the afternoon, to be followed soon after by an encampment. Among the crowd assembled to see them off were two Englishmen who had rowed down from Metz in a light pair and a German sculler. Both of these parties they came across again later on in the course of the voyage.

It was half-past five when they at length pushed off from the bank. Hardly had they commenced to row when a loud grating sound, calculated to set the teeth on edge and upset the nervous system generally, began to be heard. As it evidently proceeded from below, the crew at first surmised it to be due to the bottom of the boat scraping on the shingle in

the river-bed ; but it was soon shown not to be this, for the water was everywhere proved by sounding to be at least three feet deep. The harder they tried by strenuous rowing to escape from the hateful noise the worse and more intolerable it grew. It would then in the most inexplicable way stop for a few minutes, but only to be renewed with redoubled vigour. As no hypothesis could be framed to account satisfactorily for the mystery, the crew were fain to assume in the meantime that there was some unknown but diabolical contrivance in the river-bed, possibly akin to the steamer chains of the Neckar.

Rowing on for some five miles with this odious accompaniment, they came upon an excellent camping ground on the right bank, some way beyond the village of Pfalzel. The spot was in a fine large open meadow, close to an iron erection about twenty feet high, resembling the Eiffel tower in miniature, and apparently connected in some way with waterworks. The ground had evidently been well selected with a view to privacy, for not a soul was visible anywhere. But hardly had the tent risen, when an unlooked-for visitor in the shape of the official guardian of the field appeared on the scene. His side, however, was, strange to say, not adorned with the customary sword. Striding up to the tent, he proclaimed in a stern voice that the strangers must at once quit the spot, for the ground on which they stood was an

imperial meadow (*kaiserliche Wiese*). The Interpreter, at once adopting a conciliatory attitude, explained that the trespassers only wished to camp till next morning, and suggested that they would be willing to pay compensation for any damage they might cause on the small corner of the imperial property which they were occupying. He ended his apology by asking the myrmidon of the imperial laws to name any sum which he considered equitable under the circumstances. After much show of deliberation he at length gave his authoritative sanction to their remaining for the night on the ground of which they had taken possession, assessing the amount of the indemnity with some hesitation at one mark. With difficulty repressing a smile, and simulating internal wrestlings, the Interpreter gravely handed over the coin specified. The official then proceeded solemnly to take down the name, calling, and description of each member of the crew, stating that he would have to report the case next day to the court at Trèves. Thereupon he disappeared, only to return again after a short time with a view of making sure that the law was not being infringed in any unforeseen particular. In proof of his vigilance he produced a bundle of faggots which he had just caught a trespasser stealing from the imperial estate. Next morning he came back to watch the proceedings of the crew till they embarked. The latter were convinced that there was a solid

substratum of curiosity at the bottom of his official zeal; nor could they help wondering whether the mark was ever paid into the imperial treasury.

After breakfast the boat was drawn up on the bank, when the mystery of the harsh music on the previous evening was at once solved. A piece of the iron keel about four feet in length had become detached at the stern in consequence of the screws by which it was fixed having been broken, and was now seen to be bent downwards almost at right angles to the bottom of the boat. Wherever, therefore, the water was less than four feet in depth the iron had grated on the gravel of the river-bed in the manner described above. The injury had not been observed before the start, because the boat had already been launched when the crew came down to embark.

The difficult task of repairing this new damage with inadequate tools having occupied some hours, the voyagers were not afloat again till half-past twelve. The light rain which had then already begun to fall soon turned into a heavy downpour, which continued steadily without a break for the rest of the day. The rowers were of course soon drenched to the skin, but to them this was not of much consequence. The cox for the time being was much worse off, as he sat shivering in the chilling rain. By a kind of reaction not uncommon on such occasions, the dripping oarsmen seemed to be more cheerful than on days

of brilliant sunshine, as one merry jest followed the other and peal after peal of laughter re-echoed among the solitary hills.

Thus beguiling the time, they rowed on for several hours. The scenery was fine all along, the dark wooded hills alternating from one bank to the other. These hills were specially beautiful on the right bank, above the village of Detzem (the name of which is derived from the Latin *ad decimum*, because it is at the tenth mile-stone from Trèves); but a mist which had begun to gather unfortunately hid the tops of the higher ridges from view. The river in this region makes three great curves, the third forming a narrow loop about five miles round, with a uniform breadth of not much over half a mile across. As the voyagers rowed past they were particularly struck with the prettiness of the village of Leiwen, which lies nestling among walnut plantations in the meadow-land on the southern right bank of this bend.

As they now saw no prospect of the rain ceasing that day, and could not think of camping in their present soaking condition unless the evening cleared up, they finally decided, though they had not yet done twenty miles, to land and spend the night at Neumagen, the largest village in this part of the Moselle. While still debating the question, the Captain remarked that the very name of the place seemed to recommend it as a good one for restoring

the inner man. Those of the crew who understood German said nothing, but made a mental note of the Captain's observation as showing the steady progress he was making in the acquisition of the German language.

At Neumagen therefore they landed at about four o'clock, and in a perfect torrent of rain made their way up to the inn, which, though facing the river, is some distance from the bank. The village lies back from the river in a rather cramped position close to the foot of the hills. It was a Roman settlement, its Latin name having been *Noviomagus*, and many Roman antiquities have been and still are found there. Otherwise the only object of interest about the place is its Gothic church, which is 700 years old.

The little inn, though very plain and barely large enough to accommodate the five oarsmen, they found comfortable enough, perhaps appreciating its shelter after changing their soaking garments more than they would have done in other circumstances.

On coming down to the coffee-room (*Gaststube*) they restored themselves with a cordial, the name of which, if not in itself famous, at least bore testimony to the popularity which aquatics must already have attained on the Moselle. The wall displayed a large advertisement setting forth the merits of this *Rudersport-liqueur* (rowing-sport-liqueur).

As the rain still continued coming down heavily

during the evening the friends were obliged to stay in after dinner, consoling themselves with a rubber of whist till bed-time.

The landlady, a very good-natured woman of about fifty, was evidently much impressed with the Captain and, greatly to the amusement of the rest of the crew, singled him out for her marked attentions, which he, alas! did not seem to value as fully as they deserved.

Rising next morning refreshed by a long sleep, the voyagers were rejoiced to find that the rain had cleared off during the night, leaving a cloudless sky. The brilliant sunshine lent a very different aspect to the fine scenery from that which it wore under the dark lowering rain-clouds of the previous day. Afloat before nine, they rowed on past Piesport, long famous for its wine, and round another loop some five miles in length, but not more than half a mile across the neck, till they came in sight of the *Braune Berg*, celebrated for the wine grown on its terraced slopes.

Here they fell in with their German friend sculling along in his light boat, which resembled a cross between a dinghey and a whiff, as they are called on the Isis. He was proceeding along in a very business-like fashion, with an ostentatious action and high feather, looking as if he felt that the eye of the world was on his boat-club's representative on the Moselle. He was a brawny fellow of six or seven and twenty, got up in a jersey and white-

flannel knee-breeches with stockings. It would never have done, according to German notions of propriety, to display the bare knee. The *tout ensemble* was that of the English boating-man slightly caricatured ; but the effect produced on the natives, who knew not the original, must have been imposing. Allowing for a certain excusable air of importance, due no doubt to the rather recent introduction of aquatics into Germany, he was really a very good fellow. At the village of Kesten, where the *Braune Berg* begins, he parted company with his English acquaintances and landed, no doubt in order to refresh himself with the local wine.

This incident reminds the writer of a chart of the Main between Würzburg and Aschaffenburg given him at the former place, and drawn for the use of a German four that rowed down the river some three years ago. On this chart were marked in red ink, at intervals of every few miles, all the way down, the times, varying from half an hour to an hour and a half, spent by the crew at different places in refreshing. This was a thoroughly German mode of combining the *Wirthshausleben* (restaurant-life) with the new element of athleticism.

Continuing their voyage the Britons rowed on through a fine gorge till they reached Berncastel, with its ruined castle of Landshut rising picturesquely above the town. Here they landed in the heat of the day to lay in a stock of provisions. This

little town, originally a Roman settlement, situated at the mouth of the beautiful Tiefenbach valley, is well known in Germany for two kinds of excellent wine cultivated on the neighbouring slopes. From this point the river flows due west for five miles past the fine vineyards of Zeltingen, which have a good reputation for the wine they produce.

Having lunched at the corner of this reach, where the river turns north, the voyagers, near the village of Uerzig, rowed past a curious tower with a sundial, said to have been a hermitage at one time and built into the rocks, which are here of a fine red colour.

After a short landing for a bathe at an angle of the river, they continued past some pretty meadows, followed by a magnificent hill on the right bank, till they reached Trarbach, a little town lying in a lovely situation below the ruined castle of the Grüfinburg, near the end of another long loop formed by the stream as it doubles round on itself. In the vineyards along the slopes of the river-valley between this point and Piesport are grown all the best wines of the Moselle. On the bank opposite Trarbach lies the village of Traben, the latter having been partially and the former wholly destroyed by fire in the year 1857.

Allowing themselves to drift down this beautiful reach, the rowers came in sight, a short way farther down, of a high ridge, on the top of which a village

and an old fort are picturesquely perched. As the evening was growing late they stopped at the little village of Burg to buy milk and some other necessaries. Then rowing round the next bend of the river, they ran in to the right bank with a view to camping for the night. The landing-place was excellent, for the bank was not more than two feet high at the water's edge, while the flat ground higher up was admirably adapted for an encampment. The grass was very long, but as there were luckily a few small patches where it had been mown, the tent was pitched in one of these clearances. One or two of the mowers being still about, the Interpreter thought it advisable to anticipate possible objections by asking for permission to camp for the night. The natives replied that the strangers might stay wherever and as long as they liked, apparently not quite understanding the point of the question, probably because the ground was common-land.

Nearly opposite the encampment on the other side of the river lay a railway station, the line now for the first time since Trèves coming within sight of the bank.

Having lighted their lamp when it had grown dark, the campers found it impossible to go on with their supper owing to a plague of white-winged moths which came swarming round them in a dense cloud, and after scorching their wings dropped by hundreds into the cups and plates on the table.

Violence and strong language being of no avail, stratagem at last proved successful in abating the nuisance. The large lamp was removed and placed in the bows of the boat, which was a good way off, while a solitary candle was alone retained on the table. The vast majority of the insects were thus diverted by the attraction of the greater light. The appearance of the lamp below was now indeed curious to behold, for it looked not unlike a distant light in winter seen through a storm of snow. Next morning it was found half-buried in a mass of the corpses of these insects, which was five or six inches deep and covered a considerable part of the bottom of the boat. As there must have been millions in the heap it was quite a business clearing them out.

During breakfast next morning the German sculler appeared on the scene, and in response to an invitation joined the party for a short time before continuing on his solitary way. Hardly had he left when the two Englishmen were seen to be rowing down towards the camp. Being hailed they landed, and stayed half an hour or so for a friendly chat and a cup of tea. One of them was a barrister, and seemed to have had considerable experience of canoeing on foreign, especially French rivers. This was the last time the crew from the Isis saw either them or their German acquaintance.

Owing to the delay caused by these visits they

did not get off this morning till quite eleven o'clock. About two miles below the camp, at the pretty village of Pünderich, begins the fourth and probably most beautiful loop formed by the stream of the Moselle below Trèves. It is a circuit of seven and a half miles round a ridge, 360 feet high, on which is situated an old ruin, the Marienburg, while the neck of land is narrower than in any other curve on the Moselle, being less than 600 yards across. There is a good restaurant at the top, as is usual in Germany near ruins commanding fine scenery. The view from there is said to be the best in the valley of the Moselle, the two reaches of the river on each side looking like beautiful lakes. The voyagers having started so late did not land, but contented themselves with enjoying the view of the ruin from below on both sides. This was certainly charming enough. They felt no doubt that the German sculler had ascended the height to refresh at the restaurant ; he must, however, have been off again by this time, for his boat was nowhere to be seen.

Rowing past Zell, which is near the head of the loop, they soon reached Alf, situated at its neck and seventy-two miles by water from Trèves. Bow here remarked that if this place had received its name as an indication that it is equidistant by river from Coblenz and Trèves, its godfathers ought rather to have bestowed the appellation on Burg, that place being exactly sixty-one miles from each of those

towns. He seemed disappointed at no one appearing to understand his remark.

At this point the railway crosses the Moselle by a large double bridge, and following the right bank for some miles recrosses at Eller. It there enters a tunnel which, being two and three-quarter miles in length, is the longest in Germany, thus cutting off a winding curve of twelve miles in the river's course. Issuing from the tunnel at Cochem, the line closely follows the left bank till within two miles of Coblenz, when it again crosses to the right.

In the middle of a narrow bend which the river makes to the west some three miles below Alf the voyagers came upon the lonely ruined monastery of Stuben on the right bank. Having landed to visit it, they had a good bathe a short way below before starting off again. They then rowed past the picturesque little village of Ediger, with its many mediæval buildings situated on the left bank of this straight reach, which flows east for four miles. After this the river makes four considerable winds before reaching Cochem. Near the corner of the second curve lies the town of Beilstein, at the base of a rocky hill and commanded by a large ruined castle. On the right bank before the last bend is situated Bruttig, a picturesque little town with mediæval buildings. Then after the last corner comes a fine reach three miles long, flowing straight towards Cochem. This winding curve, which the railway avoids by

the Kaiser - Wilhelms - tunnel already mentioned, contains some of the loveliest bits of scenery on the Moselle.

The small town of Cochem, nestling in an angle at the foot of a side-valley through which the Ender flows into the main river, is perhaps as beautifully situated as any place on the Moselle. Above it rises a very picturesque old castle which was restored about twenty years ago and contains some show-rooms worth visiting.

Here the crew landed to dine at about four o'clock in the afternoon. While dinner was preparing the Interpreter and two other members of the crew strolled about to look at the town. In the course of their peregrinations they came across a photographer's shop, which they entered in order to buy some views of the Moselle. One member of the crew had since the very beginning of the voyage been insisting on the appropriateness of getting the boat and her crew photographed, but his proposals had only met with a negative. He had for some time past resigned himself to his fate, expressing a conviction that the projected group would never come off. It suddenly occurred to the Interpreter that a surprise might be prepared for him. Knowing that the railway followed the left bank of the Moselle from Cochem onwards, he asked the artist whether he could manage to bring his camera with him next morning to a station some five miles farther down the river. The photographer

replied that he could certainly come by the nine o'clock train, stopping at Pommern, four and a half miles below Cochem. It was thereupon at once arranged that he should do so, and be fetched across in the boat to take the encampment on the opposite bank.

Having dined, the crew re-embarked as it was growing dusk. The four who were in the secret now derived much pleasure from adopting an allusive style of conversation, the real meaning of which remained concealed from the object of the plot. They began to talk of the proposed picture, and to deplore their negligence in having missed their last opportunity at Cochem. For as the next day would terminate the voyage, it would be impossible to have an encampment photographed. The unwitting victim, being worked up to a great pitch of disgust by such remarks, testily observed that he had said all along the project would turn out thus in the end. The others then, by way of soothing him, said that after all it was not a matter of any great importance, thereby of course only increasing his irritation.

Below Cochem the character of the Moselle changes; for the windings peculiar to its stream so far now cease, the remaining thirty miles being more or less straight. This is of course the reason why the railway follows it so closely all the way to Coblenz. The scenery is no longer quite so fine as before, but

its picturesqueness is considerably increased by the comparatively numerous old castles to be seen on its banks; for out of the twenty ruins occurring between Trèves and Coblenz nine are to be found in this tract, though it is only a quarter of the whole distance.

Rowing past Clotten with its castle, the voyagers encamped in the dark on the right bank about four miles below Cochem. The ground chosen turned out to be very fair, and the view was good, especially when looking back on the old ruin rising on the ridge behind.

The morning of the next day, 23d August, was cloudless, and when the campers breakfasted at eight o'clock the heat was already intense.

After breakfast the Interpreter in the course of conversation pointed out a railway station visible on the opposite bank some half mile farther down, and naïvely suggested that a photographer might possibly be found there by rowing across in the boat. The victim of the plot testily remarked that the bare notion of such a thing was raving nonsense, and he, for one, would have nothing to do with encouraging such ridiculous waste of time. After much pressure he was nevertheless induced to accompany two of the others in the boat. They had hardly reached the railway station when the train arrived. A man with a bundle under his arm having got out, one of the two in the secret went up to him and innocently asked if he happened to be a photographer. On his

answering in the affirmative, the victim stood rooted to the spot for a considerable period. He afterwards observed that if this plot was meant for a practical joke, it certainly was a very poor one. The victim always considers the practical joke inflicted on him to be poor.

The photographer being ferried across, took the group, including the boat and the tent, successfully enough from a generally picturesque point of view ; but owing to the strong glare the faces all came out so badly that they were hardly ever recognised by friends.

On the eve of this the last day of the voyage the old leak had begun to show signs of renewed activity. The invaluable aid of the versatile Captain had therefore again to be brought into requisition on behalf of the crew. The delay caused by this, together with the photographic episode, deferred the start till noon. Having at last embarked, they rowed straight down to Pommern, landed, and took leave of their friend the photographer. As they had put in just below a picturesque little inn with a pretty harbour overlooking the river, they took the opportunity of trying the local wine, which they found to be cheap and good.

They then leisurely paddled on in the heat of the day past Treis, with its tower on the right at the entrance to a side valley, Moselkern on the left, six and a half miles below Pommern, at the mouth of

the valley of the Eltz, and then the old castle of Bischofstein rising on the bank opposite the village of Burgen and the end of the Beyachthal.

Soon after this they allowed themselves to drift along with a view to lunching in the boat. The meal, however, was neither long nor enjoyable. For a motive to speed which they never hitherto experienced now began to assert itself. The intense heat was evidently causing the rapid decomposition in the boat of some substance, the exact whereabouts of which it was impossible to discover. The stench thus produced became so intolerable, as long as the boat remained more or less stationary, that the crew were compelled in self-defence to keep rowing steadily without a break; for as long as she moved fast the evil odour remained almost, if not quite, imperceptible. The conclusion which the friends drew from this experience was that a bad smell interferes very much not only with the enjoyment of a meal, but even with the appreciation of fine scenery. They were also inclined to admit that, if the decaying substance was a piece of cheese, which they strongly suspected it to be, that luxury decidedly has its disadvantages as a travelling companion.

Rowing, therefore, at an accelerated pace past the pretty village of Brodenbach and through the narrow rocky gorge below, they came in sight of Cobern, with its two old castles, a small town well situated

on the left bank at a bend of the river, nine miles and a half from Coblenz. A short way below this place they ran ashore, and disembarking more speedily than they had ever done before, enjoyed their last bathe at a distance of twenty or thirty yards to windward of the boat. Having dressed, they hurriedly took their seats and resumed their oars without the loss of a moment. Such hot haste is probably never seen except at a canoe race in a college regatta. Had a foreigner happened to see the crew getting in and out of the boat on that occasion he would certainly have said: "These Englishmen *are* a restless race, and can never take even their pleasures without hurrying."

As evening came on they found themselves rowing past the Moselle side of Coblenz. Filling up, as it does, the whole corner of land formed by the junction of the Rhine and its tributary, the town fully deserves its name, which, as is well known, is derived from the Latin *confluentes*. Emerging into the Rhine and strenuously rowing with a spurt up the mighty stream, the crew landed some distance up the right bank soon after seven o'clock.

Thus ended this most delightful expedition, which while extending over only eighteen days, appeared owing to its variety to have lasted quite six weeks. During all this time the weather had been splendid, with only one day and a half of rain.

The boat was that very evening made over to an

agent for despatch to England, while the crew next morning went down to Cologne on one of the Rhine steamers. Here they regretfully dispersed, the Captain and First Officer returning direct to England, Bow going off to visit relations at Bruges, while the Interpreter and the Chaplain took a steamer to Düsseldorf, the former on his way to visit for a few days at Göttingen the scenes of his boyhood.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAIN

“Quod adest memento
Componere aequus : cetera fluminis
Ritu feruntur.”—HORACE.

Bayreuth—Advantages of the Main as a boating river—Camp below Drossenfeld—Wind—Rain—Loss of sleep and umbrellas—Water-wheels—Toilsome day—Upset—Losses—Miller at Steinhäusen—Second upset—Boat damaged—Repaired at Kulmbach—Lichtenfels—Bamberg—Hassfurt—Schweinfurt—Würzburg—Beautiful scenery—Gemünden—Lohr—Miltenberg—Aschaffenburg—Return.

THE morning of 9th September 1888 saw the two would-be navigators of the Main at Bayreuth, but the canoe, though it had been despatched from Dresden four days before, and was to have taken but forty-eight hours on the way, had not yet come. Finding she could not possibly arrive till midnight, they were fain to spend the day as best they could. Their first move was to proceed to the *Anker* Hotel, from the head-waiter of which they had received the only information it had been possible to obtain as to the navigability of the Main from a point so near the

source. In starting from here they were, in fact, making an experiment ; for they had been fully aware before leaving England that Bayreuth lies only about ten miles below the source of the Red Main, and that the fall in the first fifty miles is upwards of 300 feet. The latter fact in itself was sufficient to prove that the navigation in this part of its course must be difficult if not hazardous. It could not, however, be as dangerous for a canoe as the Danube, the average fall of which is above eight feet per mile between Donaueschingen and Ulm. On the other hand, the Main being but a tributary, was found to contain far less water at a point 320 miles from its mouth than the Danube at Donaueschingen. The information above referred to was conveyed on a post-card to some English friends who, having attended the Wagner festival a month before, had written to the waiter in question asking whether he could ascertain anything about the river near Bayreuth. The reply received was as follows :—

“ BAYREUTH, 22th *af.* August '88.

“ SIR,—Received your kindly letter, and send you now your wished Information. The Frachtzug [goods train] from Dresden to Bayreuth wants 40 until 48 ours because he stops at every little station. To carry at boot in the told size its very easy because the trains are always arranged as the people desires. The Main is usefull from Bamberg to Wüerzburg and farther following line, but not from hier, only lickwise [in places] for little tree's for the countrymann [rafts]. Their are two river hwo been called Main, the withe

and the red. The source from the last one begins 3 ours outside Bayreuth, and the source from the withe Main beginning near Pegnitz perhaps 100 miles from here near Nuremberg, and is neither usefull near Bayreuth. This the best information I could find out for you. Many respect and remembring to you and your wife.—I remain your faithful truly,

C—— S——,

“Head waiter of Hotel Anker, Bayreuth.”

This “information,” such as it was, could hardly be called encouraging. Knowing, however, by long experience the ignorance of German riparians as to the nature of their own rivers, the two friends decided on trying the experiment. Had they been aware beforehand of the hardships and disasters awaiting them in the course of the first two days they might have been deterred from launching their frail bark at Bayreuth. Meanwhile, pending the arrival of the canoe, they spent the forenoon in wandering about the *Eremitage*, a château situated about three miles from the town, and once the residence of Frederick the Great’s only sister, Markgravine of Bayreuth. The main building presents a fantastic appearance owing to the walls being completely inlaid with stones of various colours. The grounds, which are laid out in imitation of Versailles, would be very pleasant if well kept, but as it is have a desolate and neglected look. At the entrance there is a notice containing a long list of rules for the guidance of the public. The most interesting to strangers were two clauses strictly prohibiting the

hanging up of dirty linen on the statues, and the bathing of dogs in the ornamental waters.

It was a relief to find early next morning that the boat had arrived during the night. Having packed in a basket provisions for two days and a night, and purchased a lamp, besides other requisites for camping out, the crew despatched their Gladstone bags to Bingen on the Rhine, and then proceeded to convey their boat on a truck to a spot just below the town, where two branches of the river unite. Even after the junction the stream looked alarmingly small and shallow. The baggage being arranged in the middle compartment of the canoe, the two ends remained entirely free for the crew. The articles brought from England for camping purposes were a waterproof ground-sheet, two rugs apiece, an inflatable air-bed, a spirit-lamp, saucepan and tea-kettle, tin plates and cups, besides knives, forks, and spoons. A locker fitted in the stern under the poop-seat proved a great convenience for storing away all the utensils as well as odds and ends. It is advisable for those intending to camp out much to take a small tent with them, for unless you are sure of your weather the results of sleeping in the open air are apt to be unpleasant. A Canadian canoe would, however, only hold a tent of the most limited and portable dimensions in addition to the other necessary luggage. A tub-pair or a four-oar, on the other hand, will easily carry in the stern a good-sized tent,

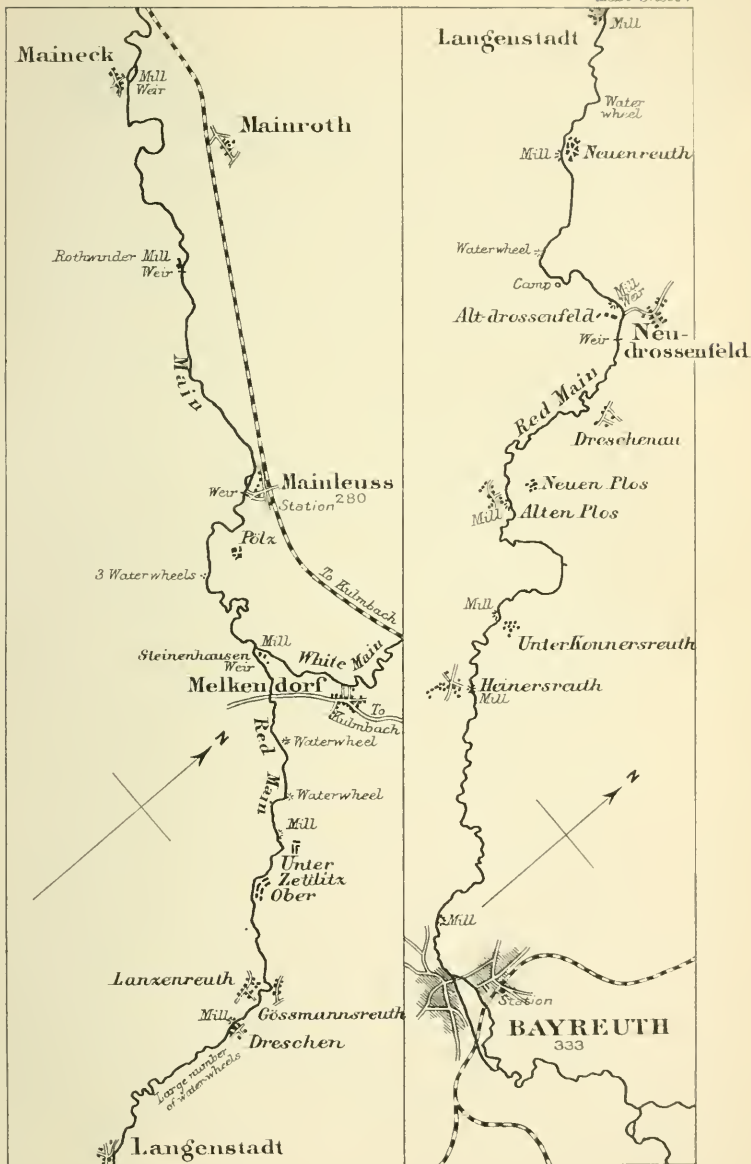
such as is described in the chapters on the Werra and the Neckar.

All being now ready, a start was made at about eleven o'clock amid great public enthusiasm. For as this was the first time a boat of any description had been seen at Bayreuth, the excitement caused by so great a novelty was probably second only to that produced by the musical festival. On the day of the embarkation a paragraph to the following effect appeared in the *Bayreuther Tagblatt*:—

Sept. 10.

“To-day there arrived at the Hotel Anker two Englishmen, who intend to navigate the whole course of the Main from here, and then to enter the Rhine. It is doubtful whether the sportsmen (*Sportsmänner*) will succeed in getting down the Main from here; it is, however, just possible that the fulness of the river at the present time will enable them to accomplish their project.”

It subsequently appeared that the distance between Bayreuth and Lichtenfels, about fifty miles, had never been done by boat before. The raft navigation begins at Mainleuss, three miles below the junction of the White and the Red Main, and about twenty from Bayreuth. These first twenty miles were therefore altogether virgin waters. The whole length of the Main is 330 miles from the source to its junction with the Rhine. In the first fifty miles there are twenty weirs with their corresponding mills (about the same number as for more than double



0 1 2 3 4 5 Kilometres

the distance on the Werra and the Danube), besides other obstructions which will be described later. In the upper waters, before the junction of the two branches, there are continual rapids and many shallows which it would be absolutely impossible to navigate in anything but a canoe. A dry season might render them impracticable even for so light a boat as that. Below Lichtenfels, on the other hand, for a distance of 270 miles, the Main is probably one of the best rivers (not regulated by locks) in Europe for rowing on. With the exception of one weir, about five miles below Lichtenfels, and of two locks, the one at Schweinfurt and the other at Würzburg, there are no obstacles whatever. The scenery for nearly a hundred miles above Aschaffenburg will compare for continuous beauty with that of any other German river. The Main has the additional advantage of having a clear and placid stream, in which a fine bathe may be enjoyed almost anywhere, and of possessing ideal banks for landing and camping. This does not apply to the Elbe, the Weser, the Danube, the Rhine, or the Moselle in anything like the same degree. Between Kitzingen and Würzburg there lie several picturesque mediæval walled towns and villages, probably unknown to the tourist and unlike any to be seen on other German rivers. The Main is the only German stream the current of which is not too rapid to row against with comparative ease. It would

make a very pleasant trip to go up the 240 miles from Mainz to Bamberg, a distance which could without trouble be accomplished in a fortnight, thence through the *Ludwigs-Canal* into the Danube, and finish with a row down to Vienna, Buda-Pesth, or the Black Sea, according as time and circumstances permitted.

But to return to Bayreuth. Waving their farewells to the assembled crowd, the two friends swiftly paddled down the rapid current, while the tiny Union Jack fixed in the bows fluttered gaily in the breeze. The large contingent of the juvenile population which accompanied them on the bank till the first mill was reached could not have kept up with them but for the extraordinary meanderings of the stream at this point. So short, indeed, were the windings that no other kind of boat could have got round them. After lifting the canoe across at three mills and stopping all agricultural proceedings on the banks till they were out of sight, they landed for lunch at a lonely and beautiful spot where the Main receives a tiny tributary at the base of a pine-clad hill.

Wherever there is a mill on the upper Main the river divides into two arms, the weir always coming first. It invariably proved better to cross at the latter, as the weir branch has more water and its bank is generally lower and more convenient for the purpose. This is probably due to the fact that the weirs are built across the natural bed of the

river, while the mill branch is an artificial cutting. Having at the second crossing chosen the mill-stream, the canoeists, after a few yards' paddling, entered a sort of tunnel through reeds growing to the height of about ten feet. This channel, which, owing to the dense growth was not more than three feet broad, and seemed nearly a mile long, had probably never before been penetrated by man since its construction.

As each mill was passed the volume of water in the stream was found to have visibly increased.

Immediately after a deep weir at a place called Neu-Drossenfeld, there comes a magnificent broad reach with absolutely no current. This branch, leaving the town some way off on the right, widens out into a sheet of water resembling a lake, fringed with a luxuriant growth of trees. The cause of this phenomenon is a second weir with a very deep fall at the next place, Alt-Drossenfeld. The absence of a boat of any kind on so fine a piece of water could not fail to strike one as a singular thing.

Below this second weir there followed a succession of rapids, which were passed without mishap; but a cascade with a fall of about three feet over rocks seemed too hazardous to attempt off-hand. After a close examination from the bank, however, it was determined to run the risk. So, keeping as close to the right bank as possible, the canoeists shot merrily down without even touching, much to the delight of a number of peasants, who had assembled on the

hillside, no doubt fully expecting to witness the ruin of the adventurers. Raising a cheer, the latter disappeared from their sight, as a rapid swiftly carried them round the next bend of the stream. Soon afterwards so beautiful a spot came into view that it was without further delay chosen as a camping ground, though the hour was as yet only five o'clock. It was a strip of bright green meadow dotted with haycocks and flanked by a steep ridge thickly wooded with pine. There was also a good landing-place here, and deep water for a bathe before breakfast. Of the latter advantage the two campers were, however, by no means inclined to avail themselves next morning.

This had, indeed, been a delightful day ; and no forebodings of impending evil arose to mar the enjoyment of that beautiful evening. There was, it is true, a few hundred yards farther down stream, an object looking in the distance like a disused mill, but its diabolical nature was not revealed till the next day. It turned out to be a water-wheel, the worst enemy the navigator of the Upper Main has to contend with.

On landing the campers first proceeded to collect all the hay in the field—it is to be hoped not very much against the wishes of the owners—into two large heaps close to the bank. By turning the canoe over and supporting her ends on these, they formed a sort of roof, and by hanging the waterproof cover of

the boat over one side, transformed the whole into quite a comfortable cabin. Thus their vehicle by day became their shelter by night. Having turned in early, after an excellent supper, they must have slept for nearly three hours. Suddenly, about one o'clock, an explosive sound, something like the bursting of a balloon, terminated their slumbers for that night. Peering into the darkness they caught a glimpse of the dim forms of their umbrellas careering away towards the river. The Interpreter dashed out bare-foot in pursuit, but for his pains only got well drenched in the rain, which was now coming down heavily. The umbrellas had been set up to protect, in case of wet, a number of articles left outside the cabin. They had broken away from their moorings in a sudden gust of wind. The necessity of bringing the now exposed property under shelter increased the discomfort caused by the rising wind, which was now driving the rain in on the unprotected side of the boat. The ambition of the two friends was now not so much to sleep as to keep tolerably dry. They had cause to be thankful that their insecure roof did not collapse over their devoted heads, or turn over and leave their prostrate forms exposed to the full fury of the elements. Dawn at last slowly broke, but brought only the prospect of a drenching day. To cook breakfast amid the general dampness and with hardly any shelter from the blast required no small amount of patience; for even the preliminary of

striking a match was successful only when the whole stock was almost entirely exhausted. There was a certain amount of consolation in discovering that the umbrellas had not vanished for ever. One of them was found caught in a bush some way down the bank, while the other lay dimly discernible, like a huge tortoise, at the bottom of the river. The latter was at length fished up with some trouble and a boat-hook. Keeping their things dry by the ingenious use of the recovered umbrellas, and packing their bark on what could now only ironically be termed dry land, the soaking friends launched her at about 8.30. In a few minutes they reached the first of the dozen or more water-wheels they were destined to come across on that eventful day. The country through which the Main passes between the camping-ground and the confluence, a distance of perhaps eleven miles, is flat meadow-land. For the purpose of irrigating the fields huge wheels, with a bucket attached to each paddle, have been constructed so as to revolve close to the bank and discharge the water they raise into a wooden channel, from which it is dispersed over the land.

However beneficial these erections may be to agriculture, they are to the navigator undoubtedly the most hateful obstacles that can well be imagined. In order that the stream may be sufficiently strong to turn the wheel, it is dammed up with large stones right across, excepting the space of a few

feet immediately opposite the wheel. The banks are always highest at the parts chosen for the erection of these obstructions. They are at the same time almost invariably so steep as nearly to preclude the possibility of pulling the boat over. The unfortunate crew were therefore reduced to the deplorable necessity of wading up to their middle and making a channel by rolling the boulders down the stream. This process generally entails a delay of twenty minutes, besides being extremely exhausting. If the wheel happens to be turning at the time, the unwary worker is liable to be severely doused by an intermittent but heavy shower-bath. The progress of any future canoeist on these waters will be much easier, unless the local irrigators have discovered and repaired the mysterious breaches in their dams. This they have most likely done, for they must have found out during the summer of 1889 that their wheels for some unaccountable reason refused to turn, thus reducing their fields to a condition of drought.

Four mills and several plank bridges, built so close to the surface of the water as to prevent a boat passing under them, entailed a large addition to the portage on that day. It will therefore be readily believed that when about noon, in a very winding part of the river, there could be descried across the fields a series of five or six of these hateful black objects at short intervals, the two

friends could not find it in their hearts to bless the inventor of water-wheels. They also agreed that never had navy worked so hard for his living as they were labouring that day.

At about four in the afternoon they came at length to a stationary wheel, at the side of which the stream rushed smooth and swift through an opening three or four feet wide. An uninterrupted immunity from disaster on the Danube and the Elbe had made the crew so over-confident that they had altogether omitted the precaution of tying in their luggage as superfluous on this voyage. Nemesis was now at hand. Glad to be saved another portorage, they gaily made for the gap, but found when too late that the strong slant of the stream towards the wheel would prevent the canoe from taking the fall straight. She consequently struck the wheel broadside, and, tilting over, filled before her crew could realise the situation. By a great stroke of good fortune the lurch had thrown both of them into the water. The canoe would otherwise have turned completely over, and sent the bags, one of which contained the Interpreter's watch and money, to the bottom. The depth and swiftness of the river would have precluded all chance of recovering anything that had sunk by diving. As it was, only the loose things, such as coats, cushions, and paddles, were washed out, and went rapidly floating down stream.

The banks were here so steep and bushy that

the shipwrecked friends had to swim a considerable distance, snatching up their floating property as they went, before they could land and pull their water-logged craft ashore. To their relief they found she had sustained no injury. Cox had to mourn the loss, among other things, of the same foot of a pair of boots and boating-shoes. He was thus compelled to wear along with a black boot a yellow boating-shoe on the wrong foot, a by no means prepossessing combination. The only two hats he possessed had been washed away by the stream. So he sat for some time on a sandbank in a woebegone condition, unable to arouse himself to action. The hats, as well as a waterproof coat, were, however, luckily found sometime afterwards, stopped by the dam of the next water-wheel. This was the only occasion on which a water-wheel did not exercise a baleful influence.

The unlucky voyagers had been thoroughly drenched before starting that morning, and, though the rain had ceased in the forenoon, had remained wet all day owing to their repeated wadings. Their blankets and cushions, too, had been soaked by the rain during the night. They had therefore decided in the morning to put up at some village for the night in order to get their things dried. Their present plight rendered this step imperative. The accident caused a long delay, so that though there was but one more water-wheel to pass, and the

distance did not exceed a couple of miles, the mill of Steinhausen, just above the junction of the Red and the White Main, was not reached till close upon sunset. The miller, a handsome and pleasant man, with whom the strangers subsequently struck up a great friendship, took charge of the boat and much of their soaking property, sending the remainder in a wheelbarrow to the neighbouring village of Melkendorf.

Here there was quite a respectable inn, in which a vast room with six windows was assigned to the unexpected arrivals. The iron stove was lighted, but proved to be a very bad substitute for an open fire, as far as drying capacity was concerned; for in spite of all efforts most of the clothes were still damp next day. To some of these the brilliant red of Baedeker had, they were grieved to find, been transferred, and remained adhering for all time. The bank-notes, which had been reduced almost to a pulp, required very delicate manipulation in drying, but were ultimately restored to a presentable form and recognised as legal tenders. The friends retired to bed as early as possible, for what they had gone through that day was more calculated to exhaust than almost any other river experience they had ever known.

Next morning, after taking leave of the miller and his family, whose faces they never expected to see again, they started from the mill at Steinhausen at

about nine o'clock. This time they carefully secured the heavier articles of luggage with a rope, though in so doing they could not help a sneaking consciousness of resembling the man who locks the stable-door after his horse has been stolen. The Interpreter nevertheless had a presentiment that something was going to happen, and kept on his coat which contained his watch and money.

After the junction with the White Main a few hundred yards below the mill, the volume of water is greatly increased, the river now flowing with a deep and steady stream. There still being three water-wheels to pass, the spirits of the canoeists were naturally not quite so high as they otherwise would have been. They had paddled down rapidly for about two miles when the first of these hated foes came into sight. This one seemed blacker than the rest, having a particularly deadly look as it went on revolving rapidly. Here too there was a clear channel several feet wide, though a large stake just under water close to the wheel was calculated to arouse misgivings. A pig-headed rashness impelled the adventurers to imperil their safety a second time. To avoid the danger of the Scylla of the dam on the left, they made the fatal mistake of keeping too close to the Charybdis of the wheel on the right. This was a much worse place than the scene of the previous day's disaster, owing to the greater depth and rush of water. Impending ruin was seen when it was too

late to avert the stroke. The stern struck the stake with an ominous crash. The canoe instantly heeled over, filled, and began to sink beneath her occupants. When the water was nearly up to their necks they plunged into the stream, but in so doing unfortunately overturned the boat completely. The luggage which was tied in consequently hung downwards, while all the loose articles either sank or were rapidly carried away by the current. The Interpreter managed with great difficulty to bring the canoe, which in her present condition was extremely heavy, to land and drag her up the steep bank. Cox had meanwhile scrambled up, and running along plunged in again to rescue such of their belongings as had gone careering down stream.

The Interpreter escaped lightly with the final loss of his umbrella. Cox, on the other hand, had seen the last of his stylograph pen, his stick, umbrella, and mackintosh, some of which had been gallantly rescued only the day before. His watch, too, registered the exact moment of his immersion. He was for some time under the impression that he had lost his valuable field-glass here; but by a process of strenuous retrospective thought, he ascertained that he had left it buried in one of the heaps of hay which had supported the canoe during the previous night. From this discovery he derived, strange to say, a kind of mixed consolation. Such was the price paid for the privilege of camping on that beautiful meadow in storm and rain.

A loss deplored by both in common was that of a pound of tea, which was completely ruined by the submersion. It had been bought at the last moment before starting from Victoria Station for three and sixpence. Its value had gone up, in consequence of disagreeable interviews with custom-house officials on the German and the Bohemian frontier, to about six shillings. Its owners had only had two brews of it—at the encampment on the first night—so that each cup had cost about one and sixpence. The two friends partially comforted themselves with the reflection that after all this is not so much more than is paid for a cup of tea at some London restaurants. Could, however, the mental worry connected with endeavours not to leave it behind, and with the insolence of Bohemian custom-house officers, have been assessed on the same scale as wounded affections in breach of promise cases, the value of each cup, on a moderate computation, must have been about ten shillings.

The most distressing part of the shipwreck was the discovery that the boat had been so severely damaged as to be incapable of floating for five minutes. The only consoling thought in the whole business was that the fact of striking the stake had probably saved the adventurers from the more serious disaster of being completely broken on the wheel as it revolved. Even the present condition of the boat might, it was feared, cut short the voyage at this point. In any case, all further prospect of camping was at an

end, owing to the loss of nearly all the necessary appliances.

The obvious thing to do in the meantime was to have the boat transported to Kulmbach, a town of some size about five miles distant, where there was some chance of the damage being repaired. Cox, who from his long swim in the cold water while rescuing the paddles, cushions, and other property, felt the risk of taking a severe chill, restored his circulation by running back to the mill at full speed. He returned with three of the miller's men, who conveyed the boat and the saturated luggage to Steinhausen and later in the day brought them on to Kulmbach in one of the miller's waggons. The crew themselves, soaking as they were, walked direct to the town, and finding out the best joiner in the place directed him how to patch up the canoe.

By applying continual pressure they succeeded in having her ready by eight o'clock next morning. Putting her on a cart and getting on themselves, they then drove back to Steinhausen and actually managed to start off again by nine o'clock from the same spot as on the day before. For the loss of a day and much property they were to some extent compensated by making the acquaintance of a picturesque town, famous, moreover, for the excellence of its beer. Though a place of only a few thousand inhabitants, it is said to contain upwards of forty breweries.

Before departing the strangers presented their

friend the miller with a beer-glass adorned with a likeness of the late Emperor Frederick. He will probably long remember their visit to Steinhausen as one of the events of his life.

As a set off against his previous immunity from loss, the Interpreter was grieved to find on examining his handbag at Kulmbach the day before, that a valuable pearl breast-pin which he had carefully deposited in it before the fatal start had disappeared. He had heard of pearls being soluble in wine, but never of their melting away even in the strongest river water, especially along with their setting. Millers' assistants have long had the reputation in German literature of being persons singularly unreliable in the presence of portable property. This was the only case, in all the voyages described in these pages, of anything having been thievishly appropriated.

The *Kulmbacher Tagblatt* on the following day contained a paragraph which was copied by most of the South German papers. The translation is as follows :—

KULMBACH, 13th September.

“The two Englishmen who a few days ago arrived at Bayreuth, in order to navigate the Main in a boat from there to its mouth, have it is true arrived here, but have not had much luck with their voyage. Once they had to pass the night in their boat, which, built of cedar wood, is very elegant, and measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ metres in length and 85 centimetres in breadth. Then yesterday they fell into the water with all their possessions, so that they became as wet as poodles

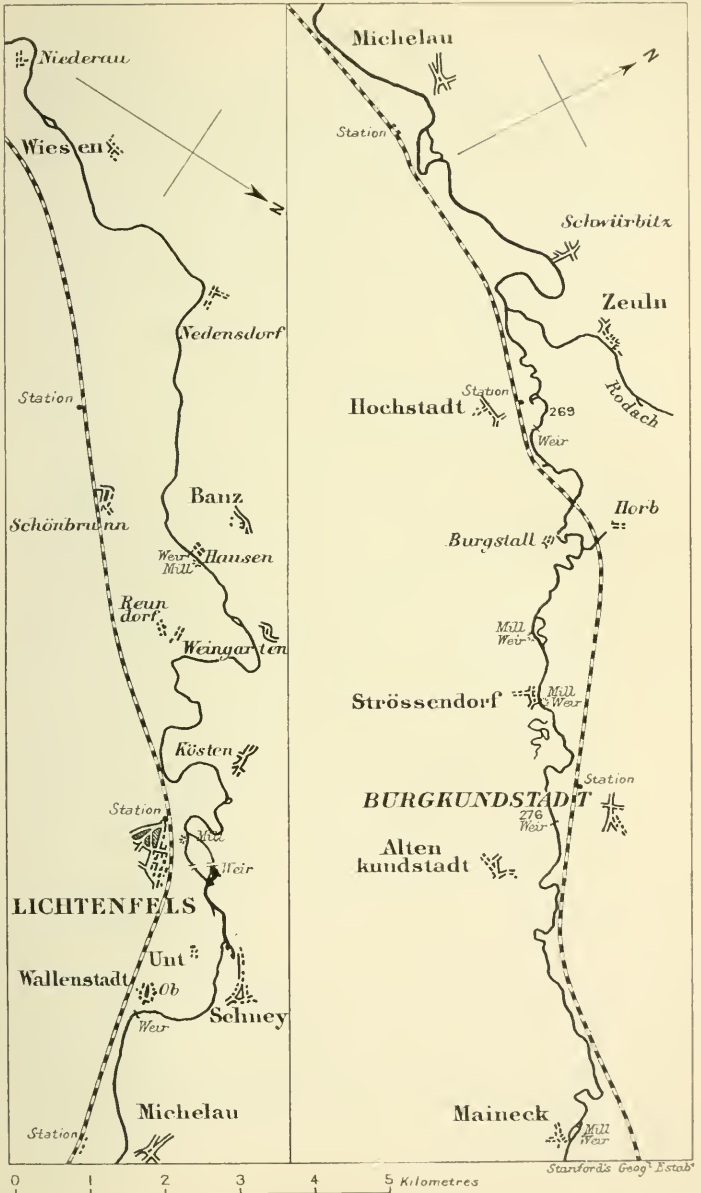
(*pudelnass*). On continuing their voyage the gentlemen met with their worst piece of ill-luck near Pölz for there they damaged their boat so severely that it had to be brought here. It was all Herr Schreinermeister Hühnlein could do to repair the damage by 12 o'clock last night. The two Englishmen, very fine gentlemen (*sehr feine Herren*), the one an Oxford Professor, the other a Captain, who are said to have already navigated the whole of the Danube this year, spent the night at the Hotel Hirsch and continued their voyage at 9 o'clock this morning, but are said again to have come to grief at Pölz. What a fine thing a Main voyage of this kind must be!"

The goal of that day's voyage was Lichtenfels. As the distance is nearly thirty miles, with three water-wheels and eight weirs to bar one's progress, the adventurers had their work cut out for them. This time they did not trifle with the water-wheels, but with dogged determination dragged the canoe up the steep banks, regardless of toil.

At Mainleuss, the first mill below Steinhausen, where the raft navigation begins, they found the river blocked, and were delayed for some time till the raftsmen cleared a passage for them.

For every two or three miles below each weir the stream, on this stretch of river, is swift, sweeping round the bends in long rapids, till a smooth broad reach with little or no current betrays the nearness of another dam.

The scenery for the greater part of the distance is pretty, the banks being well wooded in places. The largest town on the way is Burgkundstadt, lying



picturesquely on the hillside some distance from the right bank and about ten miles from Steinhausen. Soon after comes a charming broad calm reach, fringed with trees and extending to the weir below a village called Strössendorf. The situation of the latter place on the slope of the left bank is one of rare beauty. From Hochstadt to Wallenstadt, the last weir above Lichtenfels, there is no obstruction for a distance of about seven miles. After receiving the waters of the Rodach a mile and a half below Hochstadt the Main is already a fine river as broad as the Thames below Nuneham.

With only a short break at noon for a bathe and lunch in a pretty reach above Mainneck, the canoeists managed by dint of unremitting exertions to reach Lichtenfels by nightfall. As they paddled noiselessly and swiftly over the mirrored surface of the river, the view of the town in the clear calm twilight, with the crescent moon above a dark background of wooded hill, was wonderfully fine. By taking the millstream they penetrated close up to the centre of the town, and leaving their boat in charge of the miller made their way through a crowd of spectators up to their hotel in the market-place.

Starting next morning before eight they reached the last weir on the Main at Hausen in an hour and a quarter. This was a morning of rare loveliness, the sky being cloudless and the air calm and fresh.

Nothing perhaps produces so keen an enjoyment of mere existence as a row on a fine river in an early autumn morning, when the air is clear and crisp and laden with the scent of newly cut hay.

The friends disembarked at Hausen and ascended through the woods to the handsome château of Banz, which crowns a hill rising to a height of 1500 feet above the Main. They enjoyed a hearty breakfast at the top, where, as is usual in Germany on hills commanding a fine view, there is a good restaurant. The panorama of the river and the fertile country stretching away to the distant hills is very charming.

Resuming their voyage at eleven, and landing for a bathe and lunch on an excellent beach near the railway station of Zapfendorf, the canoeists reached Bischberg at least an hour before sunset, much sooner than they had anticipated. The scenery from Banz to this point is rather uninteresting, with the exception of a fine reach extending due south from the point where the Baunach, a considerable tributary, joins the Main. The right bank here is formed by a richly wooded hill, while the river is extremely broad, though proportionately shallow. The shade afforded by this ridge proved very refreshing in the intense heat of the afternoon.

Bischberg is a small village situated at the junction of the Regnitz with the Main, and about four miles by road from Bamberg, which lies on the tributary. Leaving the canoe in charge of a ferry-

man, the voyagers were obliged, owing to the absence of anything in the shape of a porter or cab, to trudge along the high-road carrying their bags, rather a fatiguing process at the fag-end of a day. While crossing one of the bridges they were addressed with sympathetic inquiries by a gentleman who had identified the wayfarers by the accounts in the papers, and took a special interest in their voyage as a native of Bayreuth, its starting-point. At their hotel, the *Drei Kronen*, where they met an Oxford friend, the cool Bavarian beer, in its stone pots, seemed more than usually delightful after the toil and heat of the day.

The *Ludwigs-Canal*, which joins the Danube at Kelheim, enters the Regnitz at Bamberg. The latter place being the starting-point of the barge navigation on the Main, the distance in kilometres is marked all the way down the bank to the mouth of the river opposite Mainz.

The following day was to be an easy one, the distance to Schweinfurt, the next stopping-place, being a stretch of only thirty-three miles, free from all obstacles. The largest town on the way, about twenty miles from Bischberg, is Hassfurt. Entering through an opening in the embankment here and disembarking in a kind of backwater behind it, the crew visited the interesting *Rittercapelle*, a fine Gothic chapel, dating from the fourteenth century, and adorned with many curious monuments both

without and within. The only other towns of any size are Ober- and Unter- Theres, the rather imposing buildings of which attract the attention of the passing voyager. Some way below the latter there is a fine wood on the left bank, which would make an ideal camping ground. Well worthy of notice is the Mainberg, a château most picturesquely perched on a height rising from the right bank. Its site is one of the finest on the Main, commanding as it does a view of the magnificent reach extending for nearly two miles down to Schweinfurt.

On arriving at their destination the crew left their boat in charge of the weir-keeper (*Wchrmann*) at a convenient place just above the bridge. There is a weir at Schweinfurt for rafts to pass down, and a huge lock for barges on the other side. The chief hotel, the *Deutsche Haus*, was found to be situated close to the landing-place. The town was full of soldiers who were quartered there and had just returned from their manœuvres. The thunder of the artillery had been audible from the river during the course of the day.

At a military concert to which they went after dinner the strangers entered into conversation with some Germans, who, they found to their surprise, were acquainted with the *Log of the Waterlily*, an account of a voyage made by an English four between Mainz and Würzburg nearly forty years ago.

The dwellers on the Main are beginning to avail

themselves of the advantages of their river. For not only has Würzburg its rowing clubs, but even Schweinfurt and Hassfurt, besides some other towns, have one each; to say nothing of Frankfort, which has for several years been the centre of the German boating world.

There is some very good Franconian wine to be had at Schweinfurt. The best appears to be Holberger Riesling, grown near Volkach, a small town some twenty miles farther down the river.

The crew were up betimes, and having the canoe carried over the bridge to a stair below the lock, were afloat before eight. They were prepared for a long day of fifty-four miles, a distance which turned out to be even more exhausting than they had anticipated. In the morning there was a dense mist, which did not clear off till eleven o'clock. The scenery consequently remained practically invisible for three hours. The fog at length lifted only to leave a cloudy and lowering sky for the rest of the day. As it rained, though not heavily, for the last three hours and a half of daylight, and a strong adverse wind blew steadily for the last eight or nine miles, this proved a depressing as well as an exhausting day.

After the mist had disappeared one bank and sometimes both turned out to be clothed with vines, which continued nearly all the way to Würzburg. At Volkach the river makes a long loop of several

miles, its neck being formed by a narrow vine-clad ridge. This bend resembles in length and shape that formed by the Moselle at Alf. It is here that some of the best Franconian wine grows.

The two friends had paddled thirty-three miles before they landed for lunch, a short distance below Kitzingen, a very picturesque town on the right bank of what would make a splendid piece of water for a rowing course.

In the next ten miles they passed several towns and villages, the appearance of which is still entirely mediæval. They were especially struck by a village named Sulzfeld about three miles below Kitzingen. It is surrounded by a wall forming almost a perfect square. Its effect, as seen from the river, is very peculiar. The wall on this side is built close to the water's edge, having quaint gateways and towers, while the gables of the houses inside show over the top. Another of these relics of the Middle Ages is Ochsenfurt, a place which interested the voyagers particularly as being a namesake of their own University.

At this point the river, which has been flowing due west for six or seven miles after its southerly course from Schweinfurt, turns up to the north. Owing to the wind now blowing straight in their teeth, the friends had to strain every nerve to accomplish the last eight or nine miles before darkness set in. They were somewhat delayed by two or

three mills occurring in this part of the river. The stream here being very broad, is divided by a long dam, which thus forms a *cul de sac* on the side where the mill is situated. Owing to the distance one is apt to go down the wrong channel by mistake in the dusk, though the mill branch soon betrays itself by its lack of current.

It had become so dark by the time the canocists approached Würzburg that they had to strain their eyes very hard as they cautiously paddled along. At last they discovered a landing-stair on the quay, which turned out to be exactly in front of the *Schwan*, the best hotel at Würzburg. To have their boat conveyed into its courtyard and safely locked up for the night was the work of no more than ten minutes. They felt that eleven hours' hard exercise on a very unfavourable day deserved the reward of a good rest. They were, however, not too tired to appreciate, from the windows of the *Schwan*, the beautiful night-view of the river and of the castle, which crowns a lofty hill on the opposite bank.

They did not set off as early as usual, thinking it worth while, before leaving, to have a look at the cathedral and some of the other sights of the town.

There is a weir-dam at Würzburg, which runs some distance up the middle of the river from the bridge. The canoe had to be launched on the other side of this after being taken across in a punt.

From Würzburg the river flows for about thirty

miles to the north with a slight trend to the west, till it again begins to turn south at Gemünden. On the slopes of the right bank, some two or three miles below Würzburg and opposite Zell, are situated the vineyards in which the famous *Steinwein* grows.

The scenery gradually improves till Karlstadt, a picturesque mediæval-looking town, opposite which, on the left bank, there is a fine cliff crowned by an imposing ruin. From this point onwards, especially as Gemünden is approached, the banks become more and more beautiful, and for nearly one hundred miles there is a continuous stretch of some of the finest river scenery in Europe. Gemünden, so-called because situated at the mouths of the Sinn and Saale, lies in an angle of the hills, with a picturesque ruin on the slope above the town. It would have been far pleasanter to stop here than at Lohr, the goal of this day's voyage, ten miles farther down, but doing so would have entailed the almost impossible distance of fifty-five miles to Miltenberg for the following day. Scenery more charming of its kind than that below Gemünden it would be hard to imagine. The autumn tints of the luxuriant foliage, with which the hills are covered, contrasting with the bright green strips of meadow along the water's edge, and the occasional red sandstone cliffs reflected in the clear calm surface of the broad river, produced a harmony of colouring of surpassing loveliness. A few miles below Gemünden on the left

there rise out of the woods on a lonely ridge the ruins of a castle once inhabited by robber knights. Had their only motive been a love of charming scenery, they could not have chosen a finer site for their stronghold.

The sun was about to set when the voyagers arrived at Lohr. The day had been so perfect and the scenery so lovely that their forty miles' paddle seemed to be over all too soon. The town lies some way from the river, and there is no place where a boat can be safely left. However, there happened to be a barge moored to the bank for the night, and the owner gladly undertook to take charge of the canoe till morning. The landlady of the inn, the *Post*, told her guests that in the old coaching days many of their countrymen used to stay at Lohr, making the place their headquarters for excursions to the neighbouring valleys of the Spessart Forest; but the railway had changed all that, and strangers were nowadays few and far between.

The morning of the 18th was gloriously fine. The friends paddled along briskly, enjoying to the full the charm of the scenery, as the light wreaths of mist were exhaled by the woods under the influence of the early sunbeams. Some sixteen miles below Lohr on the right bank they passed the large château of Triefenstein, the architecture of which, like that of many a German *Schloss*, is somewhat suggestive of barracks.

This defect is, however, greatly compensated for by its position in the midst of a beautiful park.

Ten miles farther down lies Wertheim, a small town of about 4000 inhabitants, situated at the mouth of the Tauber, and commanded by the red sandstone ruin of a stronghold destroyed in the Thirty Years' War. This old castle is supposed to resemble that of Heidelberg, but the likeness is certainly remote. As they regretfully drifted past this pretty town with its charming riverside inn, the voyagers thought of the many delightful days that might have been spent there had they been able to spare the time to stay. Wertheim would certainly be an ideal place for a reading party provided with a boat to pass a month or two in. About five miles farther down on the left bank there is as magnificent camping ground—extending for several miles—as the heart of the adventurer could desire. The two friends had the bad luck to land for their midday bathe and lunch just before reaching this beautiful tract.

Ten miles below Wertheim they passed the picturesque town of Stadtprozelten, with its fine old castle; and, some distance farther, a lonely ruin rising from the trees in a reach without a trace of human habitation. There is something peculiarly melancholy about a solitary ruin surrounded by waving woods, especially perhaps when seen on a bright sunny afternoon. Few sights are so suggestive of the thought *sic transit gloria mundi*.

The direction of the river here being mostly due west, the glitter of the sunlight on the water in front is so dazzling in the afternoon as to render it almost impossible to see where one is going. About nine miles above Miltenberg, however, the stream turns south, and the shade of the hills on the right bank affords a welcome relief from the glare. At the end of one of these southerly reaches there comes into view while yet a long way off one of the most beautiful places on the Main. This is Freudenberg, a small town nestling at the foot of a hill which juts out from a richly wooded valley. The front of this hill, looking towards the river, is shaped like the side of a pyramid, the apex being crowned by a ruin. From this point two old walls run down the edges of the face, thus enclosing the town at the base. The space between the walls above the town is now covered with trees.

The sun was going down as the voyagers landed at Miltenberg, the distance being forty-five miles by river from Lohr. The situation is as fine as that of any other place on the Main. The town lies in the southern angle of the river, where it turns north towards Aschaffenburg, high and richly wooded hills forming its background. Though the population is hardly 4000, the town extends for about a mile along the bank. It is a very old place, having been known to the Romans, who worked the sandstone quarries in the neighbourhood. As there seemed to be no inn near the bank, the friends left the boat

with a ferryman and made their way inland to the *Engel* hotel. As they paddled down next day they passed at the extreme end of the town a good-sized and pleasant-looking inn, the *Rose*, very conveniently situated on the bank for the voyager.

One of the crew having unfortunately to be back in England on the 21st of September, it was resolved to conclude the voyage on this the 19th at Aschaffenburg, which lies about twenty-four miles below Miltenberg. The original plan was to finish the trip at Bingen on the Rhine; but to do this would have required an extra day, the distance from Aschaffenburg being more than sixty miles. The scenery after Miltenberg begins to fall off, though Aschaffenburg itself, where the good part of the Main ends, is finely situated. This place they reached in about four hours, landing at the swimming-baths. The proprietor being a carpenter by trade and evidently a practical man, undertook to make a case for the canoe himself, and finished his task in three hours. She was accordingly despatched to England that same afternoon through an agent, and arrived safely after the unusually long period of five weeks.

That night the two friends spent at Bingen. The broad stream of the Rhine bathed in the bright moonlight was indeed a glorious sight. Next morning Cox returned by rail *viâ* Cologne to England, while the Interpreter, not being in such a hurry, took one of the Rhine steamers to Königswinter,

and passed the evening on the Drachenfels. From here he saw the sun set at six o'clock in gorgeous splendour over the plain stretching far away beyond the Rhine, while the full moon rose in unclouded beauty over the dark woods of the Seven Mountains in the east.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MOLDAU AND THE ELBE

Prague—Long hunt for the boat—Bohemian officials—The start—Kralup—Bohemian barrel-organist—Melnik—Its fine situation—Junction of the Moldau and Elbe—Leitmeritz, the garden of Bohemia—Schreckenstein—Publican's compensation bill, sixpence—Aussig, the coal-port of Bohemia—Its odious character—Sleepless night—Rain—Bodenbach—Beautiful scenery—Herrnskretschchen—Prebischthor—Schandau—Pabststein—Bastei—Pirna—Old friends—Floods—Dresden.

THE boat, as well as the crew, was the same on this voyage as that which had gone down the Danube two years before, and which navigated the Main as described in the previous chapter. Packed in a light case, the canoe was despatched in the first week of August 1888, so as to ensure her arrival at Prague by 1st September. It would probably have been well worth while starting from Budweis, more than a hundred miles farther up the Moldau; for, according to the account given by the Bohemians, the river is broad and the scenery fine all the way from there to Prague. There was, however, no time to do this, as the friends intended after reaching Dresden to send

their craft by rail to Bayreuth, and to navigate the Main from thence to its mouth—a distance of more than 300 miles. The chief difficulty in the way of rowing down the upper Moldau would be linguistic. For German would hardly be of any use in those regions, and an Englishman who speaks Bohemian fluently is rather a *rara avis*. In order to avoid being checkmated in one sense it would thus be almost necessary to be so in another¹ on such an expedition.

The freight charges for the transit of boats by the slow route seem to be very arbitrary. The charge for sending the canoe to Prague was £3:18s.; while the return journey from Aschaffenburg, a considerably shorter distance, cost upwards of £5, and that from Vienna, though several hundred miles longer, only £2:11s. The expense of sending a four to Cannstatt had been about £5; but that of transporting a pair-oar (a smaller boat) to Meiningen, a shorter distance, was more than £6. Let not these remarks be construed as a covert recommendation of the express route. Such a suspicion ought to be dispelled by the perusal of the chapter on the Danube. That route suffers from two disadvantages. It encourages the intending voyager to believe that it is more rapid than the other; while the expense is more than twice as great; that is, if an estimate has previously been obtained. But if the latter precaution be not taken, it had better be

¹ See Index.

left to men of the Jubilee Plunger type to ascertain what the charge may be.

The travellers reached Prague at about six o'clock on the morning of the 31st of August, after a railway journey from Mainz of sixteen hours, in what is probably the slowest train in Europe. Arriving in a thick drizzle after a sleepless night is not a cheerful thing. Nor was the prospect of having to hunt for the boat in ten different places calculated to raise the spirits. For Prague possesses five railway stations lying far asunder and having a goods department in a separate building belonging to each. A vast amount of trouble might have been saved by addressing the boat to any one of these stations in particular. The friends were especially unlucky in their search, not discovering the canoe till they had trudged about in the rain for over three hours. There was some consolation, however, in the fact that the station of the *Nordwestbahn*, where she was ultimately found, was by far the most conveniently situated for their purposes, being close to the bank of the river below the town.

The next thing was to settle the custom-house officials—a task calculated to try severely the temper of even a patient man. Apparently no business is transacted by them in the forenoon after 11.30. If any matter seems likely to occupy more than half an hour they refuse to take it in hand after eleven, deferring it either till the afternoon, or more likely,

till the next day. The most speedy method to attain one's ends here is to keep one's temper, but to part with two or three guldens, a coin which is said to exercise more than ordinary fascination on the mind of the official Bohemian. The latter fact was not understood by the two friends till it was too late to apply the knowledge. They would never have ventured at the time to make any offer to such distinguished-looking individuals attired in imposing uniforms. Their eyes were opened when, at the close of the business, one of these officers, who had dogged their footsteps, asked for a small gratuity in the most abject manner.

The proceedings, then, were phenomenally slow. At first there seemed to be no prospect of starting that day. However, long and persistent, though amiable expostulations, aided no doubt by curiosity, at length resulted in the opening of the case just before eleven o'clock. There was evidently a lurking suspicion that the boat was made of tin (*Blech*), but after much tapping it was officially ascertained (*constatiert*) to be of wood. It was accordingly taxed about 16s. as manufactured wood (*Holzwaare*). The next step was to adduce plausible arguments to show that the journey had not been undertaken for the special purpose of selling the canoe in Bohemia. The scepticism of the officials having at last been overcome, they affixed to one of the thwarts a small leaden disc, which, together with a docu-

ment about two feet square and covered with cabalistic signs, entitled the owners to have the amount of the duty refunded at the Saxon frontier. A necessary condition of repayment, however, seemed to be that the voyagers should land nowhere till Schandau was reached—a distance of 110 miles. This condition the friends of course undertook with alacrity to fulfil. By dint of unrelaxing perseverance the custom-house was cleared within the regulation time. The next delay was caused by the necessity of finding and paying the agent to whom the canoe was consigned. He was at last run to earth by the employment of numerous cabs.

Having donned their flannels at a small inn close at hand, the crew launched their bark at a stone stair almost opposite the station, and hoisting a small Union Jack in the bows, were actually afloat soon after half-past one. The promptitude of all their proceedings evidently surprised the custom-house officers not a little.

The rain had fortunately ceased by this time, but the sky remained overcast for the rest of the day. Owing to the boat leaking a good deal on starting she was run ashore after a mile or two and carefully rubbed all over with a cake of soap. This filled up all the cracks and kept the water out most effectually.

The Moldau is a fine broad river flowing with a steady stream of about two miles and a half an hour. The scenery is decidedly good, consisting in great part of bold rocky hills, mostly destitute of vegetation.

The distance from Prague to the junction with the Elbe below Melnik is about thirty-five miles. It can be paddled by a Canadian canoe in less than six hours, while a four-oar could easily accomplish it in five.

The only place between Prague and Melnik where it is possible to put up is Kralup, a small Czech town on the left bank, about twenty miles from Prague and just below a fine railway bridge which here spans the river. It is, however, not a convenient place for landing, as, though a boat may be left with the proprietor of the river baths, the town lies some way inland. Nor has it anything interesting or picturesque to recommend it. Between Prague and this place there are two very swift and turbulent rapids, the first about five and the second ten miles below Prague. The former looked as if it would swamp the boat, yet she managed to get through almost dry; for a Canadian canoe seems capable of riding waves of any size to be encountered on rivers, as long as she is pointed straight.

The inn at Kralup turned out to be very respectable, the cooking and the wine being surprisingly good. The landlady was the only person in the establishment who could speak German with any fluency, the head waiter having but a slight smattering of that language. The strangers were rather taken aback next morning at seeing and hearing a barrel-organist performing on his instrument outside one of the bedroom doors on the first floor. This

may, for all they know, be a common method of stimulating or satisfying the national craving for music in Bohemia.

The scenery after Kralup falls off somewhat, but improves again as Melnik is approached. As you row down a long and broad reach, which is almost straight and bordered with beautiful woods on the right bank, the view of Melnik nestling on the hillside, with its castle rising from a prominent and lofty rock, is very picturesque. The town is situated on the right bank at an angle, where the river after an easterly course of some ten miles turns due north. Any party rowing down the Moldau ought certainly to make a point of staying a night at Melnik. It is a very convenient place for landing, as a boat might be moored almost immediately below the inn. The wine of this region, too, is not to be despised. To be obliged to drift past this pretty place was indeed a disappointment. But the delays of the custom-house, combined with the shortness of the days, had necessitated a stay at Kralup on the previous night.

About two miles and a half below Melnik the Moldau divides into two arms, thus forming a good-sized island, at the other end of which its waters join those of the Elbe. The proper channel must be the extreme right of the eastern branch; but as this looked shallow at a distance, it was decided to follow the western arm. It became apparent when too late

to turn that the stream was barred by a low weir in connection with a disused mill. The boat was accordingly steered straight for it, but when half over stuck on a beam. Here she remained balancing, but at length slid over on the other side without being upset or in any way damaged. Incidents of this kind justify some anxiety, owing to the frail build of a Canadian canoe.

About a mile below the junction quite an ideal bower for a midday rest was discovered among the trees on the left bank. Here the voyagers landed, bathed, and enjoyed a hearty lunch, washed down with excellent Bohemian wine. A lounge like this on a beautiful bank is perhaps the most enjoyable part of the day on a rowing expedition.

For the distance from Melnik to Dresden, which is about a hundred miles, a crew should allow themselves at least a week. This would enable them to see all the finest parts of the Saxon Switzerland at their leisure. The best places to stay at are Leitmeritz, Tetschen or Bodenbach, Herrnskretsch and Schandau. The scenery between Melnik and Leitmeritz would be uninteresting were it not for the numerous peaks coming into view in the far distance towards the north, and reminding the voyager that he is approaching the region of the Saxon Switzerland.

At Leitmeritz the main branch of the river on the left should be followed till the swimming baths on the

right bank are reached. Here a boat can be left in charge of the *Bademeister*, who will also take good care of any other property that may be entrusted to him. For these services he will consider a florin a princely reward. None of the hotels are near the river. The *Krebs*, which is close to the market-place and was chosen by the two friends, is probably the best. It would be a pity to leave Leitmeritz without climbing one of the hills near Kundraitz, as a fine view of the surrounding country and of the winding course of the Elbe can be obtained from them. The ascent does not occupy more than an hour, the greater part of the distance leading through the pleasant orchards which surround Leitmeritz, and which have caused the district to be called the Paradise of Bohemia.

Leitmeritz lies just within the border of the German-speaking part of Bohemia, which occupies the north-western regions of that country, and may be marked off from the Czech-speaking portion by a line drawn from Reichenberg through Leitmeritz, Saatz, and Pilsen, to Furth on the Bavarian frontier.

A start was made soon after noon, the day being both threatening and chilly. A few miles farther down, at Lobositz, the river turned due north, in the very teeth of the wind, which being unusually strong rendered the broad expanse of the river lumpy and greatly retarded the progress of the canoe. The

banks nearly all the way to Aussig, about twelve miles, especially the last half of the distance, are very beautiful. The clouds were lowering all day as the voyagers paddled hard against the wind. But scenery such as you here pass through looks perhaps more impressive under the frown of heaven than in the bright sunshine of a cloudless sky.

On the right bank, about a mile above Aussig, there comes into view a fine old ruined castle, most appropriately named the Schreckenstein, which is perched on a beetling crag overhanging the river. It should not be passed without a visit, which need not occupy more than half an hour. There is, as is usual in Germany at least, a restaurant affiliated to the ruin. Those who, like the two canoeists, are in too great a hurry to eat or drink anything there are charged a fee for visiting the place. They are not allowed to practise what the Germans call *Localsehnderei*¹ with impunity. Landing at the foot of the rock is not quite easy, owing to the swiftness of the stream at this point and the shallowness of the water on a stone dam which runs parallel with the right bank for some distance. The railway must then be crossed, and the vigilance of an official who is posted there eluded.

¹ This is a technical term of restaurant life which implies sitting in the premises for a prolonged period without ordering any refreshment. A very near approach to this breach of good form was made by the man who on entering a *Wirthshaus* with a large family, and being asked by the waiter what he wished to order, replied, "One glass of beer and eight chairs."

Hardly had the two strangers stepped across the rails when this lynx-eyed guardian hurried up with as much speed as was compatible with his dignity, and informed them in a tone of great severity that it was strictly forbidden (*streng verboten*) to cross the line. The Interpreter endeavoured to turn away the wrath of the irate official by asking some rather irrelevant questions; but the latter knew nothing about the distance to Aussig nor anything at all connected with the river; in fact his knowledge was solely limited to the rule that it was strictly forbidden (*streng verboten*) to cross the rails.

Aussig extends for a considerable distance along the left bank of the Elbe. It is the great coal harbour of Bohemia. Huge barges are moored a long way down the bank, and lines of railway trucks are drawn up in front of them continually disgorging their swartly contents. Bohemian coal seems to be of a peculiarly soft and grimy nature. All travellers by rail in those regions must have noticed the dense volumes of brown smoke which issue from the funnels of the locomotives, and the vast size of the blacks coming through any window that may have been left open in an unguarded moment. It will, therefore, be readily believed that Aussig is far and away the ugliest port of Seaboard Bohemia. Baedeker makes a sly hit at the place when he advises travellers "who happen to be detained here" to visit a certain point in the neighbourhood.

The two voyagers were obliged to land at Aussig owing to the approach of darkness. They put up at the Steamboat Hotel, choosing this because its nearness to the landing-slip enabled them to convey the canoe with ease to the shelter of the yard. They had good reason to repent their choice. Half an hour in bed convinced them that this inn, as regards the night at least, is situated in the noisiest spot in Europe. Goods trains were being shunted about and kept sounding dismal bells at short intervals all night long; and at a very early hour trucks began ceaselessly discharging torrents of coal immediately below the hotel windows. The fact that it blew great guns all night, and that the windows in consequence rattled incessantly, made little or no difference under the circumstances. Nor did the Interpreter derive any advantage from passing the night, by way of experiment, on an air-bed, laid out on the floor, which he had brought with him for camping purposes on the Main. Future navigators of the Elbe, who happen to have read these lines, will know how to treat Aussig and especially the Steamboat Hotel.

The would-be sleepers rose unrefreshed. The wind had abated, but the rain was coming down in torrents. A start was made at half-past eight, when it looked something like clearing. The friends would gladly have shaken the coal-dust from off their feet before departing, but there was only grimy mud. This

they wiped off. Their hopes as to the rain were not to be fulfilled. In about half an hour it recommenced coming down, and poured steadily for the rest of the day without a break.

In two hours Tetschen was reached. On the opposite bank lies Bodenbach, beautifully situated on the slope of a high and thickly wooded hill. Even the heavy rain could not mar the beauty of the scenery, which from here onwards is far finer than anything between this point and Prague. The large amount of moisture in the air had in fact brought out the varied shades of green in the landscape with unusual vividness. The friends here allowed themselves to drift down with the stream, looking regretfully at the many inns on both sides, so charmingly situated close to the river's brink—ideal spots for voyagers to land and spend the night.

Reluctantly resuming their paddles, they continued on their way through an almost uninhabited region. The river here grows narrower, flowing between high defiles clothed with a dense growth of pine-wood. These forests furnish trees for enormous rafts, several of which were passed moored along the banks. The bright yellow of the Elbe, the dark green of the woods, and the sombre grey of the sky formed a striking combination of colour.

At half-past twelve Herrnskretschén came in sight, a small place on the right bank with a large hotel situated close to the water's edge. There

is an excellent landing-place here in a small side-stream at the very foot of the hotel. Being anxious to visit the Prebischthor, which is only an hour's walk from here, the canoeists decided on making this their halting stage for the night. A four hours' drenching, too, appeared to be sufficient for one day. The luggage, which was covered with a waterproof sheet in the middle of the boat, had, it was a comfort to know, remained perfectly dry.

After changing and lunching at the *Herrenhaus*, as the hotel is called, the friends started for the Prebischthor in a perfect downpour of rain, which, however, did not cause much inconvenience. The road, winding through the forest all the way, is very beautiful. The green of the mosses and ferns, which grow here in extreme luxuriance, had assumed that almost dazzling brilliance which is only to be seen on gloomy days after long-continued rain. There was hardly any view at the top owing to the thick mist, which only partially cleared away before the strangers left. This height is, however, well worth ascending, if only to see the huge natural arch of stone, which the visitor can pass over as well as under. The formation of the rocks rising around in isolated pinnacles of great altitude is very remarkable, and represents best what is most typical of the scenery of the Saxon Switzerland.

The voyagers were up early to look out on one of the most lovely mornings they had ever seen. The sky

was cloudless, and there was that keen crispness in the air which is only felt after heavy rain has cleared away. Having breakfasted in the open air, they embarked soon after eight. The river, on the surface of which there was not a ripple, looked perfect in the slanting rays of the early sun, which left the dark pine-woods on the right in misty shadow. There is perhaps nothing like a bright fresh autumn morning to make one feel the "fierce joy of living" in its full extent.

Schandau being reached in an hour—alas! too soon—the boat was left at the swimming-baths some way above the steamboat pier. There are at Schandau several large hotels with pleasant gardens in front, and close to the river bank. Crossing in a ferry-boat to the opposite bank, the friends set off for the Pabststein, to which a walk through open sandy country brought them in an hour and a half. There is a fine view of the surrounding region from this height, but, strange to say, the Elbe is almost, if not quite, invisible. They got back to Schandau only just in time to catch the Austrian officials before the custom-house closed at half-past twelve. The amount refunded seemed to be somewhat in excess of the sum paid at Prague; but the two friends held their peace, and said in their hearts the thing could not be.

Leaving Schandau at 2.30 they paddled hard, passing by the twin heights of the Lilienstein and

Königstein, between which the river flows, till they reached Wehlen about four o'clock. They were occasionally delayed by passing steamboats, which are among the worst enemies of Canadian canoes. The latter will, it is true, ride out the largest steamer waves with impunity if lying to stem on. But it would be fatal to take such waves broadside. It is even hazardous to continue paddling when pointing straight, as the canoe in that case comes down on the next wave with a splash, ships a quantity of water over the bows, and runs the risk of being swamped outright.

At Wehlen the voyagers again left their bark in charge at the river baths, and hurried off to visit the beautiful Uttewaldengrund with its Devil's kitchen, thence ascending to the Bastei. The view from this height of the river below is magnificent. There was, however, not much time to enjoy the charm of the scenery, it being necessary to hasten back to Wehlen, so as to reach Pirna before darkness set in. For an old German schoolfellow of the Interpreter—one of the two who had shared his boating adventures on the Werra in boyhood—now a flourishing young physician at Pirna—was expecting the cruisers at half-past six. With five and a half miles still left to do they started off at 6.20, when the sun was about to set, and, straining every nerve, managed the distance in exactly forty minutes. They had never paddled as fast as this in their lives, for this

was at the rate of eight and a quarter miles an hour. They found their friend waiting for them in the gathering shadows at the river baths. This meeting after many years was celebrated that night in what to some Philistines might have appeared immoderate potations of Rhine wine.

Their host, with his young wife and two little boys, next morning escorted his friends down to the landing-place. It was rather startling to find that the river had risen about ten feet during the night, so that the baths, which were close to the bank on the previous evening, were now far out in the stream, and could only be reached by means of a punt. Having carefully packed the canoe, and waving their farewells to their friends on the shore, the voyagers soon committed their bark to the now turbulent stream. The boys, who were greatly pleased with the two little English flags fixed in the bows and stern, which fluttered merrily in the breeze, kept looking after them till they vanished from sight.

The cause of the sudden rise in the river, which flooded the banks all the way to Dresden, was an unusually heavy fall of rain in Bohemia. Dresden was reached in considerably under two hours' easy paddling, though the distance is about twelve miles. The terrace of Helbig's well-known restaurant was under water, and, as it turned out afterwards, a large number of tables and chairs had been carried away by the surging waves. The stream had become so swift

that all bathing had been put a stop to in the swimming-baths. This sort of thing is said to occur frequently at Dresden. The canoe was with some difficulty brought to a standstill at one of the river baths, and thence without loss of time packed off to the goods station and despatched to Bayreuth. The crew thus hoped to be able to start down the Main on their homeward voyage in four days' time.

CHAPTER IX

THE DANUBE

“ Wenn ich dann zu Nacht alleine
Dichtend in die Wellen schau’,
Steigt beim blanken Mondenscheine
Auf die schmucke Wasserfrau
Aus der Donau,
Aus der schönen, blauen Donau.”—BECK.

Raison d'être of this voyage—A Canadian canoe despatched—The crew reach Donaueschingen—Non-arrival of the boat—False alarm and strange coincidence—The “Source of the Danube”—A week's delay—The start—Obstructions on the Danube before Ulm—Camp near Geisingen—Immendingen—Mysterious disappearance of most of the water of the Danube—Tuttlingen—Magnificent scenery between Mühlheim and Sigmaringen—Bath Rock—Beuron—Belated—Stop at Thiergarten—Sigmaringen—Its beautiful situation—Dangerous rapids at Scheer—Camp near Mengen—Sleepless night—Toil-some day—Surprised by darkness—Narrow escape at the mouth of the Iller—Dangerous bridge and landing—Ulm reached at last in safety—The Danube navigable below Ulm—Characteristics of the river—Monotonous scenery—Dillingen—Blenheim—Donauwörth—Neuburg—Ingolstadt—Excursion to Munich—Pforingen, where the Nibelungen crossed the Danube—Roman camp of Abusina—Beautiful scenery near Weltenburg and Kelheim—The Befreiungshalle—Regensburg—Narrow escape from being swamped below bridge—The Walhalla—Straubing—Tortuousness and sluggishness of the river

here—Bogen—Deggendorf—The Bavarian Forest—Vilshofen—Rocks in the river—Passau—Its beautiful situation—Grand scenery between Passau and Linz—Austrian custom-house at Engelhartzell—Linz—Grein—The Strudel—The Wirbel—Dangerous navigation—Mahrbach—Peculiar ferry-boats—Monastery of Melk—Dürrenstein, the prison of Richard I.—Stein—The Interpreter finishes the voyage alone—Risky navigation—Arrives in safety below his hotel at Vienna.

AT the end of September 1886 Vienna was to be the meeting-place of a congress which the Interpreter was anxious to attend. It occurred to him that for a man of his tastes the pleasantest way of reaching that capital would be to paddle down the Danube from a place as near the source as possible. He soon found a companion for the projected expedition in the person of the oarsman who, two years before, had held the post of Honorary Chaplain on the Neckar, the Rhine, and the Moselle. After a good deal of deliberation Donaueschingen in the Grand Duchy of Baden was fixed upon as the starting-point. A Canadian canoe purchased by the Interpreter the year before was selected as the most suitable craft for a voyage beginning so close to the source of the great river. That frail bark was therefore packed in a light wooden case and despatched by the express route on the 19th of August. This, according to the statement of the agents, would ensure her arrival at her destination within eight days at an estimated cost of £6:10s. The friends had at first intended to take the canoe with them as luggage, but having discovered when rather late that this would be im-

possible, had resolved to send her the quick and expensive way, so as to be certain of finding her on reaching Donaueschingen. This arrangement, as will be seen, they found to be a complete failure.

It was with light hearts that they steamed out of Victoria Station on the evening of 1st September, hoping to launch the *Flora* on the 3rd. What was, then, their chagrin, on their arrival to find no sign of their boat. By a complication of telegrams to London, Mannheim, and Cologne they at last succeeded in ascertaining the bare fact that she had already passed through the latter city. But as to when she was likely to reach Donaueschingen they had in the meantime to content themselves with conjectures. They at first found some excitement in going to meet every goods train that came in, but repeated failure soon caused this amusement to pall. At length late on the second night their hopes rose to a high pitch when the station-master hastening up to them, said, "Your boats have arrived." "Our boat, you mean," said the Interpreter, correcting him. "No," replied the official, "your boats have arrived." His positiveness naturally suggested that though the canoe had come she had turned up in two pieces. The anguish caused by such reflections gave place to amazement at the sight of two ordinary canoes lying on the platform. The friends could hardly believe their eyes, and at first inclined to the suspicion that for their own smart craft these two vessels of a baser

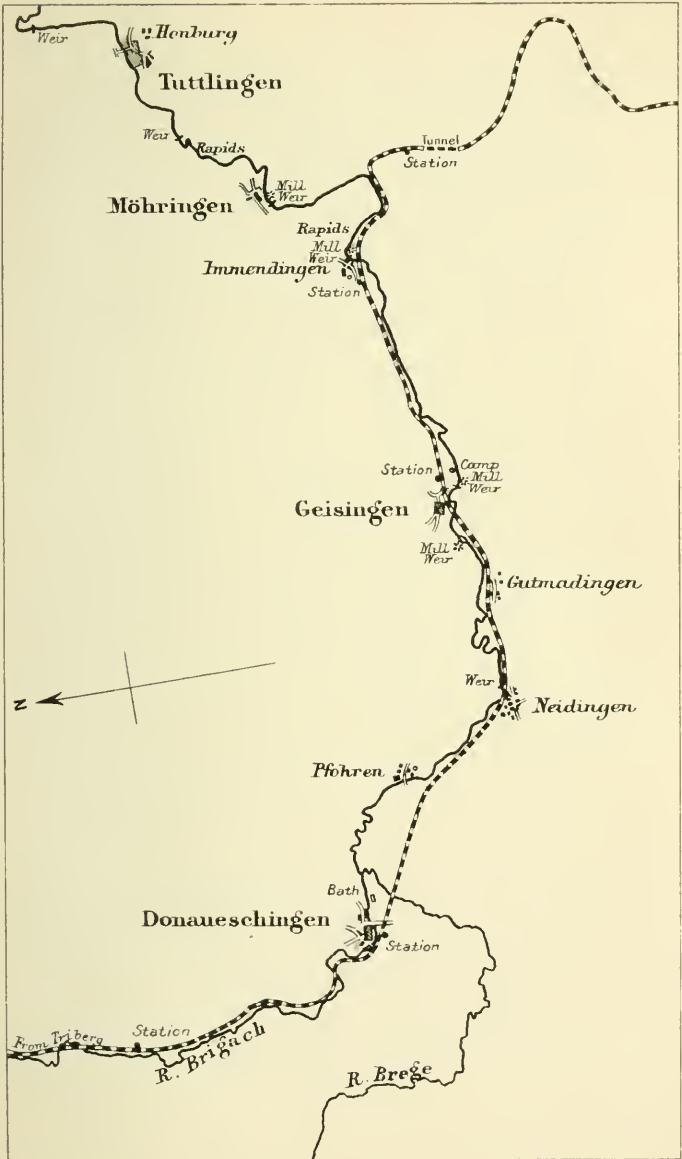
sort had been substituted by some unknown but malignant machinator. The mystery was, however, soon cleared up. The canoes turned out to belong to two Hamburgers, who by a strange coincidence—for no boat had arrived at Donaueschingen for several years past—had fixed on this place as the starting-point of a similar expedition at exactly the same time as the two Englishmen. The latter after this incident became callous, and making the best of the delay, undertook various excursions from day to day into the neighbouring regions. Of one evening walk from Triberg to Hornberg in the Black Forest, and of another from the Falls of the Rhine to Neuhausen along the left bank of the river in the bright moonlight, they will long retain pleasant memories.

Donaueschingen is a nice little town situated on the banks of the Brigach, a small stream rising in the Black Forest, and flowing down the valley traversed by the railway from Triberg. Below the windows of the *Schützenhof*, the hotel at which the two friends stayed, this little river is not more than six or eight inches deep; but about a mile and a half farther, where it is joined by the Brege, a slightly larger stream, the volume of water is already considerable. The Danube really begins at the junction, but the Princes of Fürstenberg have endeavoured to anticipate the name by 2000 yards. For they have christened as the "Source of the Danube" a spring of beautifully clear water which

rises in the grounds of their palace at Donaueschingen. This spring, enclosed in a stone basin, is connected with the Brigach by means of an underground conduit about a hundred yards in length. The palace contains some interesting art and other collections, besides a good library. The chief treasure of the latter is one of the three best extant manuscripts of the *Nibelungenlied*. The librarian pointed out among other curiosities an oriental manuscript, written in a character to which he had hitherto been unable to obtain any clue.

There is a good swimming-bath in the park. This the two friends had all to themselves, as the water had been too cold for the natives during the past fortnight or three weeks.

Innumerable pilgrimages to the station were at last rewarded on the eighth day by the glad tidings that the canoe had actually arrived. She was unpacked without further loss of time and launched at some stone steps immediately below the bridge and close to the hotel. A preliminary paddle having shown her to be practically uninjured by the long journey, her crew embarked on their adventurous voyage within three hours of her arrival. A thunder-shower, which happened to come on at the time, did not deter a large proportion of the population from remaining to witness their departure. The rain soon passed off, giving place to a glorious evening. The great clearness of the stream, as it swiftly flowed over



the shingly bottom, gave it the appearance of being too shallow even for a canoe. There was, however, enough water and to spare. Below the confluence the infant Danube already seemed quite a good-sized river, and at the village of Pforen, only three miles from Donaueschingen, it had spread itself out to such an extent as to resemble a lake rather than an insignificant stream still 2000 miles from its mouth.

Some miles farther down, near Neidingen, occurred the first weir, the crossing at which presented no difficulties, as the bank was low and grassy. At Gutmadingen, where a striking Romanesque building attracts the attention, the river winds considerably with a broad and smooth stream. The scenery here is fine, the entire horizon being an unbroken line of hills partly wooded with fir. A glassy reach some distance above Geisingen indicated that an obstruction of some kind was near at hand. This turned out to be a mill, where the river divided, the second branch flowing to a weir. It was a bad enough place for transporting even a canoe, to say nothing of a heavier boat. The miller, who it soon appeared had been five years in America, and was glad to have an opportunity of airing his "English," informed the canoeists that two Americans had some weeks before gone down the Danube from Donaueschingen on a raft, which they had spent no less than five hours in dragging across at this particular point.

What a time they must have had with the twenty-five weirs and mills of the Upper Danube before reaching the unobstructed waters in the region of Ulm! For there are no sluices here, as on the Werra, for the passage of rafts, this not being a forest tract. A pair-oar is probably the largest kind of rowing boat capable of navigating the Danube above Sigmaringen; but its crew would have to do a good deal of wading in the shallows below Immenlingen and to be very careful in the rocky region of rapids below Mühlheim. They would also find the portage very irksome. Nor is there much pleasure in rowing where there are many rapids. For these being generally near one bank or the other necessitate the continual shipping of the oars, which run some risk of being broken or injured in the process. A Canadian canoe is by far the most satisfactory kind of craft in such upper waters, because all the crew see where they are going, and can keep close to the bank without shifting their paddles. That the Upper Danube must abound in rapids is evident from the fact that the fall in the first 120 miles, the distance between Donaueschingen and Ulm, is upwards of 1000 feet, being an average of eight feet four inches per mile.

The voyagers had now accomplished a distance of about ten miles, a steady three hours' paddle from Donaueschingen. As it was by this time growing dark, they resolved on stopping to buy some

necessary provisions at Geisingen, and afterwards encamping a short way farther down. The Interpreter accordingly trudged a good distance up into the village, and, after sundry wanderings in the dusk, discovered the abode of a cheeseman (*Käser*) named Schwartz, who sold him as much in the way of milk, butter, and eggs as he wanted. He was rather surprised at the small amount of attention he attracted among the human inhabitants; but the commotion he caused among the dogs of the village was proportionately great, some of them being only with difficulty restrained from taking undue liberties with his calves.

The two friends then paddled some hundred yards beyond the village in splendid moonlight, when the sound of rushing waters ahead warned them to land. The noise proceeded from a paddle-weir connected with a mill. A few yards above this they ran ashore, pulling the canoe up on the bank. A sort of encampment was extemporised by spreading the waterproof canvas cover of the boat on the grass, arranging the three cushions thereon, and turning the canoe half over so as to form a kind of shelter on one side. Having prepared supper, and afterwards played a game of Nap, the campers, at about eleven o'clock, turned in—if the term can be applied to sleeping with nothing but the starry heavens above your head—by wrapping themselves in their blankets and stretching themselves at full length, feet to feet. The moon,

now almost full, for some hours traversed an almost cloudless sky. The view of the distant hills skirting the plain, on which the rather wakeful sleepers lay, looked quite beautiful as the far-off heights stood out bathed in the hazy and silvery light. A mist gradually crept up, which after a time grew so dense as to shroud everything from view save the star-spangled sky above. Neither of the friends managed to get much sleep, partly owing to the hardness of the ground, but chiefly because it sloped too much in a lateral direction, as they discovered too late.

They arose at half-past five to find their blankets perfectly white with rime. Cox now repaired to the village to procure bread and milk, while the Interpreter sponged out the canoe and varnished her outside, as she had shown signs of leaking slightly the night before. It would have been a better plan to rub her carefully over with a cake of soap, since varnish takes so long to dry.

Soon after eight o'clock the sun came out hot, quickly dispelling the mist and drying the blankets, which were soaked with dew. The morning had now become delightfully warm and bright, while the river was as smooth as glass. Having breakfasted at their leisure, so as to allow the varnish to dry, the voyagers started off again shortly before ten o'clock. After a mile or so they stuck for the first time in a shallow rapid under a small wooden bridge, and were compelled to get out and wade for some distance.

At Immendingen, which they reached in an hour's time, they had a long and tedious portage, occupying fully half an hour. Their labours were somewhat lightened by a small truck on two wheels which they had brought with them from England for such emergencies. To this the stern of the canoe was attached, while her crew pulled her along by the bows. A student of Indian literature on seeing this contrivance might well have regarded it as specially designed to disprove a Hindoo proverb which, to illustrate the futility of attempting the impossible, asserts that a cart cannot go on water, nor a boat on dry land.

After Immendingen there came into view on the right some fine wooded hills, which looked particularly grand under the dark clouds of an impending thunderstorm. In this beautiful reach occurred the first real rapid with rough waves. Down this the *Flora* gaily sped to the accompaniment of a loud thunder-clap. Had Faust been a man of boating tastes and experienced that exhilarating rush, he would assuredly have sealed his fate by saying to that moment, "Delay awhile, thou art so fair." The storm now burst and drenched the two friends to the skin before they could reach the shelter of some trees on the bank. When the torrent had ceased they emptied the canoe, which was already half full of water, and proceeded on their way.

Now began a series of extremely shallow rapids, which necessitated continual wading. For the Danube

in the neighbourhood of Immendingen suddenly and mysteriously dwindles into a stream which is shallower and more insignificant than the Brigach at Donaueschingen. This is due to a great part of its water escaping through fissures in the soil. Experiments with dyes are said to have established the fact that the waters thus disappearing give rise, by a subterranean channel, to the Aach, a tributary of the Rhine flowing towards the south. There may thus some day be an opportunity for a modern Sinbad the Sailor to make an underground voyage of discovery.

In the region between Immendingen and Thiergarten several of those curious roofed wooden bridges occur, which are also to be seen on the upper course of the Neckar. There are a good many points of similarity between the higher parts of these two rivers, as is indeed natural, considering that their sources lie very close together on the watershed of the Black Forest.

Just above a village named Möhringen occurred what is probably the worst of the twenty-five crossings on the Upper Danube. The labour of the portage was, however, greatly lessened by five men who willingly lent a helping hand. After this followed a succession of shallows, which involved renewed wading, the monotony of this drudgery being relieved only by the excitement of a magnificent rapid before the next mill was reached. The excitement of course depended chiefly on the uncertainty as to whether the

canoe would be ripped up by a stone or a snag during her downward rush.

The river as it approaches Tuttlingen becomes very broad, but at the same time so uniformly shallow as to barely float a canoe in any part of the channel. Though it was only just five o'clock in the afternoon the two friends decided on stopping here in order to ensure a good night's rest, this being the only place for a long distance at which there was any prospect of obtaining even tolerable quarters.

The town of Tuttlingen is built close up to the river, with side streets coming down to the bank. Opposite one of these the canoeists landed at a kind of jetty frequented by washerwomen. Cox now ran up to the *Post* in the market-place and soon brought back the boots (*Hausknecht*) with a hand-truck. On this the boat was transported to the inn with as much expedition as the denseness of the crowd which had assembled in the interval would allow.

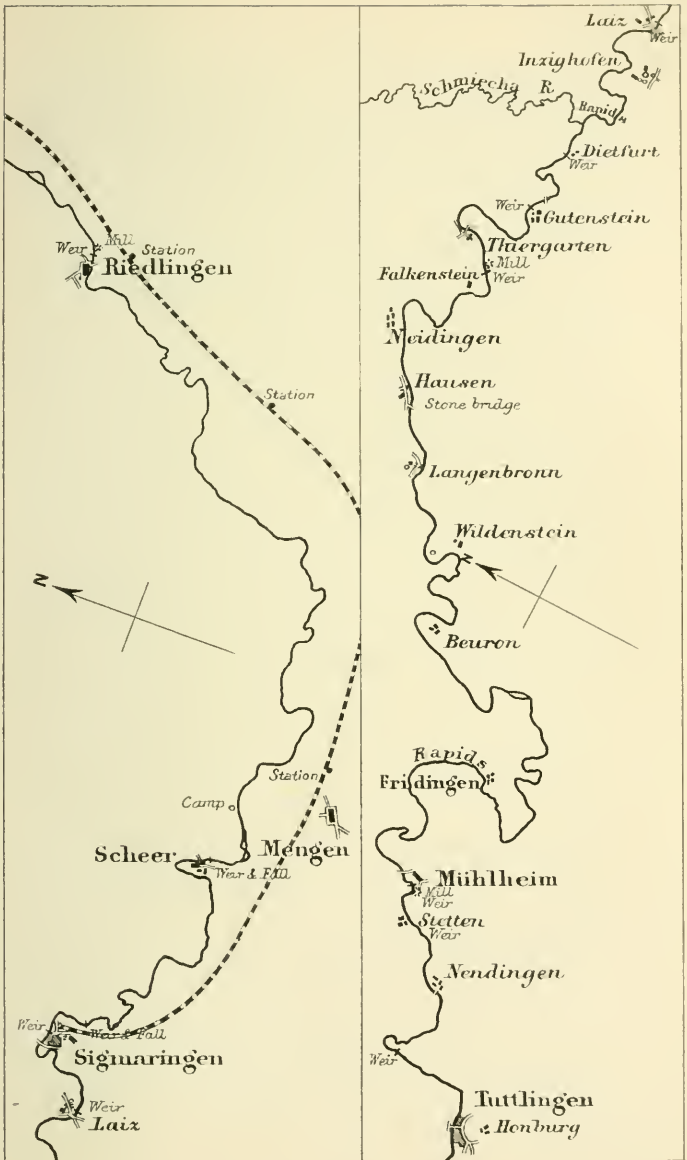
As the canoe had still shown signs of leaking slightly in the course of the day, the Interpreter, before turning in, varnished her afresh in the shed where she was housed. The night was beautifully clear, and the quaint old market-place looked wonderfully picturesque in the bright light of the moon.

The ruins of the neighbouring castle of Honburg, destroyed in the Thirty Years' War, would have been well worth visiting next morning for the good view which it commands. The voyagers found no

time for this, having the prospect of a long day of thirty-seven miles, presumably with many obstructions, before them, as they were anxious to reach Sigmaringen by nightfall. They were accordingly afloat by seven o'clock, and paddled briskly down a fine reach to the next weir. The mist still lay on the river, unfortunately hiding from view what was evidently a fine wooded ridge on the right bank.

The valley of the Danube between Mühlheim and Sigmaringen, a distance of about thirty miles, can boast of scenery which is probably as magnificent as that of any river in Europe. The only part of the Danube itself which can compare with it is that between Passau and Linz; but most of those who have seen both will probably agree in giving the preference to this region of the Upper Danube. The river here winds through narrow rocky gorges, in which grey crags, rising precipitously to a great height, alternate with woods of the most luxuriant growth. A road follows the Danube all the way from Sigmaringen to Tuttlingen; but this, besides the drawback of passing through eight tunnels, labours under the disadvantage of affording but a one-sided view. The full beauty of the scenery can only be enjoyed from the river itself. That is perhaps the reason why it does not enjoy the reputation it deserves.

For some distance below Mühlheim the course of the river is a perpetual series of rapids over and between rocks and boulders. On one occasion the



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Kilometres

canoe was by the merest accident carried down exactly between two ugly rocks under the surface and only just far enough apart to admit of her passing. Had she struck, she would have been irreparably damaged, the voyage thus coming to a premature end on its third day.

Two or three miles above Beuron the friends stopped for their midday rest in a reach of the most enchanting beauty. Opposite them in the middle of the river lay a fine large rock overgrown at the top with grass and a few shrubs and small trees, and surrounded with deep still water. Round this they swam many times in the deliciously cool river, which was doubly refreshing in the fierce rays of the noontide sun. Hitherto no doubt anonymous, it now received the name of the Bath Rock. Lovely though this spot was, the friends could not help admitting that it was surpassed in magnificence by a broad lake-like reach of which they came in sight a few hundred yards lower down. The water here was like a mirror and of such depth as to assume a beautiful bluish-green tinge—like that of the Danube below Weltenburg—at the foot of a cliff rising sheer to a great height, and reminding one rather of a rocky precipice on a sea-coast than the bank of a river still so near its source.

About eighteen miles from Tuttlingen lies the monastery of Beuron on the right bank of the river. As there is an excellent inn here, it would be a

capital place even for pedestrians to make their headquarters with a view to exploring the rare beauties of the Danube. It would be a very paradise to the British landscape painter in search of lovely river scenery. Were it but always brilliant summer weather as it then was, how easily could such men there begin to forget their native land and say—

“Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.”

A mile and a half beyond Beuron is the castle of Wildenstein on the right bank, and about the same distance farther on the village of Langenbronn, dominated by the old *château* of Wernwag, the view from which is said to be very fine. At the top there is the inevitable inn, which in this case is described as being excellent.

Another mile and a half farther down lies Hausen, where an old ruin rises on a height and the Danube is spanned by a stone bridge.

Near the ruin of the Falkenstein, three miles and a half lower down, the voyagers came to a weir involving a very long portorage, in which they were glad of the help of two very friendly natives. As it was now growing dark and Sigmaringen was still ten miles off, all hope of reaching that town was given up, and Thiergarten, a small place hardly a mile farther on, was fixed on for that night's resting-place. To get even thus far was bad enough, owing to the

rapids on the way and the numerous rocks scattered about the river-bed. However, Thiergarten was at last reached in safety nearly an hour and a half after sunset. On the bridge crossing the river here the forms of two or three men could be dimly made out in the darkness. Being hailed, they hurried down with great alacrity to the shingly beach, where the canoe had been run ashore. One of these men took a long time to get over his surprise at this occurrence, which was, he said, an exact repetition of what had happened three or four nights before. At the identical hour, as he was then leaning over the parapet, voices had addressed him from the dark surface of the water below, asking whether the place was Thiergarten. These were the voices of the two Hamburgers, who had also been belated, and one of whom having upset a short way above had arrived in a woeful plight.

Locking the canoe up in a shed hard by, the two friends made their way up to the inn, which was also close to the bridge. They found it to be very primitive but sufficient for their modest wants.

On the following morning, which was fresh, bright, and free from mist, they were afloat again by half-past seven. After passing many rapids and two weirs, they stopped on the right bank, which was still saturated with dew, at a point nearly opposite a railway station where the Schmiecha runs into the Danube, and enjoyed a most invigorating bathe in

the smooth deep water of this short reach. Some way farther on the river turns to the right, flowing past high bare grey cliffs. In one of the rapids here the canoe stuck and was strained, but fortunately got off again without any more serious damage. Below the weir at the village of Laiz the stream widens out into a broad calm expanse of water without any perceptible current, and resembling a beautiful lake. The wooded southern shore of the Danube, which rises steeply from the water's edge, is charmingly laid out and forms the park of Inzighofen. This combination of mountain, wood, and flood produces a very lovely effect.

At Sigmaringen, which lies at the end of this splendid reach, the voyagers arrived under the broiling midday sun. Leaving the *Flora* at the swimming-baths, which they found completely deserted, they walked up through the town, carrying their paddles in their hands, to the *Deutsche Haus*, where they had intended to pass the previous night. The Interpreter had corresponded with the landlady before leaving England, having at first thought of beginning the voyage at this point.

There are few towns so beautifully situated on a river as Sigmaringen, with its castle crowning a rock which rises abruptly from the Danube on a small peninsula formed by a curve of the river. Though its population is less than 4000, its many important-looking public buildings give it quite the appearance

of a small capital. This it practically is, being the residence of the princes of Hohenzollern.

The palace contains an excellent museum and a good picture gallery, representing chiefly the early German school of painting. Taken all in all, there is probably no town in Germany which would prove so charming as the headquarters of a reading party, especially if they were provided with a boat. The latter, it is almost needless to say, could not be obtained at Sigmaringen itself, but an arrangement might no doubt easily be made with the leading boat-builder at Frankfort-on-the-Main to send one there. The best method of doing this would be to take Frankfort on the way and select a suitable craft on the spot. The distance to Sigmaringen being short, the transit would not occupy more than three or four days. This plan would be far cheaper than sending a boat out from England. Not only would the cost of the journey be saved, but also the amount of hire for the additional six or seven weeks required for transmission to and from Germany.

After an excellent *table d'hôte* at the *Deutsche Haus* the crew of the *Flora* re-embarked soon after two o'clock and almost immediately shot the centre arch of the stone bridge. This was attended with some risk, as the river just above takes a sudden turn to the left and flows through with a great rush. Then curving round the castle rock it forms a

peninsula, near the neck of which is a weir. The crossing here was very easy, the bank being low and grassy.

The beautiful scenery ceases at Sigmaringen. With the exception of the magnificent break between Weltenburg and Kelheim, the banks of the Danube from this point onwards are comparatively tame and uninteresting till Vilshofen, some fifteen miles above Passau, is approached.

At Sigmaringen the railway from the north enters the valley of the Danube and more or less follows the course of the river—the length of which owing to its windings is greater—for a distance of about thirty-six miles, as far as Ehingen.

About a mile beyond Sigmaringen there is right across the river a low weir over which it flows with a fall of about three feet. This the *Flora* shot beautifully, shipping only a small quantity of water over the bows as they plunged into the stream below.

At the small town of Scheer the Danube forms a loop, near the end of which a long, high, and steep weir is built straight across the river. It being impossible to carry the boat over the bank, which is faced with a high wall all along, the crew found it necessary to get out and, wading close to the base of the wall, to lower the canoe gently over the weir by means of the towing-rope into the stream at the bottom. Then clambering cautiously down the slimy surface

and wading some distance in the swift rapid below, the Interpreter managed to scramble into the bows, when the water was already up to his waist. Cox meanwhile having clung on with all his might behind, and only just able to retain his foothold, then with great agility leaped on to the stern, like a horseman into his saddle—no mean feat to accomplish under the circumstances without upsetting the boat. The *Flora* now sped down a succession of rough rapids till she disappeared from the view of the large crowd which had assembled to witness the performance from the bridge. Having thus escaped unscathed, they now ran ashore to exchange places, the canoe having turned round in the rapid below the weir, and to empty out the water they had shipped while vaulting into their seats. As it was a fine evening and no town of any size was within easy reach, they had resolved on camping out that night. This would also enable them to start next morning early enough to reach Ulm by nightfall—no trifling undertaking considering the distance was upwards of fifty miles with many obstructions on the way. It was already growing dusk, so they decided to stop on the left bank, almost opposite the town of Mengen, which is situated at a considerable distance from the right bank of the Danube.

A more comfortable encampment than that of the previous occasion was made by turning the boat over and fixing the ends in the sides of a trench-like

depression which happened to be in the ground. This formed a roof resembling that of a cabin and high enough to admit of the crew sitting upright underneath. The waterproof sheet was spread below, the red sail stretched across one side to do duty as a wall, and the lamp lit and suspended from one of the thwarts. While the Interpreter was making some of these arrangements Cox had trudged across the plain to a village some half-mile distant for the purpose of buying milk, butter, eggs, and bread. His solitary figure, clad in uncouth garments, and suddenly emerging from the region of the river naturally attracted a considerable part of the juvenile population, which began to follow him on his return. However, by dint of the hideous grimaces and terrifying antics which he displayed as he turned to bay in the increasing gloom, he finally scared away even the boldest spirits, and thus saved the lonely camp from molestation. The two friends were therefore able to enjoy their evening meal in peace and quiet on the solitary plain. In the warm red light produced by the sail the extemporised cabin looked wonderfully cozy. The perfect stillness of the night was broken only by the gentle murmur of the river and the trumpeting of the indefatigable mosquito. The moon having risen full-orbed and red, bathed the river and the surrounding country in her cloudless radiance for the rest of the night.

After a game of Nap the campers laid themselves

down to rest; but sleep resolutely refused to steep their senses in forgetfulness. This was no doubt chiefly due to the cramped position in which they were obliged to lie, the space below the canoe not admitting of both stretching themselves at full length, while the breadth available was but two feet and a half, the grass saturated with dew being beyond. The attentions of the mosquitoes, besides the chilliness of the night and the brilliance of the moonlight, must also have contributed their share to this unpleasant result. The two friends thus enjoyed the doubtful privilege of observing for once in their lives the moon traverse the cloudless heavens from her rise in the east to her setting in the west.

The would-be sleepers arose at five, and after a good breakfast with an excellent cup of strong tea, felt perfectly fresh again in spite of their unbroken wakefulness. It is surprising how little sleep one seems to need when spending all night and day in the open air. Even complete sleeplessness, as in the present case, makes very little difference on the following day compared with what it would do in ordinary indoor life.

Embarking at seven the voyagers found the river flowing with a strong current and sweeping round the curves in a succession of rough rapids. The more or less uniform pace of the stream in this part is due to the regulation of the river-bed and the absence of any obstruction till Riedlingen, a place more than

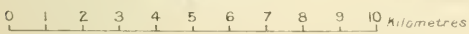
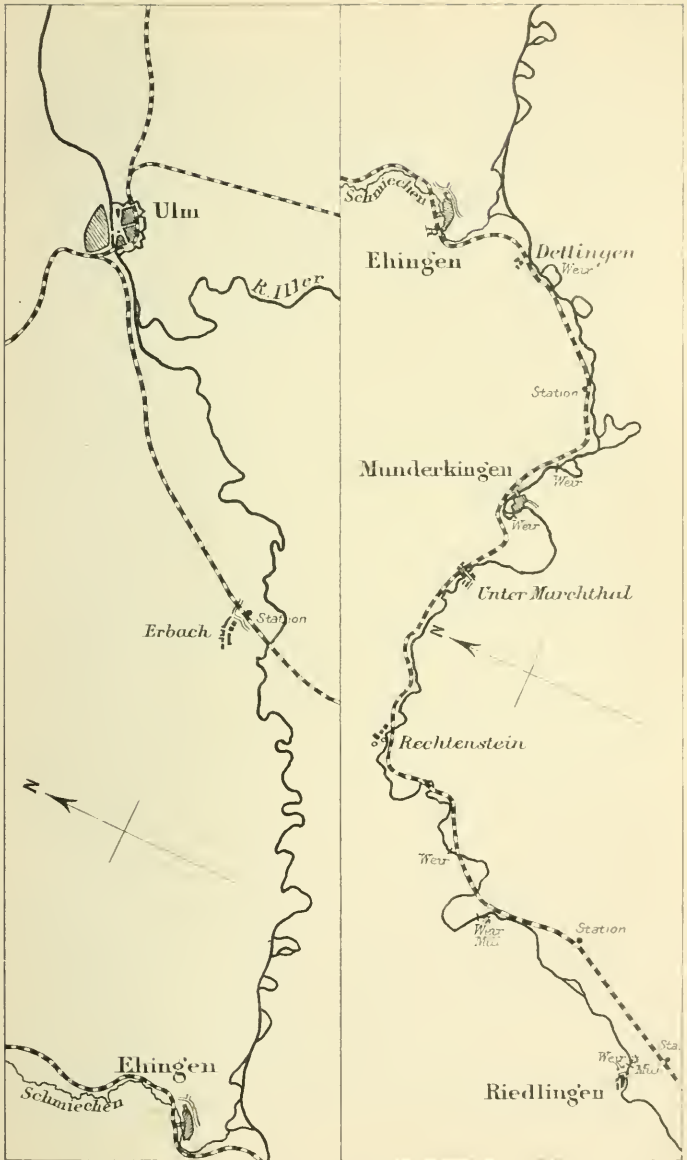
twelve miles farther down. This distance was accordingly accomplished at the rate of ten kilometres an hour.

At Riedlingen there is a very broad and high weir, the crossing in consequence being very difficult and roundabout. The canoe had to be carried behind the mill and a considerable distance beyond till she could be launched from a shingly beach below the weir.

The labour of the portage was considerably lightened here by the miller and several men and boys who willingly lent a helping hand.

The scenery between Riedlingen and Munderkingen is good at two points,—some way from the former place, where the wooded bank makes a fine sweep, and at the most northerly spot in the stretch, where the ruins of the old castle of Rechtenstein rise above the left bank. In this distance, about sixteen miles, there are two weirs. The only possibility of transporting the canoe at the first of these was over a narrow wooden bridge built outside the mill and suddenly turning a corner at right angles. It is doubtful whether any other kind of boat could have been carried round.

After flowing with a southerly curve of about three miles below Unter-Marchthal, the Danube forms a narrow loop at Munderkingen, almost completely surrounding that little town. There are two weirs at this place, but as they are on different



branches of the stream it is only necessary to cross at one or the other. The portorage, however, at the one chosen by the two canoeists proved to be very long, the boat having to be dragged or carried across a large meadow to the left of the town.

After a bathe and lunch on the bank a short way below Munderkingen, the canoeists came about a mile farther down upon their fifth weir, over which there flowed a fine broad sheet of water, the height of the fall being considerable. Another three miles' paddle brought them to what they were told, much to their relief, was the last obstruction on the Danube. This being a weir with a fall of two or three feet, looked as if it might easily be shot by the canoe some ten or twelve feet from the right bank. The crew, however, decided that it would be foolish to run the risk of any accident which might prevent them reaching Ulm that night, and accordingly contented themselves with the rather poor-spirited alternative of pulling their boat over the low, chalky bank. As it was already half-past four, there were only about two hours of daylight left, while the distance still remaining to be accomplished was more than twenty miles. To have to exert oneself to the utmost at the fag-end of a long day following a sleepless night was by no means an inspiring prospect, especially with a thunderstorm threatening. The latter, however, fortunately passed off, leaving the evening clear and fine.

The unimpeded stream now flowed with a strong

current, the canoe travelling at a rare pace, as her crew strained every nerve to make the most of the daylight. Ehingen, a small town about a mile distant from the left bank, and near the confluence of the Schmiechen with the Danube, was soon passed. The railway here leaves the river, and making a loop, runs almost due north for the first seven miles and does not rejoin the Danube till Ulm. The twelve miles of river between Ehingen and Erbach are quite beyond the reach of the railroad. At the latter place, however, the line from Friedrichshafen to Ulm crosses the Danube, keeping at a distance of a couple of miles from the left bank till it again approaches the river for the last two miles after its confluence with the Iller.

In the six miles above Erbach the course of the river winds exceedingly. The voyagers were almost glad of the necessity to hurry over this stretch, for it is altogether stale, flat, and unprofitable.

Erbach, a small town situated at a distance of about a mile from the left bank of the Danube, where the railway crosses the river, was passed in the distance at six o'clock. Cox, who had been sitting since the early morning on the poop of the canoe, was now growing exhausted, chiefly from want of food, of which not a morsel remained in the boat. The advisability of trudging up to Erbach was accordingly discussed, but such weak-kneed counsels being soon rejected, it was resolved to trust to luck and face the

terrors of the night on an empty stomach till Ulm was reached.

As darkness began to set in it became impossible any longer to take full advantage of the swiftness of the stream. For though the surface of the river was perfectly smooth, and still bright enough to render visible at some distance any obstruction showing above the water, the progress of the canoe now became precarious owing to the shallows occurring every now and then. In one of these she stuck so fast as to compel the crew to get out and wade. By seven o'clock it had grown very dark. About this time the sound of rushing waters suggested the alarming possibility of a waterfall ahead. It turned out, however, to proceed from a tributary which falls into the Danube under a bridge on the left bank. After they had paddled on cautiously for some distance, peering into the gloom, what seemed to be a large island appeared straight in front, the river apparently dividing into two arms to the left and the right. The voyagers, judging by the faint light on the smooth surface of the water, took the latter to be the broader of the two, and accordingly made for this channel. Suddenly they were caught by a swiftly eddying current and driven with great force down the left arm broadside into a large willow, the branches of which hung down into the water. Cox having slid off the poop into the bottom of the boat just in the nick of time, both of them clutched hold of the

branches and thus managed to prevent the canoe from capsizing.

The cause of the eddies remained a mystery till later. It then appeared that the supposed right channel, far from being the main branch of the river, was a large tributary, the Iller, which joins the Danube about two miles above Ulm. The spot where the two voyagers nearly came to grief is said to be dangerous to boats even in the daytime; how much more must it be so to a frail bark like a Canadian canoe in the dark! The adventurers, thinking they had had about enough of the supposed main branch, now resolved to devote themselves to the navigation of the lesser channel, which alone was in reality the Danube.

The moon, the long-expected, being one day on the wane, was now seen to be rising on the right; but her light, totally obscured for the first hour by the thick foliage on the bank, availed the voyagers nothing that evening. Nevertheless, they felt somewhat reassured by her faint glimmer now and then showing for a moment between the trunks of the trees. The lights of Ulm, the long-delayed and much prayed for, now began to appear in the distance. Yet the very prospect of arriving was fraught with almost greater anxiety than that of continuing the voyage indefinitely in the dark; for what certainty was there of finding a landing-place in that dim light, or even if one were found, of getting ashore

without suffering shipwreck in a stream that ran so fiercely ?

The sound of rushing water soon betrayed the nearness of the railway bridge, which was now seen to be looming darkly close in front. Though Cox was steering for the middle of one of the arches, it soon became evident that the force of the current was carrying the canoe straight towards the right buttress, against which a large white wave was surging. By frantic efforts aslant the stream, the belated adventurers just managed to escape being dashed against it, and to shoot into the arch, almost grazing its right side as they passed through unscathed. They were afterwards told at Ulm that this bridge was considered particularly dangerous to navigation, and that only a short time before a boat containing four persons had been driven against one of the buttresses in broad daylight and upset, some of the occupants having been drowned. From this point the Danube seemed to flow with additional swiftmess, now that it was confined between the walled banks of Ulm. As the adventurers were borne along at a rapid pace they had no breathing time to reflect on their hairbreadth escape, having to keep all their wits about them with a view to landing. Bow after a few moments descried on the left what looked like a *Badeanstalt*, and the canoe was at once steered in that direction. It turned out, when close at hand, to be one of those floating swimming-baths moored to

the bank which are so common on German rivers and are the chief refuge of their navigators. As the current owing to the obstruction of the raft flowed with redoubled fury past its edge, it would have been courting disaster to attempt running in alongside. Had the voyagers possessed a boat-hook it might have been possible to do this. Though they had specially ordered one to be packed in the canoe before leaving England, they had to their chagrin found on her arrival at Donaueschingen that it had not been sent. To have a boat-hook is in many cases essential for landing with a Canadian canoe, it being impossible to reach far over the side without capsizing, while it is difficult to lay hold with the bare hand of a smooth plank or beam as you are being carried past by the stream. The canoe was accordingly turned and her crew strained every muscle against the current, as they gradually edged in towards the raft. Unable to hold their own, when close up to it, they were carried astern, grazing along its outer beam. Cox clutched at the last plank as he drifted past, but was unable to retain his hold. Bow, however, luckily managed at the last moment to seize one of the cross-beams which slightly projected, but in doing so very nearly upset the canoe, the gunwale of which was sucked under the planks of the raft by the force of the current. This swimming-bath was fortunately the very best kind for landing at; for a platform about three feet wide ran all along its edge, whereas

the outside partition usually rises straight from the water.

The weary and hungry voyagers soon succeeded in scrambling out upon this platform. They now had time to realise the great risk they had just run. They saw that had they missed this opportunity, the canoe would infallibly have been capsized by running stern foremost into another swimming-bath a few yards lower down, and built farther out into the stream. What would then have happened it is difficult to say. There can, however, be little doubt that, even if the crew had managed to save themselves in that rushing current, the canoe as well as the luggage would have been lost, and the voyage on the Danube thus prematurely cut short. Had they not succeeded in getting ashore at one of these two rafts they would have been swept past the town, to spend the night in the deserted tracts of river below; for with the exception of these swimming-baths there was no other possible landing-place at Ulm for a boat.

Having pulled the canoe out of the water, they turned her over on the open platform in the middle of the raft, laying the cushions and everything but their hand-luggage underneath. They then staggered off with their bags and paddles in quest of their hotel near the centre of the town. The distance seemed interminable to them in their exhausted and encumbered condition as they slowly trudged along the ramparts which form the river-bank.

As a wedding happened to be going on in the hotel, the nonchalance of the two friends was put to a rather severe test, when they had to make their way upstairs in their soiled flannels through the guests in their gala attire thronging the landing of the first floor.

They had probably never before appreciated a good supper more thoroughly, though the movements of the attendant waiter did seem phenomenally slow. But time, no less than distance, always appears excessively long to persons in such circumstances.

Next morning the voyagers arose, thoroughly refreshed by a long and deep sleep, which completely cancelled the arrears of the previous night. The greater part of the forenoon they spent in visiting the magnificent Gothic cathedral and the other sights of Ulm, besides reading their numerous letters, which having lain at the Post Office for more than a week, were now nearly a fortnight old. A thunderstorm breaking out soon after eleven o'clock delayed their departure somewhat, so that they were not afloat till one. When they came down to start, the daughter of the proprietor of the baths (*Bademeister*) told them that she, having been the first to arrive in the morning, had been greatly alarmed when still some way off to see what she at first supposed to be a whale (*Wallfisch*), which had lost its way up the Danube, and had somehow got stranded on the platform of the bathing establishment!

Ulm is about 120 miles distant by water from

Donaueschingen, and sixty from Sigmaringen. It is 1204 feet above the level of the sea, the fall being upwards of 1000 feet over the whole distance and 656 over the latter half. The average fall for the first sixty miles is therefore six feet, and for the last about eleven feet per mile.

From this point the Danube assumes the character of a large river, being navigable by large vessels from Ulm downwards. The regular service of passenger steamers, which in former days began here, having ceased owing to the competition of the railway, is now limited to the Danube below Passau.

One of the characteristics of the river below Ulm is the continual alternation of the main current from one side to the other. This is due to heaps of shingle deposited by the stream and deflecting it to the other bank, where the process is repeated. It is advisable to avoid the shingly side, not only because there is little or no current there, but because the boat after going a considerable distance is almost certain to get stranded in shallows, from which it is often difficult and tedious to extricate oneself.

Another peculiarity of the Danube below Ulm is a strange seething sound that may in most parts be heard rising from its surface. This is no doubt due to the friction of the gravel as it is rolled along by the swift current at the bottom of the river.

One could not help being struck by the beautiful transparency of the water of the Danube above Ulm,

when one saw the shoals of fish darting off in all directions as the shadow of the canoe sped across the river's shingly bed. Even below Ulm it remains tolerably clear, till the influx of the Inn at Passau renders it turbid for the rest of its course.

The crew started as usual in view of a considerable crowd. While paddling down between the high walls, which, being part of the fortifications, form the banks on both sides, they had an opportunity of judging how hopeless would have been the attempt to land anywhere on the previous night except at the baths, which they had so fortunately discovered in the dark. They saw, too, how easily they might have come to grief against the passenger bridge lower down, which joins the old city on the left bank with the new town that has grown up on the other side.

The rain-clouds having cleared away left a fine hot afternoon, which rendered that day's voyage pleasant enough so far. But the scenery was intensely dull and uninteresting, consisting mainly of long, straight reaches of river fringed with lines of poplars, not unlike many a continental high road, with water substituted for land. Of hills and woods there was not a trace visible anywhere.

Dillingen was fixed upon for that night's resting-place, as some friends who had gone down the Danube from Ulm in a rowing-boat the year before had described the inn at Höchstädt, five miles farther

down, as extremely villainous. Dillingen was, however, not so easy to find ; for at the hour and place at which the town seemed due there was no vestige of it on the left, where it was marked on the map. There were, it is true, two deserted swimming-baths near the bank and a wooden bridge a short way farther down. As these seemed to be indications of a town or village of some sort being within measurable distance, the crew landed at the second bath to prospect. As the evening, now approaching the hour of sunset, had become very gloomy, and not a soul was visible anywhere in the desolate scene, the effect produced by this spot on the minds of the voyagers was depressing enough.

Cox having made his way through a plantation at the back of the baths, returned after some time with the news that Dillingen was there, but about a mile inland. Though a town of some 6000 inhabitants, it appears to consist chiefly of one long street. It was a place of much greater importance in former days, having been a university town till the beginning of this century. There seemed to be a great dearth of population in the neighbourhood, but two men were at last found, who helped to carry the luggage up to the *Bayrische Hof*. This inn turned out to be a good one. The landlord, who was a very affable man, informed the strangers that he had a good trout-stream and shooting to let on very reasonable terms, which might suit some of

their countrymen, if they only knew about the place.

Setting off soon after eight o'clock next morning they passed Höchstädt in less than an hour's time, and three or four miles farther down the village of Blindheim (Blenheim), where the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugène defeated the Elector of Bavaria and Marshal Tallard in 1704. The inhabitants of this region seem to know nothing of the Duke or of any English troops having taken part in that battle, affirming that it was won by Prince Eugène and his army alone. Such is the value of tradition after the lapse of less than two centuries, and that in a country where the great bulk of the population can read and write.

The scenery in the stretch of eighteen miles between Dillingen and Donauwörth continues to be tame and uninteresting. Stone dams are here and there built parallel with the bank, but at some distance from it, in order to improve the channel. There is an occasional opening in these dams leading into the backwaters which they enclose. Donauwörth, a small town of 4000 inhabitants, is a convenient place for landing, and has an excellent hotel.

The friends did not stop for their midday rest till they had accomplished twenty-five miles at an average speed of over five miles an hour. Soon after resuming their voyage they passed the point where the Lech, one of the largest tributaries of the

Danube during its course in Germany, falls into the river. This stream rises in the north-east corner of Switzerland, close to the source of its sister tributary, the Iller.

After Donauwörth the scenery begins to improve till you approach Neuburg, where a really fine and richly wooded hill comes into view on the right. About four miles above that town lies the château of Steppburg, among the woods on the left. Taking the right of the two branches into which the river divides at Neuburg, and shooting the main arch of a small bridge under which there is a rather dangerous rush of water, the canoeists landed at the foot of a stone stair in the steep, high bank, immediately below their inn, the *Post*. They had expected to reach Ingolstadt before nightfall, but had miscalculated the distance, having been taken in by some dredgers who at their lunching-ground had told them that Neuburg was six kilometres distant instead of twenty, and Ingolstadt fifteen instead of forty. They had accordingly enjoyed a fool's paradise for an hour and a quarter on the bank, believing they would make Ingolstadt in an easy two hours' paddle. The statements of dwellers on rivers regarding distances should invariably be received with distrust, even when there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of such statements.

Neuburg is a pretty town of 8000 inhabitants, situated on the side of a hill rising from the right bank of the Danube. There is here an old castle

of the Dukes of Pfalz-Neuburg, part of it having been turned into what, like so many other German châteaux, it most resembles, a barrack. It has, however, a rather fine vaulted gateway.

At the *Post*, which is a good inn, the two Hamburg canoeists had stopped a few nights before, as well as the American raftsmen some weeks earlier.

Embarking at 8.20, the voyagers by hard work accomplished the distance of thirteen miles to Ingolstadt in two hours, despite a pretty strong wind blowing against them most of the way. They were anxious to arrive in time to catch a train leaving at 11.25 for Munich. They had long before planned a day's excursion to the latter city as a pleasant variation to the somewhat monotonous character of the voyage on this part of the Danube. The proprietor of the swimming-baths at Ingolstadt luckily happened to be on the spot, but turned out to be a man of indescribable slowness in his movements. A boy was immediately despatched to order a cab—a name, by the way, suggestive of far greater swiftness than was proper to the vehicle which it is meant to designate. As the voyagers, after changing their clothes and stowing away the canoe and her contents, saw no sign of its approach, they hurried up into the town with their bags, to find the horse still in its stable. By dint of the most persevering instigations they at last managed to get the ancient steed harnessed, and by strenuous applications of the whip to

its lean flanks, actually to reach the station on the other side of the river in time for their train, within an hour of their arrival at the baths. This was a performance they might have been proud of, considering the amount of *inertia* they had to overcome, and the fact that the station was no less than two miles off.

After spending a pleasant afternoon in strolling about Munich, and seeing some of its most important art collections, they passed the evening in listening to the opera of *Siegfried*. It was well put on the stage, but to all save Wagnerian specialists must prove rather tedious, owing to the interminableness of the recitative. Its monotony was indeed to some extent relieved by the unintentional humour of the hero's fight with a grotesquely mechanical dragon, and by his attempts to elicit a musical note from the pipe which he had hewn for himself with his sword in the forest. But it seemed a shame to laugh in the midst of Teutons who were looking on and listening with a solemnity surpassing that which is to be seen at most services of the Church. Music has in fact taken the place of religion with a considerable proportion of the population of Germany.

On the afternoon of the following day the two friends returned to spend the night at Ingolstadt. They had time before nightfall to climb the tower of the *Frauenkirche*, and enjoy the extensive bird's-eye view of the surrounding country which it commands.

Starting early next morning, they paddled on for twenty miles till they reached the village of Eining on the right bank, opposite Hienheim. They found it necessary to disembark here on a stone dam which runs parallel with the bank, and past which the stream flows with great swiftness. Leaving the canoe with some misgivings in this unsheltered place, her painter tied to a stone, they walked up to the village with the intention of visiting the recently excavated and well preserved remains of the Roman camp of Abusina, which was close at hand. They were shown all over the site by the schoolmaster of the village, a very intelligent and well-informed man. Cox, being an archæologist, was much interested, and would have taken full notes of the antiquities had he not been misled by the schoolmaster's description of two Englishmen who had visited Eining a twelve-month ago. The account seemed to tally exactly with the appearance of two friends who had undertaken a walking tour during the previous summer along the *Pfahlgraben*,¹ the Roman frontier moat, and one of whom would undoubtedly have taken down all facts of importance deserving publication. Subsequently it turned out that these friends had not visited the place. This is one of many experiences showing how little dependence can be placed on personal descriptions for purposes of identification.

¹ See *A Walk along the Teufelsmauer and Pfahlgraben*, by J. L. G. Mowat, Oxford, 1885.

The woods on the left bank near Hienheim, being the remains of a primæval forest, are said to contain some trees of immense size. A few miles above Eining on the left bank is situated Pforingen. Near this place, called Vergen in the *Nibelungenlied*, the Burgundian king Gunther and his Nibelungen are supposed to have crossed the Danube on their fateful journey to the Court of Attila at Buda. This is one of the most dramatic episodes in the great national epic. The dark-browed Hagen, while wandering solitary and moody along the bank, falls in with some water-witches, who predict that out of all that host the chaplain alone will return safe to Worms. Having ferried across more than 10,000 men with his own hand, Hagen, determined to falsify the prophecy, thrusts the man of God when in midstream into the swiftly flowing Danube, declaring that he at least shall never return. The chaplain, however, miraculously manages to regain the shore they have left. On seeing this, the grim warrior now feels convinced that the Nibelungen are doomed, and steels his heart to meet his fate.

Finding the boat safe on their return, the voyagers paddled on for five miles, till they came in sight of Weltenburg, a Benedictine Abbey founded by a Duke of Bavaria towards the end of the eighth century. It is situated on the right bank at an angle of the river, the shingly beach reaching up to the very building, while the turreted wall of the garden

and orchard extends a considerable distance down the bank close to the water's edge. The scenery from a short way above this point down to Kelheim, a distance of about four miles, is as magnificent as any on the Danube. The river here flows through rocky and richly wooded gorges of the most romantic beauty. The grey crags rise to a height of several hundred feet from the edge of the deep, smooth water, which is of a lovely bluish-green tinge. These defiles looked doubly charming when seen in a kind of hazy sunlight, which invested the whole scene with an indescribable splendour. This part of the Danube bears a striking resemblance to some of the beautiful reaches below Mühlheim, but has the advantage of a much broader stream.

There is a ferry at Weltenburg, and boats may be hired from here down to Kelheim. As this happened to be a Sunday, and the weather was gorgeously fine, the river was alive with skiffs, all gay with bunting and filled with happy holiday-makers enjoying themselves in that contented way which is so characteristic of Germans in their amusements.

Some way farther down is the monastery of Trauenthal, beautifully situated on the left bank. There is here a good open-air restaurant, from which a walk of less than half an hour through the woods leads to the *Befreiungshalle*. But as this building lies on a height immediately above the river at the western end of Kelheim, it was obviously more convenient

for the voyagers to visit it by paddling down to that point. They had just disembarked when they were startled by hearing something plumping into the water close to the bank. On looking up they saw two youths throwing down stones at the boat from the top of the hill above. Any of these, coming as they did from so great a height, would have gone through the bottom of the canoe had they struck her. Fortunately a policeman was at hand, and a wave of his sword sufficed to put a stop to this dastardly conduct. The two friends then climbed the hillside to inspect the Hall of Liberation, which is a magnificent classical rotunda nearly 200 feet in height. It was founded by the art-loving Lewis I. of Bavaria, and was opened on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Leipsic. The interior, which is lined with coloured marble, contains upwards of thirty figures of Victory in Carrara marble, with bronze shields (made of guns taken from the French) between them. The names of victorious German generals and of captured fortresses are inscribed on tablets above the arcades. The floor being of polished marble mosaic, the visitor has to encase his feet in felt slippers before being allowed to walk across. It is advisable to practise some self-restraint while sneezing or blowing one's nose in this building, the echo produced being of so startling a nature as naturally to cause embarrassment to the performer in the presence of strangers.

The top of the hill on which the *Befreiungshalle*

is built commands a distant view of Regensburg lying far away in the plain to the north-east. There is a fine passenger bridge across the Danube at Kelheim. This little town still preserves some of its old walls and gates. It is situated at the mouth of the Altmühl, a tributary connecting the Danube with the *Ludwigs-Canal*, the northern end of which joins the Main near Bamberg. The part of the Altmühl valley lying nearest Kelheim is said to be very beautiful.

By the time the voyagers had re-embarked it was already a quarter to three o'clock. To reach Regensburg, their destination, a distance of twenty-two miles and a half, was therefore all they could expect to do before nightfall. By strenuous paddling they managed to arrive in three hours and a half, leaving the canoe for the night at a swimming-bath on the left. Though this lay at the very beginning of the town, and on the wrong side of the river, it was fortunate they stopped here, for there was no possibility of landing anywhere farther down.

The ancient city of Ratisbon, originally a Celtic settlement, derives its German name from the Roman *Castra Regina*. It has a population of 35,000, about 17 per cent being Protestants. It is finely situated opposite the mouth of the Regen, in a plain thirty miles in length, and bounded by the *Befreiungshalle* above and the Walhalla below Regensburg. Having been for several centuries during the Middle Ages the most important city of

South Germany, it was the seat of the Imperial Diet for nearly 150 years, till the dissolution of the German Empire at the beginning of the present century. It contains one of the very earliest ecclesiastical foundations of Germany, the Benedictine Abbey of St. Emmeram, which dates from the middle of the seventh century. What appears to be the most ancient monument preserved in the abbey, that of a Duke of Bavaria, belongs to a period about 300 years later.

The two friends spent a couple of hours next morning in visiting the fine Cathedral, the Town Hall, and the Museum. The latter contains Roman and Merovingian antiquities found in an ancient burying-ground, which was unearthed twenty years ago. They also wandered with much interest through some of the old parts of the city, especially the Street of the Ambassadors (*Gesandtenstrasse*), so called because it contains the houses which were occupied by the envoys to the Imperial Diet. The armorial bearings of their former owners are still to be seen on the front of some of these fine old mediæval dwellings. Several of them have fortified towers, a peculiarity of domestic architecture not preserved in any other of the mediæval towns of Germany, not even at Nuremberg. These towers point to the fact that the walled cities of the Middle Ages not only had to defend themselves against external foes, but were also the scene of perpetual internal feuds among their nobles.

A stone bridge, built 700 years ago, and nearly 400 yards in length, unites Regensburg with the small town of Stadt am Hof, situated on the opposite bank. The Danube being divided by two large islands, called the *Obere* and the *Untere Werth*, into two channels, the right arm, which is narrow but has to be taken by the navigator, is spanned by only four of its arches. The bridge, though no doubt very interesting to students of ancient architecture of this kind, seems to have been specially designed to confound the canoeist. It rests on broad and flat boat-shaped buttresses, the arches themselves being narrow. As there is very little water under the outer arches, the whole force of the stream rushes through the two in the middle. While embarking at the swimming-bath the voyagers had been warned to be on their guard in shooting the bridge. As they rapidly bore down on the formidable structure, Bow noticed that Cox was steering for the third instead of the second arch from the right bank. Across the former ran an iron bar about two feet above the level of the water, and probably connected with some repairs that were being carried on. Had they passed under this arch they would infallibly have been wrecked and probably half decapitated as well. As it was, they shot the second arch safely enough; but on issuing out on the other side they were instantly swung round by a kind of whirlpool, produced by the large volume of water rushing through the

narrow arch and coming in contact with the backwash behind the broad buttresses. As the canoe lay for a moment broadside to the surging current, the water poured over the gunwale and half filled her before her crew knew what was happening. As they managed to retain their balance, she was luckily not completely swamped. Making rapidly for the bank, they landed, emptied out the water, and wrung as best they could the soaking carpet and cushions of the canoe. Had they known beforehand what the stream was like below the bridge, they would certainly have tried the arch on the extreme right, notwithstanding the shallowness of the water.

This little incident caused a blush, derived from the red cushion upon which he sat, on Bow's flannels, which ever after produced a deep impression on the juvenile riverside population till the end of the voyage.

A short way below the bridge the Regen empties its turbid waters into the Danube, behind the lower island, which thus renders the mouth of the affluent invisible to the navigator of the right channel. On this tributary a large quantity of timber is floated down into the Danube from the Bavarian Forest.

Resuming their paddles and passing in an hour's time the ruins of the castle of Stauf, which crowns an abrupt rock above the village of Donaustauf, and was destroyed by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War, the voyagers suddenly came in sight of the

Walhalla, an edifice magnificently situated on a hill upwards of 300 feet in height, and overhanging the left bank of the river. The spectacle of what seems a Greek temple, perched on a lonely height, coming suddenly into view when the mind is still steeped in the Gothic impressions of a mediæval city, is very strange. A flight of 250 steps facing the Danube forms the approach, on the upper part of the hillside, to the splendid building. This temple of fame, built of grey marble, and about 250 feet in length, is a close imitation of the Parthenon. Like the *Befreiungshalle* at Kelheim, it was founded by Lewis I. of Bavaria, having been finished in 1842. The total cost of the structure is said to have been a million and a quarter sterling. Besides some beautiful figures of Victory by Rauch, and Battle-maidens (*Valkyrien*) by Schwanthaler, the hall contains 101 marble busts of celebrated men of Teutonic race. Carping critics have been heard to object that, for instance, the insignificant head of a man of theory like Kant seems singularly out of place in a temple called the Warriors' Paradise. But after all are not such great philosophers brave soldiers in the liberation war of humanity? Fault-finders of this type remind one of the story of the discontented man who, on meeting a former friend for the first time in heaven, complained that his halo didn't fit. They also recall the old *Hofrath* who, with all the concentrated fire of criticism flashing from his single

eye, and emphasizing his remark with his forefinger, made so profound an impression on the youthful Goethe by saying, "I can discover flaws even in the Deity."

The terrace in front of the Walhalla commands a fine view of the valley of the Danube towards Regensburg in the west and Straubing far away towards the south-east, some twenty miles off as the crow flies. The Walhalla lies close to the most northerly point reached by the river, the course of which from Donaueschingen to Vienna, a distance of 535 miles, represents the upper sides of a flat triangle. Rising in a north-easterly direction from below the 48th to slightly above the 49th parallel of latitude, the Danube turns the angle near Donaustauf, now flowing about as far to the south-east till it reaches Vienna. The Walhalla thus forms a worthy jewel in the diadem of this the Queen of European rivers.

On re-embarking the friends paddled on for ten miles before stopping for their midday bathe and lunch. Unable to allow themselves much time for a rest, they started off again at 3.20, with a distance of twenty miles to accomplish in three hours of daylight before arriving at Straubing, their only possible halting-place. There was now an additional reason for paddling hard all the way; for the current had latterly become extremely sluggish, and the wriggings of the river as shown on the map for a con-

siderable distance farther down were sufficient to prove its continued slackness. The stagnation is due to the Danube having now entered the plain of Straubing, which is very extensive and fertile, being the chief corn-growing district of Bavaria. The average fall of the river between Regensburg and Passau is thus only 0·625 feet per mile, but must be even considerably less in the immediate neighbourhood of Straubing. From Ulm to Regensburg the fall is more than twice, while from Passau to Linz it is four times as great.¹

When the voyagers were yet a long way from Straubing what looked like a large town appeared straight in front, apparently only a short way off in the middle of the plain. They concluded it must be some large place unaccountably omitted on the map. Suddenly it reappeared, this time apparently not far from the left bank. The river then seemed to be flowing towards its very centre, but after a few minutes left it behind altogether. The distance in a straight line was all the while, as far as could be judged, pretty much the same. After this game of hide-and-seek with the mysterious town had been going on for some time, the conviction was at last forced on the canoeists that it could be no other than Straubing itself. The cause of the mystification was the extraordinary

¹ From Ulm to Regensburg the average fall per mile is 1·5; from Regensburg to Passau, 0·625; from Passau to Linz, 2·5; from Linz to Grein, 2·8; from Grein to Vienna, 2·876 feet.

convolutions of the stream. These came to an end at last, Straubing being reached soon after half-past six, amid the deepening shadows of night.

Though September is, as far as weather is concerned, probably the best month for boating expeditions in Germany, it certainly has its drawbacks. The voyager, unless camping out regularly, is often compelled by the shortness of the days to hurry in order to reach his destination before nightfall. And the experiences of the two friends before reaching Ulm had proved the necessity of being rather chary about navigating unknown waters after dark. A minor disadvantage of being belated is the certainty of finding the swimming-baths closed and the difficulty of discovering the proprietor.

The *Bademeister* at Straubing was, however, easily found, his cottage being close at hand. Leaving the canoe and unnecessary luggage in his charge, the two friends made their way up to the *Post* hotel in the town, which lies at some little distance from the river.

Straubing, an ancient city of 13,000 inhabitants, contains a fine Gothic church 400 years old, and a tower which dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century. It was here that Duke Ernest of Bavaria, infuriated with his son, who had very imprudently married a barber's daughter, caused that beautiful lady to be cast into the Danube for the crime of her birth. In justice to the reigning house

of Wittelsbach it should be stated that this event took place no less than 450 years ago. The members of that house, it will be admitted even by their enemies, would as soon drown themselves as their subjects.

The crew of the *Flora* was aloft soon after eight o'clock on the morning of 21st September. Some young Straubingers having come down to see them off, informed them that an Englishman, a resident in their native town for several years, had a boat of his own, with which he frequently rowed down to Deggendorf, bringing her back by rail. The latter proceeding seemed rather unheroic to his two countrymen, considering the slackness of the stream in this region. Among other accomplishments his admirers mentioned with pride his capacity for drinking large quantities of whisky (*er kann auch kolossal viel Wiski trinken*). The feats of their fellow-townsmen in this respect they seemed to be even prouder of than his prowess with the oar.

The current still remained sluggish. The wind, on the other hand, was pretty strong and partly unfavourable, but fortunately fell completely in the course of an hour. The morning, at first gloomy, soon cleared up, turning into one of those days with light fleecy clouds when a landscape generally shows to the greatest advantage.

The scenery began to improve greatly as the voyagers, about six miles from Straubing, began to approach the town of Bogen. The hills of the Bavarian

Forest here come down to the left bank of the Danube, following it more or less closely to Vilshofen, and receding only for some five miles above Deggendorf.

Bogen, lying at the end of a long broad reach with a background of high hills, looked remarkably picturesque as the canoeists paddled straight towards the town. It probably owes its name to the bend which the Danube here makes, as it turns off almost at right angles towards the west. It is situated at the mouth of a tributary of the same name. Curiously enough several of the lesser affluents seem to be called after the towns situated at their confluence with the Danube, instead of the converse, as seems more natural, being the case. This obviously applies to the Regen, from Regensburg (the Roman *Castra Regina*), and to the Vils, from Vilshofen (the Roman *Villa Quintanica*).

A long narrow island at Bogen divides the river into two channels of about equal width. By taking the right branch the navigator obtains a better view of a high hill of conical shape, rising above the town and crowned by a church, the effect of which is very strange and picturesque.

The scenery of the hills on the left bank continues to be good till some way below Deggendorf. This town is situated at the confluence of two tributaries flowing down from the Bavarian Forest. Excellent excursions can be made from here into that mountainous region, some of the peaks of which

command fine views of the Danube valley. This forest district covers a tract of 1800 square miles, well wooded in most parts with fir and beech. One of the chief employments of the natives of the forest is naturally the timber trade.

The Isar railway from Munich to Pilsen at this point crosses the river. The Danube line having followed the course of the river pretty closely from Ulm to Regensburg, leaves it after the latter place at a distance of some miles, except at Straubing, till it touches Vilshofen. From this place to Passau it again skirts the right bank. But the long stretch of fifty-five miles between Passau and Linz, which is by far the most beautiful part of the Danube below Ulm, is, like the lovely region above Sigmaringen, completely beyond the reach of the railroad.

A mile below Deggendorf the Isar flows into the Danube, causing a succession of banks of shingle in the bed of the river. These continue till a short way above Vilshofen, recommencing at intervals after Passau. In spite of this and of the many other large tributaries it has received, the water of the Danube remains wonderfully clear till it reaches Passau. Whether it is due to the influx of the Isar or not, the strength of the current certainly increases after the confluence.

Having accomplished a distance of fifty kilometres, the two friends landed on a fine beach flanked with trees for their bathe in the heat of the day, feeling

they had earned a two-hours' repose by five hours and a half of steady work. On resuming the voyage at half-past three, they had thus less than fifteen miles to paddle before reaching Vilshofen. About two miles above the latter place there comes into view among the woods on the left bank a fine old ruin, the Igersberg, which in bygone days belonged to the Fugger family, the Rothschilds of Augsburg in the Middle Ages.

As a number of rocks, some showing and others being just under the surface, are embedded in the Danube for two or three miles above Vilshofen, it would be highly unsafe to navigate that distance except in broad daylight. This is the first time that rocks occur in the bed of the river below Ulm.

Finding a convenient swimming-bath above the bridge which here spans the Danube, the canoeists landed there at six o'clock, leaving their boat in charge of the proprietress, the first woman, by the way, whom they had met with in this capacity. The genial old soul was highly entertained by the notion of so vast a river being navigated by a craft so tiny.

Vilshofen is a small town, originally a Roman settlement, lying at some distance from the right bank. The voyagers here put up at the *Hotel zum goldenen Ochsen*, which they found to be comfortable enough.

Rain fell very heavily during the night, but fortunately cleared away by the morning.

The landlord, in the simplicity of his heart, strongly

advised the crew to take a pilot in the bows of their boat; for he assured them they would never be able to find their way alone among the rocks which bestrew the river bed below Vilshofen. But when he had come down to the bank and saw the size and build of their craft, he admitted that his advice could not be carried out.

They launched their canoe at half-past eight, after thanking and liberally rewarding the excellent *Budefrau* for the care—surpassing that of any *Bademeister* they had yet come across—with which she had washed out the boat and attended to such of their belongings as required cleaning.

The landlord was quite right in describing the navigation below Vilshofen as hazardous; for the rocks, many of them sunken, now become more plentiful in the river bed than above, being at one point so numerous that it seemed a mystery how a steamer could possibly thread its way among them. There must, of course, be a channel, as tugs ply up and down the river; but the two friends failed to find it, getting quite into the thick of the rocks. This was highly dangerous to a Canadian canoe, for collision with one of them in that swift stream would infallibly have ended in shipwreck. The voyagers, however, with their usual good luck passed through these perils unscathed. After the worst place the rocks cease, leaving the course of the river perfectly clear down to Passau.

The scenery is fine all the way, especially on the left bank, which is bordered by the low wooded hills forming the edge of the Bavarian Forest, and extending to some distance below Passau.

Reaching that town before eleven o'clock, the canoeists luckily decided, as at Regensburg, to disembark at a swimming-bath some way above the town on the left bank. Had they passed this they would have found no other landing-place farther down.

Crossing over by the bridge to the right bank, they walked up to the *Bayrische Hof*, having resolved to spend the rest of the day and the night at this charming spot.

Passau, originally a Roman settlement, named *Castra Batava*, is a town of some 16,000 inhabitants. It is probably more beautifully situated than any other place on the Danube, lying as it does in a hilly and richly wooded region at the confluence of three rivers. The town is built on both sides of the sharp tongue of land which, rising to a ridge of considerable height in the middle, is formed by the influx of the Inn. This tributary is at its mouth upwards of 300 yards in width, considerably broader in fact than the Danube itself. Houses occupy the promontory down to its very extremity. Just beyond the point the Ilz discharges its dark stream into the Danube. The Klosterberg, a height on the left bank, commands a fine view of the meeting of the waters. From there the different colours of the three rivers can be seen most

distinctly. The Inn has the pale milky tint peculiar to glacial streams, while the inky hue of the Ilz contrasts strongly with the light green of the Danube. In no part of its course does the epithet of "blue," so commonly applied to the latter river, seem to be justified, except possibly in one or two calm deep reaches below Weltenburg, where its waters, when seen in the sunlight, have a greenish blue colour. Of an almost crystal-like clearness for a considerable distance from its source, it assumes below Ulm a greenish tinge, gradually becoming more and more qualified with yellow, till below Passau it acquires and retains a permanently muddy hue. It is, however, possible, that from certain bird's-eye points of view, which the present writer does not know, it may have a blue appearance.

After receiving the waters of these large tributaries, the Danube, of course, becomes a river of great size, being by this time 350 miles distant from its source in the Black Forest.

Splendid views may be obtained from various heights in the neighbourhood. One of the best is from the fortress of Oberhaus, on the opposite side of the river. Many pleasant excursions, too, may be made from Passau into the charming scenery of the surrounding region.

The two friends unfortunately saw nothing of all this, being disinclined to walk after sitting for eight or nine hours a day in the canoe during the last fort-

night. They would in any case have been prevented from doing much in this way by the heavy rain which now came on and continued for the rest of the day. They did not, however, omit to visit some of the sights of the town, notably the cathedral, which, built in the florid Romanesque style of the seventeenth century, occupies the site of an older Gothic edifice.

Neuralgia must be a prevalent malady at Passau, if it is legitimate to draw any conclusion from seeing so many women with their faces tied up as the two friends saw in the course of that day.

After a good night's rest, the voyagers were afloat soon after seven o'clock, having a long day of fifty-six miles before them to Linz. Though the rain with which the morning began ceased in about an hour's time, the sky remained overspread with dark clouds till the end of the day. On passing the tip of the tongue of land on which Passau lies, the crew turned the canoe upstream to enjoy for a few minutes the magnificent view as you look back on the town. The beauty of its situation cannot be fully appreciated till seen from here.

The scenery during nearly the whole of that day's voyage was of surpassing grandeur, the mighty river now flowing between lofty forest-clad hills. Its effect was rather sombre on that dark, lowering day; and the sense of loneliness, as the tiny bark glided silently along, often for miles without a sign of human habitation on the banks or any sort of traffic on the river

itself, became almost oppressive. It was quite a relief in the most solitary region, that between Obermühl and Untermühl, to fall in with a steamer which was slowly making its way upstream. The pleasure of the meeting was, however, not altogether unqualified as far as the canoeists were concerned; for while riding out the huge waves caused by their doubtful friend they were carried down broadside by the swift current and nearly came to grief in the surf breaking on the shingly beach. On a previous occasion they had continued paddling while facing some large steamboat waves. The consequence was, that the canoe projecting with half her length beyond one wave came down with a splash on the next, shipping a quantity of water over the bows, and having a narrow escape from being swamped.

At Engelhartzell, about fifteen miles below Passau, the boundary between Austria and Bavaria comes down through a wooded ravine to the left bank of the Danube. The right bank is Austrian all the way from Passau. The crew had been informed before starting that they would have to land here in order to clear the custom-house. They had at first formed the project of running the blockade; but as it occurred to them that the artillery of the Austrian Empire might be brought to bear on them, and failing that, the telegraphic system set working, to their disadvantage, all down the banks, they resolved on second thoughts not to attempt an escape. Misled by

a statement in Baedeker, whose work, however, is not meant for the guidance of boating men, they were making for the left bank, when an official in uniform began gesticulating to them to come over to him on the right. So they crossed the broad river slanting upstream and managed to land, not without difficulty, owing to the swiftness of the current. After undergoing a cross-examination and signing various documents, they were requested to pay the toll for passing the frontier, to the amount of thirty kreutzers or about sixpence. This payment conferred on them the privilege of navigating the rest of the Danube without molestation. Whether the charge is in proportion to the tonnage or the number of the crew, or is the same for all vessels alike, did not appear. If the tonnage is the standard, thirty kreutzers must be very nearly the minimum charge.

From Engelhartzell the river flows almost in a straight line for some eight miles, then making four great sweeping bends, all the way through steep, lofty, and wooded defiles of the utmost grandeur. The most magnificent part of the scenery begins near Hayenbach, a ruin lying on a promontory formed by the first sudden curve to the left. The dark precipitous hills forming both banks here rise to the height of 1000 feet. The Danube is now confined in a channel of half its previous width, being proportionately deep and swift. The volume of water passing through these narrow gorges must be enormous. The

banks are so steep and the current so rapid that there is no possibility of landing in these solitudes.

The Danube suddenly emerges into a broad plain ten miles long, which begins at Aschach and ends above Ottensheim. This tract is uninteresting, the river losing itself in many channels divided by islands which are thickly overgrown with bushes. Judging by Baedeker's maps one would suppose it to be hard to find the main stream here, and still more so in the stretch between Linz and Grein. It is, however, always perfectly obvious. Having landed for lunch at a solitary spot on the shingly left bank below Aschach, the voyagers quickly passed through this dull region till Ottensheim came into view.

On the hills which here come down to the river lie two ruined castles. One of these was in mediæval times inhabited by a powerful family, which dominated the whole valley of the Danube between Passau and Linz, but died out in the sixteenth century. A solitary old ruin, which crowns a height rising from the Danube, now alone remains to tell the tale of their forgotten grandeur. The town of Ottensheim, looking as if built on a promontory, while it faces the voyager at the end of a long and broad straight reach, has a very picturesque appearance. The river at this point takes a sudden turn to the right, flowing for the next four miles till it reaches Linz through a thickly wooded defile. The approach to that place, which is rivalled in beauty by Passau alone among all the

towns on the Danube, is very grand. The dark pine-clad hills looking almost black on that sombre evening under the lowering clouds, produced a very impressive effect on the two voyagers.

Arriving at half-past four, they landed at a convenient swimming-bath, where they housed their canoe for the night. They had thus accomplished a distance of fifty-six miles in seven hours and a half, exclusive of stoppages, this being at the average rate of seven miles and a half. The speed of the current must therefore be at least three and a half miles an hour.

The hotel *zum rothen Krebs*, a short way farther down the bank, proved to be a very good one. Its only drawback, no doubt quite a temporary one, was the boots (*Hausknecht*), whom Cox brought down to take up the luggage. He was a man of the most phenomenal sullenness of temper, on which no amount of affability could produce the slightest impression. The two friends came to the charitable conclusion that he must have been crossed in love recently, but owing to the uncertainty of this hypothesis they rewarded him next morning for his grudging services with only half the gratuity he would otherwise have received. He cannot have found his manner a paying one in the long run.

During the night the rain came down in torrents, but ceased in the early morning. The same thing occurred several times during the present expedition. It thus happened that in the course of a voyage of

535 miles, lasting nearly three weeks, the canoeists passed only two hours in the rain the whole time they were afloat. How tourists in Switzerland must often wish that there could be some permanent arrangement of the weather like this during the summer months!

Linz, with a population of 40,000, is the largest town on the Danube above Vienna, being the capital of the province of Upper Austria. On the left bank opposite lies the town of Urfahr, behind which rises the Pöstlingberg, a height picturesquely crowned by a church.

Below Linz the Danube again enters a plain, which in this case is thirty-two miles long. The right bank is flat all along except for a short distance above Wallsee, though low hills skirt the left bank for about fifteen miles as far as the town of Mauthhausen, opposite which the green waters of the Enns enter the Danube. The river up to this point is full of islands, a few being nearly a mile in length. One of them can even boast of possessing its château, the Spielberg. The main channel, as already indicated, is easy enough to find. Many of the branches marked on Baedeker's map, if not purely imaginary, are at least perfectly dry. The stream in this tract is still swift, and in places rough and surging. Encounters with steamers coming upon one suddenly among the islands are here apt to be unpleasant.

At the end of the plain, near Ardagger, the river



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Stanford's Geog. Estab.
20 Kilometres

suddenly turns north, entering a narrow gorge formed by high wooded hills, which contract the channel to half its previous breadth. The voyagers reached the picturesque town of Grein at noon. Here they thought it advisable to land with a view of obtaining exact information as to the formidable rapids to which they were now about to entrust their fate. The very names, *Strudel* (surge) and *Wirbel* (whirlpool), are sufficient to strike awe into the heart even of an ancient mariner. On the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, the dangers of this gorge had been grossly exaggerated by the dwellers on the upper reaches of the Danube. The *Bademeister* at Regensburg, for instance, had described the waves here as running as high as houses (*häuserhoch*). This notion of its terrors may, however, in part be based on reminiscences of the old time, now more than forty years back, when the rocks in the channel, not having yet been blasted, were really very perilous to navigation. Similarly, the typical Englishman on the foreign stage still wears Dundreary whiskers, and can hardly utter a sentence without saying "goddam." Some raftsmen whom the canoeists had passed that morning had, besides various warnings, given them directions as to the right course to steer. But these directions, presupposing, as is so often the case with the uneducated, a knowledge of the locality, were practically useless.

Landing at Grein was no easy matter. The right place would have been the steamboat pier; but the

voyagers were swept past it without being able to stop, owing to the want of a boat-hook. The only alternative was to run as cautiously as possible into the bank, consisting of large, rough stones, past which the stream, already influenced by the suction of the *Greiner Schwall*, swiftly flowed. Here they luckily managed to get ashore without damaging the boat. They were told at the pier to keep at first as close as possible to the right bank, which is faced with a low stone wall, afterwards making for the smoother water on the left as they passed through the *Wirbel*. A gentleman who came down to the bank to see them start seemed much impressed with what he considered their courage in undertaking such dangerous "sport" in so tiny a craft. To the uninitiated, a Canadian canoe seen on the bosom of a mighty river must certainly look very crank, especially when the steersman, as he always was on this voyage, is perched on the little poop.

It was very lucky for the two friends that they had landed to make inquiries, for otherwise they would have come to grief through the misleading statements of Baedeker. According to that guide "the stream is divided by the large island of Wörth, on the north side of which the main arm descends in rapids termed the *Strudel*." Now the Danube flows past this large island on the left side only. There may have been a regular channel on the right in bygone times, but nowadays it contains no water

except after heavy rains. A rock some yards in length divides the only remaining branch of the river. The water on the right of this rock is smooth, whereas that on the left is a raging surge in which the canoe would have instantly foundered. The voyagers not seeing the so-called island of Wörth, and naturally mistaking the rock in mid-channel for it, would have steered to the left of the former, and thus run an uncommonly good chance of being drowned. If steamers take this course, every voyage of theirs must amount to a miracle. The height of the water may, however, affect the navigation to some extent.

Immediately below Grein a steep and lofty hill projects at right angles to the northerly course of the Danube, thus deflecting the stream to the east. As the current sweeps round this corner over ridges of rocks, it forms a boiling surf termed the *Greiner Schwall*. The river then suddenly disappears to the left round the end of the spur, pouring the whole volume of its mighty waters into a lofty, steep, and rocky gorge, which, for a distance of some hundred yards, is never more than fifteen yards in breadth. The voyager has hardly passed the *Greiner Schwall*, when he sees before him the rock above mentioned in the middle of the stream. The water all along the right bank is almost perfectly smooth till some way below the rock, though it flows with tremendous velocity. This bit is the so-called *Strudel*, while the surging

rapid a short distance farther on is termed the *Wirbel*. It is hard to say what would happen were a small boat suddenly to come upon a steamer in the former part. Steamers must have their work cut out for them to toil up these few hundred yards even at a crawling pace; for the speed of the current can hardly be less than at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Pushing off from the bank at Grein, not without some misgivings as to their fate, the adventurers turned their craft upstream so as to escape the attraction of the *Schwall*, and paddling with all their might aslant the current, made for the other side. Managing to hold their own against the stream till they were across, they put her head round and keeping within two or three feet of the right bank, shot past the rock without shipping a drop of water. Avoiding the rough waves below this point by steering for the smoother water on the left, they were keeping a sharp look-out for the *Wirbel*, when they were surprised at suddenly finding themselves in perfectly calm water opposite the lovely little village of St. Nikolai, which is situated at the end of the narrow defile. They had thus passed the formidable rapid without being aware of the fact. Though the canoe had not taken in any water, a rowing-boat would probably have shipped a wave or two.

While careering down the rapids, the voyagers were able only to cast furtive glances on either hand towards the beetling crags and the picturesque ruins

perched on the rocky heights of this magnificent gorge. The pace at which they travelled was so swift that the whole distance from Grein to St. Nikolai, nearly two miles, seemed to occupy only a few minutes.

When just below the latter spot they fell in with a steamer coming upstream. They were not inspired with as much animosity as usual towards this enemy, being in fact rather grateful to her for not having met them some minutes earlier.

About five miles from Grein they found a quiet backwater and excellent landing-place on the left bank, where they stopped for lunch and a rest.

The river all the way to Ips flows through richly wooded defiles, which, with their mellow autumn tints bathed in the hazy sunlight of the afternoon, formed scenes of surpassing loveliness. The only breaks in their continuity as far as Stein occur in the tract of two or three miles below Ips, where the river makes a loop towards the south, and at Pöchlarn, where the right bank is flat for a few miles.

The town of Ips, the Roman *Pons Isidis*, when it first came in sight, seemed to consist entirely of public buildings, but one or two private houses afterwards made their appearance.

The stream having here grown temporarily slack, again resumes its swiftness as Mahrbach is approached. At the top of a hill 1450 feet high, rising above this place, is situated a church said to be visited by 100,000 pilgrims every year. It is a conspicuous

object from the river for many miles above, and is still visible from Melk, fifteen miles farther down. The view it commands is said to be magnificent.

At Mahrbach occurs the first instance on the Danube of a peculiar kind of ferry, of which there are several specimens on the Moselle also. A number of punt-like boats, pointed at both ends, are moored upstream in a line parallel with the bank, and at a considerable distance apart. They are connected by means of a cable running through a kind of mast fixed in each of them. The combined action of the heavy ferry-boat, when it has been pushed off, and of the strong stream, suffices to bring the punts gradually across the river in a curve, thus landing the passengers automatically at the opposite pier.

A few miles below Mahrbach, on the right bank, lies Pöchlarn, originally a Roman settlement. Here the noble Rüdiger, to whom tradition points as the founder of the ruin on the other side, entertained not only Kriemhilde on her journey to her future husband, Etzel, at Ofen (Buda), but also her brothers and the grim Hagen, when they were, under the pretext of hospitality, lured to their destruction by that vengeful queen for the murder of her first husband, the heroic Siegfried. The route from Worms seems to have been the same on both occasions. Crossing the Danube near Pforingen below Ingolstadt, it again touched the river at Passau, after that passing through many places on its banks, such as

Efferdingen, Enns, Pöchlarn, Melk, Mautern, Treis-
mauer, Tulln, and Vienna.

The voyagers were now approaching Melk, the monastery being visible above the trees on the right. But though they had been warned, since Melk lies behind an island, to take the channel at the back of it, they nevertheless very nearly missed the entrance to this branch, which surreptitiously sneaks off at right angles to the main stream. Had they missed the inner channel they would probably have found it impossible to paddle up against the current at the other end of the island. The swimming-bath at which they landed and left the canoe was kept by an extremely smart Austrian. The hasty generalisations, much to the disadvantage of the Bavarians, to which he gave rise, were afterwards disproved by many contrary instances.

The length of that day's voyage was ninety-nine kilometres, or about sixty-two miles. This was the greatest distance done consecutively on any of the voyages recorded in these pages, with the exception of the 105 miles in the last twenty-six hours of the Weser trip.

After a refreshing bathe the two friends walked up to their inn, *zum goldenen Ochsen*, which was close at hand, and proved to be excellent. They received a large room with a balcony commanding a good view of the Danube and of the monastery.

After breakfasting on the 25th September the

friends spent an hour or so in visiting this famous Benedictine Abbey. It is a magnificent edifice, probably the most palatial of its kind in Austria, built on a rock, nearly 200 feet high, rising sheer from the river. It contains a fine church and a rich library. A kind of balcony terrace facing the river affords a beautiful view of the Danube.

Starting at eleven o'clock the voyagers soon entered a narrow and charming defile, which continues for nearly twenty miles till Stein is approached. The scenery is perhaps best on the right bank. Here, about five miles from Melk, is an old castle, the Aggstein, splendidly situated on a rocky height rising precipitously from the Danube, and once the home of daring robber knights. Tradition relates that its owners in the olden time would get rid of troublesome prisoners by casting them down from their stronghold into the waters below. Its situation is such that they might easily have done so, even though the tale be not true.

A twelve miles' paddle through this fine scenery brought the voyagers in sight of the Dürrenstein, which lies on the left bank in a bend of the river facing due south. The old ruined castle, perched on precipitous grey crags of the utmost barrenness, which frown down upon the Danube, is well characterised by its name (Barren Rock). This arid and desolate spot has a special interest for Englishmen. It was here that Richard I. was in-

carcerated for more than a year by the Duke of Austria, till, as tradition has it, he was discovered by his trusty Blondel. He could not well have been shut up in a fortress more cut off from the rest of the world or more impregnable in those days. It must have been a stronghold of great importance in the Middle Ages, being the key of Upper Austria and dominating completely the traffic in the valley of the Danube. Even had the place itself not attracted them, the two friends would have felt bound from patriotic motives to make a pilgrimage up to the rugged ruin. Landing in a backwater behind a mill at the foot of the rock, they climbed the height, spending some time in exploring the old fastness, the remains of which are considerable, enjoying the fine view of the Danube which it commands, and meditating on its historical associations. One could well imagine, on the spot, with what joy a prisoner on that solitary rock would have welcomed the familiar strains of his native land.

Re-embarking at last, the voyagers reached Stein, which lies on the left bank four miles farther down, after a paddle of half an hour or so. Though this town is but twenty miles from Melk, they had decided on stopping here. For Cox was obliged to cut short the voyage, finding it necessary to be at Vienna that night, in order to inspect some collections accessible to visitors on the following day of the week only. They accordingly put in at an excellent landing-place

immediately opposite the Hotel *Bittermann*, into the yard of which they carried up the canoe. There is a fine view of the Danube from the windows of this inn.

Cox having departed for Vienna by an evening train, the Interpreter remained behind to finish the voyage by himself. He was up betimes on the last day of the voyage to look out on a glorious morning. He had to shift his seat from the bows to the now unaccustomed stern, so as to act both as propeller and steersman. A large stone and all the luggage were laid in his old place in order to counter-balance his weight and trim the canoe properly. Not intending to land till he reached Vienna, a distance of about forty-eight miles, he supplied himself with a basket of grapes for lunch in the boat. All being now ready, he embarked, and pushing off into the stream, waved his farewells to the inmates of the hotel assembled on the bank. To them this solitary voyage in so tiny a vessel on so vast a stream appeared a most hazardous enterprise.

Below Stein the Danube enters a plain nearly forty miles in length, and very similar in character to that between Linz and Grein. The scenery is equally uninteresting, the river here also dividing into many channels, which form numerous sandy islands overgrown with bushes. As the *Wiener Wald* is approached, where the river takes a turn to the south-east till it reaches Vienna, the right bank at least gains considerably in attractiveness.

A number of steamers passing in both directions, and causing large waves, kept up the excitement during the day. The solitary canoeist, however, got on very well till noon, when the wind, which had gradually risen, began to blow very hard straight across the stream, making it very difficult to steer. It was especially bad in the neighbourhood of Tulln, one of the many old Roman settlements on the south side of the Danube. It was, therefore, all the Interpreter could do to prevent the canoe from being blown ashore and damaged on the rough stones of the long dams which are here built along the right bank. Some raftsmen whom he caught up offered to take him in tow, but this offer he politely declined, wishing to complete the voyage unaided. As he turned down the south-eastern reach towards Vienna, the wind, now blowing straight abaft, had risen almost to a gale. The canoe consequently went tearing along through the water. For a single man, or for that matter even a married man, to stop her or even check her speed under these circumstances would have been a sheer impossibility. This state of things threatened to be rather awkward, as the canoe might either come to grief through violent collision with obstacles, or be altogether blown past Vienna when that city seemed to be in the very grasp of her owner. Neither contingency was by any means remote. For while the main branch of the Danube curves away to the left of Vienna, only a narrow straight cutting,

with a swift stream running, passes through the city. The entrance, which is not at all obvious, lies on the extreme right of the river. Scudding along before the wind into this narrow channel, the canoeist saw himself confronted at the very mouth of the cutting by a steamer coming upstream. He now thought his fate was sealed, but, as the captain considerably slackened speed, he managed to ride out the waves by pointing the canoe at them, though at such close quarters as almost to touch the side of the steamer. Soon after another of these enemies appeared in front, while the canoe was gaining so fast on a barge floating down-stream that she was bound to run into it, as the steamboat passed. In this dilemma the Interpreter resolved to keep close to the left bank, which was very low and bound with beams running along the edge, and by clutching it, if possible, to arrest the canoe. This he succeeded in doing. By holding on he also managed to ride out the waves, though they came almost broadside. These perils having been safely avoided, he had now to decide the all-important question as to how to land. For he could already see the name of his hotel, the *Métropole*, close at hand on the *Franz-Josephs-Quai*. Luckily there happened to be a large swimming-bath on the right, just above this block of buildings. Quickly turning the corner into the backwater formed by the obstruction, he seized one of the beams of the platform, and thus held Vienna, as it were, in his hand. He arrived at half-

past two, exactly seven hours after leaving Stein. It being Sunday afternoon, a considerable crowd soon assembled, to gaze with much curiosity at the Canadian canoe, which was probably the first that had ever been seen at Vienna. Some of the spectators were astonished to hear that she had come down the Danube all the way from the Black Forest, a distance of nearly 550 miles.

The baths were closed, the water being already too cold for the Viennese; some boys, however, soon fetched the proprietor, who helped to convey the boat inside. After enjoying a refreshing bathe and donning his ordinary clothes, the Interpreter proceeded to his hotel across the road. His arrival at Vienna could hardly have been better timed, for the first meeting of the Congress which he had come to attend was to take place at seven o'clock that very evening. His complexion, too, having now assumed a rich terra cotta hue, would not be inappropriate in an assembly containing a large sprinkling of scholars from the East. It was afterwards stated that he was the only one who had come to this or any other Oriental Congress in a boat of his own.

Thus ended the longest, and in some ways the most delightful, of the voyages described in the foregoing pages.

When the Congress had dispersed a week after, the Interpreter went down by steamer, with two friends, to Buda-Pesth, and after spending some

pleasant days there, returned the same way to Vienna. The distance is about 180 miles. The scenery for the first half of the way from Vienna is flat and uninteresting, while in the latter part it is fine, rising in the neighbourhood of Gran to a high degree of beauty.

APPENDIX

I

APPROXIMATE DISTANCES (IN MILES) AND OBSTRUCTIONS ON THE WERRA

Meiningen (857 feet), weir just below ; Walldorf (weir above), 4 m. ; Schwallungen (weir above on the left, mill farther on to the right), 10 m. ; Wernshausen (weir), 14 m. ; weir, 16 m. ; Salzungen (two weirs, about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. apart), 24 m. ; Tiefenort (two weirs close together) ; Vacha (mill), 38 m. ; Philippsthal (mill) ; Lengens (mill), $42\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Heringen (mill), 45 m. ; Widdershausen (mill), 47 m. ; Dankmarshausen (mill), $48\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Berka (mill), 51 m. ; Gerstungen (mill), 53 m. ; Neustadt (mill), 54 m. ; Sallmannshausen (mill) $54\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Herleshausen (station), 58 m. ; Wartha (mill), $59\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Spichra (old mill), 62 m. ; Kreuzburg (bridge with rapid), 65 m. ; Ebenau, 66 m. ; Mihla, 70 m. ; Ebenshausen (mill), 71 m. ; Frankenroda, 73 m. ; Falken (mill), 75 m. ; Treffurt, 78 m. ; Burschla, 82 m. ; Wannfried (mill), 86 m. ; Eschwege (lock), 91 m. ; Albungen, 97 m. ; Allendorf (lock), 102 m. ; Witzenhausen (bridge with rapid), 113 m. ; Hedemünden, 120 m. ; Münden (380 feet ; lock), 126 m.

II

DISTANCES IN KILOMETRES (= ABOUT $\frac{5}{8}$ OF A MILE)
ON THE WESER

Münden	Minden	203
Bodenfelde	34	Windheim	225
Carlshafen	46	Landesbergen	252
Höxter	69	Nienburg	269
Holzminden	81	Hoya	302
Bodenwerder	112	Intschede	333
Hameln	138	Uehsen	345
Rinteln	166	Horstedt	353
Vlotho	184	Bollen	357
Rehme	190	Dreye	360
Porta	198	Bremen	372

III

APPROXIMATE DISTANCES (IN MILES) AND OBSTRUCTIONS
ON THE NECKAR

Hofen (weir, easy and straight pull-over), 4 m.; Aldingen (half-weir), $6\frac{3}{4}$ m.; weir (near tributary on the right bank), $9\frac{3}{4}$ m.; Hoheneck, 13 m.; Marbach (mill, with half-lock; great rapid after railway viaduct), 16 m.; Klein-ingersheim (mill, lock), $22\frac{1}{2}$ m.; third camp (mill, with lock), 27 m.; rapids, 30 m.; Besigheim (lock on branch to the right), 32 m.; Gemmrigheim (half-lock), $34\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Kirchheim, (lock), $36\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Lauffen (half-lock), 41 m.; Heilbronn (weir below bridge), 49 m.; Neckarsulm, 54 m.; Jagstfeld (good hotel, with terrace on bank) 58 m.; Wimpfen, 59 m.; Offenau, $60\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Gundelsheim, 64 m.; Hassmersheim, 67 m.; Neckar-zimmern, $68\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Neekarelz, $71\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Binau, 75 m.; Eberbach (two good inns), 80 m.; Hirsehorn (good inn), 87 m.; Neckarhausen, $89\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Neckarsteinach, 93 m.; Heidelberg, 101 m.; Ladenburg, 109 m.; Maunheim, 118 m.

IV

DISTANCES IN MILES ON THE RHINE

Mannheim	Lorch	61 $\frac{3}{4}$
Worms	12	Rheindiebach	62 $\frac{1}{2}$
Oppenheim	14	Bacharach	64
Nierstein	16	Caub	65 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mainz	36	Oberwesel	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
Biebrich	40	St. Goar	74
Walluf	42	Hirzenach	77 $\frac{3}{4}$
Eltville	45	Salzig	80
Oestrich	49	Boppard	83
Geisenheim	52	Niederspay	87 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bingen	55	Rhens	89
Rheinstein	58	Capellen	91
Coblentz			95

V

LIST OF APPROXIMATE DISTANCES (IN MILES) AND OF
GOOD INNS ON THE MOSELLE

Trèves (Roths Haus) ; Pfalzel, 4 m. ; Longwich, 10 m. ; Detzem, 16 m. ; Leiwen, 20 m. ; Neumagen, 25 m. ; Piesport, 29 m. ; Reinsport, 31 m. ; Kesten, 35 m. ; Mühlheim, 38 m. ; Berncastel (Drei Könige ; Post), 41 m. ; Zeltingen, 45 m. ; Uerzig (Post), 48 m. ; Kinheim (Neidhöfer) 50 m. ; Cröff (Zur Gräfinburg), 53 m. ; Trarbach (Bellevue), 56 m. ; Traaben (Clauss), 56 m. ; Enkirch (Anker), 59 m. ; Burg, 61 m. ; Pünderich, 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Marienburg (Restaurant) ; Zell (Fier), 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Alf (Post ; Bad Bertrich ; Burg Arras), 72 m. ; Bremm, 75 m. ; Ediger (Löwen), 78 m. ; Beilstein, 84 m. ; Bruttig, 87 m. ; Cochem (Union), 91 m. ; Pommern, 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Treis (Conzen), 97 m. ; Moselkern (Anker), 99 m. ; Brodenbach (Post), 103 m. ; Cobern (Simonis), 110 m. ; Coblentz, 120 m.

VI

A. APPROXIMATE DISTANCES (IN MILES) AND OBSTRUCTIONS ON THE UPPER MAIN

Bayreuth (1180 ft.); Drossenfeld, 9 m.; Steinhausen, 20 m.; Mainleuss (weir), 23 m.; Burgkumstadt (weir), 30 m.; Strössendorf (weir), $31\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Hochstadt, 35 m.; Wallenstadt (weir), 42 m.; Lichtenfels (weir on right, take left branch to mill in the town), 45 m.; Hausen (last weir), 50 m.; Zapfendorf (station; good bathing-place), 62; Bischoberg (leave boat with ferryman), 74 m.

B. DISTANCES IN KILOMETRES ON THE MAIN FROM
BAMBERG TO MAINZ

- ... Bamberg.
- 53 Schweinfurt (lock, weir).
- 139 Würzburg (lock, weir).
- 166 Karlstadt.
- 172 Good camping-ground.
- 180 Gemünden.
- 193 Lohr (bad landing-place).
- 234 Werthheim.
- 247 Stadtprozelten.
- 266 Miltenberg.
- 303 Aschaffenburg: stop at Kittel's baths at the lower end of the town.
- 323 Kahl (Bavarian frontier).
- 329 Hanau.
- 350 Frankfort.
- 387 Mainz.

VII

APPROXIMATE DISTANCES (IN MILES) ON THE
MOLDAU AND ELBE

- ... Prague.
- 20 Kralup (3 hours 35 minutes by canoe).

- 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ Melnik (2 hours).
 35 Junction with the Elbe.
 65 Leitmeritz (5 hours).
 77 Aussig (3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours).
 95 Bodenbach.
 105 Herrnskretsch (3 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours).
 110 Schandau (1 hour).
 118 $\frac{1}{2}$ Wehlen (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour).
 124 Pirna (40 minutes).
 135 Dresden (1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hour).

VIII

APPROXIMATE DISTANCES (IN MILES) AND OBSTRUCTIONS
ON THE UPPER DANUBE

Donaueschingen (2220 ft.); Pforen (station; wooden bridge), 3 m.; Neidingen (weir, grassy bank), 5 m.; Gutmadingen, 8 m.; Geisingen (station, short way above mill, river dividing, bad crossing), 10 m.; short way below Geisingen, paddle weir; a mile farther small wooden foot-bridge over shallow rapid; Hintschingen (station); Immendingen (long and difficult crossing), 14 m.; Möhringen (covered wooden bridge; the worst crossing on the river just above this village; succession of bad shallows till next crossing: long porterage), 18 m.; Tuttlingen, 23 m.; weir, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Nendingen (shallow rapid), next village (weir, wooden bridge); Mühlheim (weir on left, bad crossing over rough stones), 29 m.; Friedingen (weir); Beuron (wooden covered bridge), 41 m.; Castle Wildenstein, 43 m.; Langenbronn (above, the old château of Wernwag, with splendid view and capital inn at the top), 45 m.; Hausen (mill, crossing over grassy slope; stone bridge across the Danube), 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Neidingen, 48 m.; ruin of Falkenstein (weir), 50 m.; Thiergarten, 50 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.; Gutenstein (weir),

53 $\frac{1}{4}$ m. ; Dietfurt (weir), 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Laiz (weir, long crossing), 59 m. ; Sigmaringen (boat can be left at bathing-establishment on left bank above bridge ; weir below Schloss), 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; low weir, 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Scheer (broad and high weir ; nasty bridge) 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; camp opposite Mengen, 70 m. ; Riedlingen (weir, long and bad crossing), 83 m. ; weir (difficult crossing) ; broad and high weir (easy crossing over grassy bank on the left) ; Munderkingen (two weirs ; that on the left had better be taken : long grassy crossing behind mill into millstream), 99 m. ; Dettingen (low weir, fall of about two feet), 103 m. ; Erbach, 115 m. ; Ulm (stop at swimming-bath below railway bridge on left bank), 124 m.

IX

DISTANCES (IN KILOMETRES) ON THE DANUBE FROM ULM
TO BUDA-PESTH

- ... Ulm.
- 50 Dillingen : stop at second swimming-bath a short way above wooden bridge ; the town is invisible from the river.
- 78 Donauwörth.
- 90 Good lunching-ground on left bank.
- 110 Neuburg : take right branch under stone bridge : landing-stair below Post Hotel.
- 130 Ingolstadt : stop at swimming-bath on the left bank, opposite 130e kilometre mark.
- 161 Eining.
- 172 Kelheim.
- 208 Regensburg : stop at second swimming-bath on the left bank ; when leaving it is advisable, if in a Canadian canoe, to take the arch on the extreme right of the old bridge.

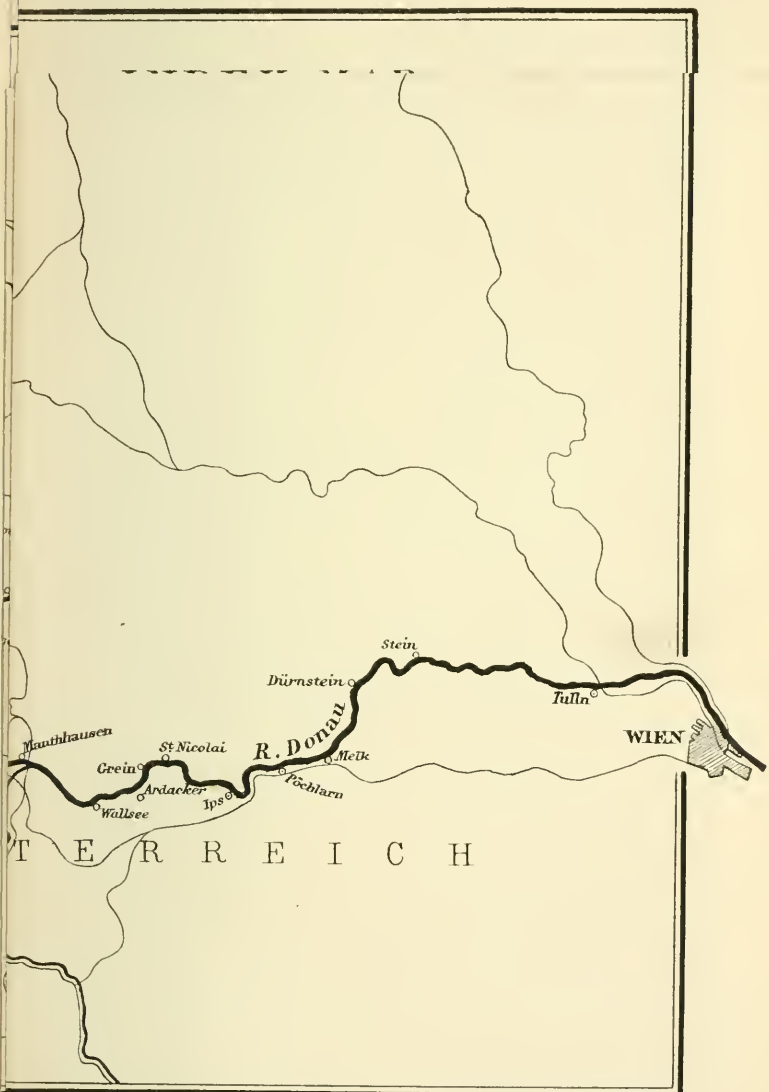
- 219 Walhalla.
235 Good lunching-ground ; shallow for bathing.
266 Straubing.
276 Bogen.
302 Deggendorf.
316 Good lunching-ground, but shallow for bathe.
339 Vilshofen : stop at swimming-bath on the right bank just above bridge.
362 Passau (950 ft.) : stop at swimming-bath on left bank above bridge.
410 Obermühl.
452 Linz (813 ft.) : stop at swimming-bath on the right above bridge.
508 Grein (715 ft.).
551 Melk : stop at swimming-bath behind island.
569 Spitz.
625 Tulln.
648 Klosterneuburg.
663 Vienna (436 ft.) : stop at swimming-bath on right bank, just above the Metropole Hotel.
723 Pressburg.
811 Gönyö.
955 Buda-Pesth.

N.B.—The following articles and books on the Danube may be mentioned :—

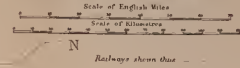
Article "Danube" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and in the Cyclopædias of Brockhaus and Meyer ; Letter by A. F. Peterson on the "Danube from Ulm to Pesth" in *The Field*, September 1885 ; A. Müller, *Die Donau vom Ursprunge bis zu den Mündungen* (1839-1841) ; Peters, *Die Donau und ihr Gebiet* (1876) ; John Macgregor, *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe* (1866) ; *The Water Lily on the Danube* (1853) ; Baedeker's *Southern Germany and Austria*.

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OF
CAMPING VOYAGES ON
GERMAN RIVERS



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